MEMORIALS

OF THE

REV. CHARLES WICKSTEED, B.A.

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To Christine Soyer
with grateful & affectionate
regards from
Philip H. Wicksteed
Sept. 1st 1918

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REV. CHARLES WICKSTEED, B.A.

EDITED BY HIS SON

PHILIP HENRY.

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PREFACE.

THIS volume has been prepared in answer to a request urged upon me by many of my father's friends. And it is now published by them; though the entire responsibility for its form and substance rests with myself.

In the Biographical Sketch, I have made no attempt to define the place which belongs to my father in the history of the Church for which he laboured during the best years of his life, or the nature and extent of the services he rendered it; and had I felt disposed to do so, I should have been rebuked by a letter of gentle expostulation which he once wrote to a friend who felt hurt and injured by the omission of a loved and honoured name from a record in which it might naturally have been looked for. The world has no time, he urges, to attend very closely to the *details* both of the past and the present, to keep a minute register of its obligations both to the living and to the dead, to do its own work and keep in memory the exact proportions of the work of others. The past, even our own past if we live long, is obliterated by the very forces that sustain the present and reach out to the future. And it is well that it should be so.

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But amongst those memories of the past that we cannot willingly allow to die, is the influence of every strongly marked human individuality, the strength of every human friendship. And it has been my object in this volume to catch and set down, if I might, the living expression and movement of a man whom many loved and honoured, and would fain look upon and speak with again. How far I have succeeded, it is impossible for me even to guess. I can hardly hope that my father's old friends will be satisfied with a Sketch that has necessarily been drawn from the point of view of a later generation than theirs and his; but if the many younger lives which have been refreshed by his influence recognize this brief memorial as preserving some touches of his character, the hours of quiet contemplation and communion enshrined in it will bear their fruit to others, as I trust they have done to me.

P. H. W.

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I.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

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I.

My father was proud of his descent (on the mother's side) from Philip Henry.

He used to say that you could never gauge the real force that was in a man till you saw whether he could perpetuate his character in his posterity. Philip Henry had lasted for two hundred years, and his descendants were still like him in feature and in character. Moderately gifted, but respectable, conscientious and plodding, they had produced neither a man of genius nor a rascal for two centuries; and although we must stipulate for a tolerably high standard of definition for at least one of these terms, if the statement is to be strictly accurate, yet, as far as his own immediate branch of the family was concerned, my father lived long enough to satisfy himself that the traditional character would be easily maintained for one and probably two generations more.

On his father's side he was related to the Cheshire family, of Wickstead Hall; but, as far as I am aware,

he could not trace his own immediate ascendants for more than two generations. His grandfather had a shop in Mardol, the main street of Shrewsbury, where he made and sold gloves, and was, says my father, "a quiet, well-principled little man, from all I can learn, but I should think with a faint heart and poor spirit." He subsequently lived—very narrowly—on the income derived from small properties of his own and his wife's, and "used to say that if he had but £20 a-year more he should be perfectly happy and free from anxiety."

His son John was partially adopted by a Mrs. Tylston, of Chester, and was sent by her to the grammar-school in that city, after which he was apprenticed to a draper in Shrewsbury. At the close of his apprenticeship he went to spend some months in London, before setting up business on his own account; and as he was fortunate enough to have some acquaintance with Hazlitt and the Aikins and Barbaulds, he had opportunities of cultivating a natural taste for study, and was subsequently marked by "a tone of mind not often met with apart from professional pursuits, and certainly very little usual among either the gentry or the men of business living in the little county town of Shrewsbury."*

* "From Kendal I proceeded through Skipton to Leeds, where I spent two evenings with my Yorkshire friends. It was at this time that I first saw Wicksteed, the Unitarian minister there—a man I at once took a fancy to. He is the son of an early friend of William Hazlitt—the only *home* acquaintance I ever heard Hazlitt warmly praise. Of Wicksteed I have heard Archdeacon Hare speak in terms of warm praise, calling him a Christian whether or not a Unitarian."—*Crabbe Robinson's Diary*, Feb. 2nd, 1836.

At the age of about twenty-five, John Wicksteed married Bithia Swanwick, of Wem, whose pedigree may be traced by the curious in the book of the "Descendants of Philip Henry,"* and who, like John Wicksteed himself, was in education and tastes far superior to most of those with whom her position enabled her to associate.

John and Bithia Wicksteed established their home in Shrewsbury, where he was engaged at first in the flannel and afterwards in the starch trade, and they were blessed with a numerous family.

My father, Charles Wicksteed, the fifth child who survived infancy, was born on June 10th, 1810, in a house called "The College."

"The things, persons and events," he says, "which I can remember at 'the College' were, first, a summer-house at the bottom of the garden; second, receiving half an orange on a half-holiday of my elder brothers', and thinking thenceforth that half-oranges and half-holidays were the same thing; then sitting with my younger sister on the lowest step of the staircase, and imitating with our feet the tramping of horses which were bringing our eldest sister Bithy in the stage-coach from school at Chester; .... then our neighbour, Mr. Phillips, whom I used to be sent in to see, a hypochondriac, who used to call me his little David charming the evil spirit from Saul; and an old kitchen fender, with a

* The Descendants of Philip Henry, M.A., Incumbent of Worthenbury, in the County of Flint, who was ejected therefrom by the Act of Uniformity in 1662. By Sarah Lawrence, a Descendant in the Fifth Degree. London, 1844. See pp. 10, 12, 13, 17, 18.

round centre flat part large enough to hold a plate on, as it was being put into a cart on (I presume therefore) the occasion of our removal from 'the College.'"

"Charley" was only about four years old at the time of this removal, and he remembered the next period of his childhood with lively pleasure. It was spent in a country-house about two miles out of Shrewsbury; and, short as it was, it perhaps exercised a decisive influence on his future life; for he himself attributed to the associations it left behind it, the waking of a passionate love of the country and country life which filled him during all his years of town work with an intense longing to "touch the earth," increasing as his health grew worse, till at last it became irresistible, and moulded almost all his remaining days.

The next removal was to a detached house on the outskirts of the town, near Mr. Wicksteed's starch-works, where the workshop was a new delight, and the pigs, fed on the refuse of the grain, a new interest, though, to say the truth, neither mechanics nor animals ever very deeply enlisted my father's sympathies.

Lessons were still in abeyance at the period of which we are now speaking, but the children were realizing the educational ideal of modern science by "observing nature for themselves." For example: Their nursery was so low that in after years, when my father took his wife to see the old place, he found he could just touch the ceiling with his hand. "Here," he says, "we used often to place a table and then stool and chair, and ascending it to the top, look down upon each other at the bottom, to

see if the *distance* made any difference in our size and stature; and I think that on the whole, aided by the individuals at the bottom of the elevation crowding into the smallest possible personal space, we decided it *did* a *little*."

It was here, too, perhaps at the age of six or seven, that my father preached—or rather intended to preach—his first sermon. He was of a naturally devout disposition, and though the services at the little Presbyterian chapel—which has recently acquired a kind of celebrity from the fact that Charles Darwin attended it as a boy—made little impression upon him, yet he very early made up his mind that he wished to be a minister. "I recollect well," he says, "preaching in the dining-room to the assembled nurses and children, when my elder brother Tom was to be my clerk. He sat below me. But no sooner had I announced my text, which was the hospitable one of 'Masters, give good coffee to your servants,' than my clerk burst out into a most irreverent laugh; on which, in mingled grief, mortification and anger at this reception of what was a very genuine and sincere matter with me, I stooped over my pulpit, pulled my clerk's hair, burst into tears, descended, and the congregation was left in great confusion and disorder."

My father's early childhood was spent amid sufficiently easy circumstances, but before he was eight, a change had begun to come over things. His mother became anxious and careworn, and there was a general appearance of contracted and finally suspended operations at the works. In a word, John Wicksteed had failed. The

consideration shown him by his creditors and the exertions made by influential friends, resulting in his appointment to the post of manager of the gas-works, which he held till shortly before his death, testify to the respect and esteem in which he was held by his townspeople. And perhaps his descendants may take more comfort from this fact than from a family tradition, that I have not been able to verify, which attributes the failure to certain fiscal arrangements of Vansittart's, which were supposed to give the London starch manufacturers an advantage over their country competitors.

Be this as it may, one of the economies necessitated by this change of circumstances was the withdrawal of "Charley" from a preparatory school, when he had just passed his eighth birthday, and his establishment in the Shrewsbury free grammar-school.

Charles Wicksteed was a slight, timid, sensitive and far from robust boy. His features were irregular, but his full blue eyes, fair bright complexion and luxuriant hair, gave him no small share of childish beauty; and to the credit of the Shrewsbury boys be it said, that the timid little scholar was received in their rough society with a degree of kindliness too seldom exhibited. The brutal ordeals to which new boys were usually subjected were remitted in his case, and some of the elder scholars seem to have taken him under their lordly protection, though of course he had to submit to his full allowance of the coarse and degrading raillery for which the sensitive and simple-hearted little home-bird —who had actually been seen on one occasion taking a

walk with the nurse and babies!—offered so tempting a mark.

Over the home itself, too—that refuge from the storms and cleanser from the stains of school-life—a deep shadow soon fell. Before he was nine years old Charles Wicksteed had lost his mother; and there were only left to him memories of her early care and love, of the tender fraud by which she once imitated her poor weary little boy's round hand and laid by his bed-side the exercise which he had spoilt once and again, and had put aside at her command in despair at night; memories of the brightness of the first years, of the strain and oppression of those that followed. The last time he spoke to her, she put aside his request in sheer weariness. The last time he saw her, it was through the open door of her sick-room, as she lay thrown feverishly into a strained, unresting attitude. Then came his father's speechless anguish, the helpless sympathy of his elder brothers and sisters, and the weary blank, never to be filled, in the home of which the light had gone out.

Who shall say what is lost in the loss of that fostering tenderness, gradually ripening into a beautiful companionship of unconscious guidance, by which a mother may train her son, instructing, interpreting and supplementing the instinctive chivalry that springs up in every manly heart, and teaching what must else remain unlearned? To call such a loss irreparable is but feebly to describe its weight.

For his father—who with his doubled charge had lost half his power to meet it—and for all his brothers and

sisters, Charles entertained a sincere and lasting affection; but it was his brother Joseph Hartley to whom he gave the full measure of his love.

Joe Wicksteed was his senior by many years, and was just completing his school life when Charles was beginning his; but after a time the two were drawn together by influences which rested upon and yet bridged over this difference in years. Joe Wicksteed was a man of rare intellectual and poetic gifts, a fine scholar and a fascinating companion. To his brother Charles he was almost a deity. They would go long walks together, Joe often reciting poetry, and kindling an admiration and enthusiasm in his brother's heart second only to his own. His favourite poets came to his brother through him; and while the glow of a strong personal affection, or rather devotion, was thus thrown over them, they in their turn served almost to transfigure the personality through which they came. To my father, his brother Joe was the impersonation of poetry, the presiding deity, as it were, of romance and heroism and aspiration, and yet at the same time a fellow-worshipper with himself at the shrine. And the younger brother, in his turn, once again took the part of a David when the evil spirit was upon his hero; for the almost morbid sensitiveness, the shrinking and wounded sense of any rebuff or want of feeling, that often characterize the poetic temperament, sometimes left Joe Wicksteed in sore need of the comforting presence of his beloved brother.

In 1824, when he had studied in Glasgow with no small distinction, Joseph Wicksteed went for a tour in

the Highlands, and was drowned while bathing in Loch Katrine. My father was fourteen years old, and it was as if he had again been orphaned. The joys and sorrows of sixty years failed to obliterate, hardly even overlaid, this deep grief of his soul. For twenty years, I have heard him say, no single day ever passed without his consciously dwelling upon his brother's memory. Night after night he prayed (but always in vain) to be allowed to see him in dream-land; and in after years when his children grew up around him, they learned to listen with a wondering grief and sympathy to the story of their uncle Joe, which still filled their father's eyes with tears, and to repeat fragments of his poetry, which seemed to link their homespun lives with the distant world of genius and glory.*

But we must return to Shrewsbury school, where the young scholar worked up his way, patiently and ploddingly, for ten long years, during the whole of which time Dr. Samuel Butler, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, was Head Master. It was my father's firm belief, in after years, that he had been a slow boy, and I have no doubt that in intellectual rapidity and power he fell far short of the brilliant attainments of his brother Joe; but the "talent for taking pains," which if not genius is at any rate a good working substitute for it, characterized him now, as it did in all his after-life; and in spite of the short sight, which prevented him from understanding (inasmuch as he did

* See pp. 107, 135, 136.

not see) half the corrections in his compositions, and in spite of all the disadvantages which narrow circumstances brought with them, such as want of good books, and want of the private lessons and assistance which most of the boys secured, Charles Wicksteed managed to hold his own among the three hundred and sixty boys, and ultimately won his way to a place amongst "Butler's Eighteen"—the privileged boys who received their instruction solely from the Head Master himself.

Of the moral atmosphere of the school, the less said the better. In after years, my father believed that no one, however strongly protected by native modesty and refinement, could go through such a society uninjured, and he only wondered that the poison had not sunk deeper into his own nature. It was, perhaps, not worse at Shrewsbury than at other schools; but when a man dares to give himself or another a true account of his school life, the picture is apt to be an appalling one.

Of the reckless neglect of sanitary requirements in the boarding-houses, of the coarseness of manners, of the general laxity, or rather absence, of moral discipline, it is needless to speak. Some of these evils have disappeared; others, let us hope, are disappearing; none are remote enough to possess historical interest; and if any one cannot adequately fill in the picture from his own experience, let him thank God for "the bettering of the times," or for his own good fortune, and rejoice in his ignorance.

For the sports which fill so large a part of the life of many school-boys, my father was never specially quali-

fied. Though sufficiently muscular, he was deficient in quickness and dexterity of hand, and his short sight was fatal to success. Moreover, the determined conscientiousness with which he grappled with his work, left him little time for amusement; and the only game I ever heard him speak of with anything like enthusiasm was what we used to call "cobbing," but I forget whether it went by the same name at Shrewsbury. It consists in striking nuts, strung upon thongs or strings, against one another—the passive nut for the time being resting on some firm but not too hard surface (often, I regret to state, the open pages of a school book)—till one or the other is broken. To those who have never experienced the strange fascination of this apparently inane occupation, it would be difficult to realize the excitement it may produce. The fall of an empire could not cause a greater thrill than the collapse of a celebrated champion nut that counts its victories by hundreds, and has perhaps been the hero of several successive seasons.

Bathing, during the summer months, was a great and unfailing delight. A quick walk to the Severn, a plunge and swim, and a walk back again, was always an effective restorative; and the recollection of these dips in the river ever remained, fresh and delightful, as a part of my father's permanent possessions and conscious wealth. Long walks—the most vividly remembered being those with his brother Joe, and afterwards with his beloved younger sister Bessie, the only one of the family that survives him—complete the list of relaxations of which I can recollect hearing him speak, except that his father

occasionally read Milton or Spenser aloud to him—a questionable enjoyment sometimes, for the moments were not always happily chosen—and that on rare occasions he was taken to the theatre.

His holidays were often spent with his cousins, the Swanwicks, at Chester, and were enjoyed with a zest which shows that, for all his quiet and studious ways, he was by no means deficient in the high spirits and love of fun of which healthy boyhood can hardly be too full. Mrs. Swanwick, his aunt Joseph, earned his lasting affection, and his cousin Frederick, late of Whittington, became his life-long friend.

The lessons a boy goes through at school are often but an unimportant part of what he gets and learns in one way or another, but in this particular case the result was very far from insignificant. Of my father's earlier masters at Shrewsbury, I need only say that he learned to respect and almost to love Sheepshanks, who has recently obtained a momentary celebrity as George Eliot's Greek tutor; and that on looking back upon the general system of instruction, he seems to have thought it about as stupid and futile as human ingenuity could have made it.

Of Butler himself he speaks as a man superior to all meanness, but deficient in the finer perceptions, and never coming within sight of any lofty conception of his responsibilities or duties as a master. He had a prodigious memory, but "he did not succeed in breathing a soul into his author, notwithstanding all this massive learning. He rarely condescended to quote an

English or modern author. He rarely examined the thought, or very critically the style. He used to labour away sometimes to realize a picturesque description, but his efforts generally ended, after an enumeration of the objects, with a great deal of humming and hawing and hesitation, and the words, 'quite a—quite a—quite a picture!' I never felt the beauty or grandeur of the classical literature under him as a literature of thought and taste. I think he could scarcely have had a large critical or appreciatory faculty. Metre-structure, geography, history, and 'parallel passages,' were his gods."—These, however, are no contemptible deities for studious youth, and my father always felt that he owed to Butler a secure foundation in that severe, if somewhat narrow, scholarship which still survives sporadically, and often puts to shame the more ambitious and philosophical attempts of recent systems.

During the later years of his school life, he had to commit to memory (forty lines a day) the great bulk of the Greek and Latin poets usually read in schools, and although, owing to his defective memory, the task was at first a terribly severe one, he soon learned to find it a not unpleasant part of his day's work. No doubt this poetry, for the most part, merely passed through his memory; but fragments at least remained, and there can be no question that the practice contributed much towards that security and firmness which I imagine characterized the old style of scholarship generally, and was certainly conspicuous in my father.

The great bane of his school existence, however, was

verse-writing. Greek and Latin composition in any form he found hard, but verse-making he hated. Twice a week he was forced to write a copy of verses, perhaps thirty or forty hexameters, on a given theme; and as he tried to draw comfort from the distant prospect of relief which the years must bring at last, he would say to himself that if ever he had sons he would help them in everything except verse-writing. But this vow, like other such, was made to be broken; and in after years his two eldest sons, the only ones who ever had to pass through this particular round of purgatory, often renewed his youthful woes, to the unspeakable alleviation of their own. Nay, such is the force of habit, that he even defied Sydney Smith's assertion that an ordinary school-boy, having composed before he is nineteen more hexameters than Virgil wrote in the Æneid, never, unless he is a singularly weak man, writes another in his life; for now and then, in his capacity of family poet-laureate for instance, he would drop into the old trick and celebrate some domestic event in a "copy of verses"; and while never pretending to elegance or facility as a Latin versifier, he retained a keen appreciation of the skill in others. There are few minor poems in any language for which I have heard him express greater admiration than for Kennedy's Latin translation of "John Anderson," Savage Landor's patriotic lines on "Bathing," or a beautiful Latin version of "Abide with me," by the late Edwin Martin Geldart.

To the last he found Latin or Greek poetry at least as easy to commit to memory as English.

At the age of eighteen, my father left Shrewsbury school and went to Glasgow University.

His resolve to enter the ministry appears never to have wavered, though he had formed an estimate of the sacrifices involved in this choice of a profession which the event showed to be exaggerated. He felt that he was facing the probability, if not the certainty, of a life of poverty or even want, and contemplated the likelihood of having to face it alone; but a devout and earnest heart, a firm belief in the truth and the importance of the theological views he held dear, and the thought of devoting his life to a cause which he regarded as intrinsically noble on the one hand and as destined to win conspicuous triumphs on the other, filled him with an enthusiasm before which all difficulties and privations seemed but light.

His first session at college was moulded on the type of what he expected his future life to be, as is manifest enough from the scale of his expenditure. In after years he frequently spoke of "accounts" as constituting the best of diaries. "Under the headings of simple figures, an account-book recalls events and joys and sufferings and friends and the dead and the living, so as to fill up by the aid of the ever-acting law of association a complete biography." His own little slip of an account-book kept at Glasgow furnishes biographical material fully as luminous as the piles of carefully-written note-books of lectures, or even the written or remembered details of his college life.

During his first session, 1828-29, he held a Scholar-

ship, under Dr. Williams's Trust, of £40, and a grant of £20 from a special fund connected with the Shrewsbury chapel. From these resources he had to meet all his expenses, including class fees, books, clothes, board and lodging, and the then heavy item of travelling. An intense susceptibility to anything sordid or unrefined in his physical surroundings made it hardly short of a necessity to him to occupy lodgings which, in comparison with the quarters of some of the students, were luxurious, but in all other respects he practised the strictest self-restraint and economy, and at the end of the session he returned to Shrewsbury with a £10 note, which he gravely handed over to his father, saying that he had been as careful as he could and had saved this sum out of his exhibitions. In his dutiful thoughts and desires he had perhaps imagined the circumstances of his home narrower than they really were, and his father, at once touched and amused by his offer, told him with a laugh that this was carrying things a little too far; and it was henceforth understood that if his son met all his own expenses, he need not trouble himself about those of the household at Shrewsbury.

The next year, moreover, brought, in addition to the renewal of the exhibitions already enjoyed, an additional grant of £20 from a fund connected with the chapel at Chester; so that my father returned to Glasgow for the session of 1829-30 with ample provision for his requirements. During his first year he had spent hardly anything on books, and at the close of the session a sum of five shillings for the *loan* of "Donegan's Greek Lexicon"

is entered. What a pathos such an entry lends to that £10 note that was taken back to Shrewsbury! The first entry in the new session is sixteen-and-sixpence for the *purchase* of "Donegan;" there are occasional visits to the theatre—an amusement in which my father found a keen though seldom gratified enjoyment till close upon the end of his life; there is even evidence of "fencing lessons"; and while all remains quiet and economical, there are no further signs of painful pressure.

The summer of 1830 was spent in Scotland, partly in Glasgow, partly in a tour in the Highlands with Mr. George Harris (the minister of the St. Vincent Street chapel) and his wife, and partly in a visit to some friends of Joe Wicksteed's. During this tour, my father made his first pilgrimage to the spot on the shingles of Loch Katrine where Joe Wicksteed's clothes had been found, and to the grave at Brig of Turk where his body lay.*

The next session, 1830-31, closed his college life.

Intellectually, it need hardly be said, these were years of rapid expansion and of keen enjoyment. Under Sandford, the Professor of Greek, the real meaning and beauty of the classical literatures opened out, and on the basis of Butler's drill my father began to build up the knowledge and love of the classics that remained to him throughout his life the source of unfailing enjoyment. At no period did he cease to confirm and extend his acquaintance with the Greek and Roman authors, but it was at college that his tastes took their permanent

* See p. 136.

direction, and he did not find it easy to admit authors whom he had not placed amongst the Olympians in his youth, to anything like an equality of rank with his acknowledged deities. The modern estimate of Catullus, for example, long appeared to him paradoxical and extravagant, and it was only within a few years of his death that, under stress of personal experiences to which some of the poems of Catullus appealed with startling directness, he came to acknowledge him, at least in some fields, as the revealer of a depth and tenderness that he had never thought of hitherto as Roman.

Amongst the authors he specially studied at college, I have often heard him mention Herodotus and Demosthenes; and his life-long and intense admiration of Homer, which had forced itself to the birth even under Butler, was fostered and established under Sandford.

His careful notes on Persius show that he shrank from no difficulties; and—like others who have paid the price—he felt that to master this obscurest and least known of the great Roman poets was well worth the toil it demanded. "Horace," he was fond of saying, quoting from Buchanan, "Horace laughs, Juvenal inveighs, and Persius writes like a grave good man in earnest." Virgil he could never forgive for the sins of his hero Æneas. For Cicero he long felt a romantic admiration and reverence that would hardly brook criticism. Horace he read with that unbounded delight and admiration which many other cultivated Englishmen of his generation have felt, and the manifestations of which by the pilgrims to the site of his villa near Tivoli have made

the peasantry suppose that Horace was an Englishman himself. "I should like to have known Horace," my father would often say; and of the many classical authors he had committed to memory, Horace was perhaps the one of whom he retained most.

Buchanan's classes in logic, moral philosophy and literature, occupied no small part of his attention at college. A pile of closely-filled note-books, carefully and laboriously written out from rough notes taken in class, testify to his continued talent for taking pains; and he looked back afterwards to this labour of Hercules as one of the most fruitful of his college occupations. Pure philosophy, however, and especially metaphysics, rather fascinated him than won his steady affections. He admired but never trusted them. He never took them quite seriously. He seemed invincibly indisposed to commit himself to any abstract speculative opinion, and least of all would he act upon or insist on any such. As the different systems came forward, each with the claim "aut Cæsar aut nullus"—everything or nothing—he would respectfully suggest that they should each of them take a *province;* a compromise which each one, as a system, must necessarily reject with indignation as worse than nothing. But then my father never believed in systems; and this was perhaps a source of both strength and weakness to him. It preserved him from extravagances and exaggerations. An admirable common-sense presided over his judgments and saved him from pursuing will-o'-the-wisps. But, on the other hand, it exposed

him at least to the danger of adopting a quasi-mechanical compromise between ideas which were really mutually exclusive. Buchanan once gave as the subject for a philosophical essay, the question, "Whether beauty is in the mind or in the object?" and my father, with invincible common-sense, but by no means to his Professor's satisfaction, maintained that it resided "partly in each." —Such at least was his own account of the affair given in later life; but I find from his college letters, written at the time, that this is a somewhat satirical version of his actual contention, and it suffices to show that he was himself by no means blind to the weak side of his precautions against riding a theory to death.

Even in theology, of which he was an earnest and indeed a voracious reader, though ardently advocating what must be classed as speculative truths or opinions, he nevertheless approached them from the practical, the ethical and the emotional side, and regarded them as important chiefly in their reactions upon the heart and conduct. "A scientific theology," in the sense of ultimate religious truths obtainable through and defensible by purely or prevailingly intellectual processes, he regarded with the profoundest distrust.

Of his other studies at Glasgow there is little to say. The "account-book" shows that Hebrew was not neglected; but whether he studied it under Gibb, the Professor of Oriental literature, or on his own account, I cannot say. What modest amount of mathematics was deemed sufficient at Shrewsbury he had never found

difficult, and he kept up, and probably extended, his knowledge at Glasgow; but in this temple he never worshipped save in the court of the Gentiles.

He took his Bachelor's degree in April, 1830, with great distinction, obtaining the highest honours, which had not been taken for seven years previously; but for reasons connected partly with his early settlement in the ministry, and partly with a fancied slight from the authorities, which he afterwards saw existed only in his own imagination, he never presented himself for his Master's degree.

In his reminiscences of college life there was a marked absence of any sense of strain, oppression or anxiety. Neither his class-work nor his preparation for his degree seems at all to have weighed upon his mind. His ten years of unassisted toil at Shrewsbury had given him a self-reliance and a mastery of the elements of learning which made his years at college a delicious harvest-time. Excessive hours of study, weariness, headaches, apprehensions and sufferings of every kind, seem to have disappeared. He was master of the situation; and though his industry was unabated, it was now coupled with an elastic sense of enjoyment and power which probably characterized no other period of his life, unless to some extent the very earliest years of his ministry.

The hospitalities of the acquaintance he found or formed in Glasgow gave variety and zest to his college life, and he often spoke of these years as a time of refreshment and delight, between the troubles and

oppressions of boyhood and the responsibilities and cares of manhood, which had a charm and even a strength peculiarly its own.

A sympathetic imagination may reconstruct some of the impressions which he took away with him and left behind him when his college life came to a close, from words which he wrote more than twenty years later, when he had just spent a long morning in Glasgow with my mother, "visiting the dear old college, with its common-hall, library and class-rooms." He says: "I called on my old quarters in Sanchie Hall Road, and was admitted with Jane to inspect my former lodgings, whence I emerged for my Bachelor's examination, and from the door of which, to my then great annoyance and subsequent amusement, my landlady flung the old shoe of luck after me. I also found out where my dear old dead landlady's daughter lived, and called on a nice-looking, very respectable and intelligent millinery and lodging-keeping young woman, who was 'Lizzy' and a dirty little girl of seven or eight when I knew her, who saw *me*, however, once seventeen years ago next month, and at once recognized me. If ever any young lady in the world was complimented by a call from me, Eliza Forbes was that young lady. After ten minutes' conversation, I took her down-stairs to see Jane, who was in the carriage below, and could not ascend the '*turnpike*' to the 'top flat.'"

* * * *

If "Lizzy" is still alive, she is now more than sixty years old. The "dear old college" is a railway station.

And of those whom my father remembered as sitting with him in the class-rooms, Mr. R. Dees, of Newcastle, and the Rev. G. H. Wells, are, I believe, the sole survivors. "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh."*

II.

When he had but just attained his majority, my father was invited to the pulpit of the Ancient Chapel, Toxteth Park, Liverpool, vacant by the appointment of the Rev. J. H. Thom to the Renshaw Street pulpit, and with a half intention of returning for a time to Glasgow to take his Master's degree, he accepted the invitation.

Nominally, he was to be the colleague of old Mr. Anderson, who had long been the minister, but was at this time quite unable to take even occasional duty, and who died in the course of the following year.

On August 31st, 1831, after a visit to Shrewsbury, my father entered upon his duties as the stated minister of Toxteth Park Chapel, amongst a cultivated, refined and thoughtful people, with, as he afterwards said, "a few of the picturesque and Walter-Scottish adornments and supplements to a well-to-do Christian congregation" —the "poor." He lost no time, however, in adding a less picturesque but more genuine element to his charge, by undertaking the management of a district under the "Provident Society," which required him "to visit from twenty-five to seventy-five poor families resident in cellars or in the rooms over the cellars, every week, for

* See "Letters and Journals," pp. 97, 98.

the purpose of collecting their savings, administering relief, helping, advising, consoling and guiding them in any way not directly theological that seemed required."

Moreover, in those days the general business and management of our chapels often fell upon the ministers to an extent which it is not very easy for us to realize now; and it is indicative of the great change and improvement which the last fifty years have brought about in this respect, that though the Toxteth Park congregation was probably second to none in consideration for its minister, yet my father was at one time obliged to arrange for the organ-playing, Sunday by Sunday, by special personal application to some competent and willing friend, and he proposed (at the suggestion of a leading member of his flock) himself to receive applications for sittings or pews in the chapel.

It is instructive and encouraging, too, to note that whereas in February, 1834, the members of the congregation presented a memorial to the Houses of Parliament, setting forth their grievances as "Protestant Dissenters," every one of the reforms demanded has now been brought about.

The grievances were:

First: The want of a legal registration of births, marriages and deaths, without submitting to religious rites of which they, the memorialists, disapproved.

Second: Compulsory conformity to the rites and ceremonies of the Established Church in the celebration of marriage.

Third: The denial to Dissenters of the right of burial

by their own ministers, according to their own form, in parochial or consecrated cemeteries.

Fourth: The exclusion of Protestant Dissenters from the privileges of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

Fifth: The liability of Dissenters to the payment of Church-rates and other ecclesiastical demands.

Such glimpses of the conditions and scope of the young minister's work in his first settlement must suffice. It was now that he really came into contact with practical life for the first time, and the equipment for the encounter with the world which he brought with him from the study consisted in instinctive refinement and delicacy of feeling, scrupulous consideration for others, pleasant manners, remarkable conversational powers, a well-stored mind and a romantic generosity of disposition, coupled with an almost incredible ignorance of the ways of the world, in knowledge of which he was young even for his years.

It was well for him that his lot was thrown amongst men who could not only appreciate, but extend and supplement his intellectual culture, and who could love his frank and ingenuous simplicity of character while insensibly initiating him into a little more of the very needful wisdom of the serpent. Under the happy circumstances of his settlement he won the enthusiastic love and loyalty of his little flock, and himself grew rapidly towards the firmness of judgment and practical wisdom which marked him in later life.

In theology he was a sound and earnest Protestant and Unitarian; not troubling himself, after the manner of a later generation, to show the truth in error and the error in truth, but taking things straightforwardly, attacking the error of error and defending the truth of truth. All his life he felt impatient with attempts to show the spiritual meaning and the hidden truth of orthodox opinions. "They are *not* the confused and imperfect expression of spiritual truths," he would say. "They are the clear, logical and appropriate expression of spiritual falsehoods." And although he was in fundamental sympathy with every large-hearted attempt to do justice to the position of any man or body of men, yet he would lament in his later years, with a serio-comic pathos, that the simplicity of life had disappeared, and that no one knew exactly whom he was fighting. "It used to be very different. It was: 'Here you are. There's your adversary. Knock him down!'"

The fathers of our Church will recognize in these reminiscences of earlier methods of controversy the influence of such men as Robert Harris, of Glasgow; and it is a fact that my father attributed to the affectionate admiration with which that noted controversialist and fine preacher inspired him in early life, a moulding influence upon his style of pulpit work in the opening years of his ministry.

But, after all, it was in ethical rather than controversial fields that he loved to expatiate. All the world was opening up before him, and he did not care to obtrude the study or its processes upon his hearers. I have

heard him speak of the *composition* of his sermons at this time (alas, at this time only!) as a keen delight; though the sleepless night which had preceded his first service when a student at Glasgow was a but too faithful type of the anxiety, the wear and the strain, which with him remained to the end inseparable from *preaching*.

During his settlement at Liverpool he kept up his habits of study, and his reading, though wide and varied, was for the most part fairly systematic, for he deliberately set to work to supplement and extend the thorough but one-sided culture of his school and college life; and indeed for a time a kind of superficial reaction disguised the fundamental loyalty to the classical traditions of his education with which he never really broke. Till now, modern languages had been almost wholly neglected by him, though he had been a diligent student of English literature ever since the days when his brother Joe had fired his boyish imagination with a love of the English poets. On his settlement in Liverpool he began to study French, and though never deeply or extensively read in French literature, he was far from insensible to its peculiar charm; and had he drawn up a "Select Cabinet Library," he would have given a place in it to more than one French author, and perhaps not always those whom his friends in later life would have first looked for. "Corinne" would certainly have taken an honoured place amongst his favourite books in his youth, and some of Rousseau's writings retained their hold upon him to the end.

Next came Italian—a language to which, as a spoken

tongue, he became so devoted, that he used to say he should like to live in Italy if only that he might always speak and hear Italian; but, with the one exception of Alfieri, no Italian author made a very deep or permanent impression upon him. Of "the four poets," I can only find that he read Tasso, and him with such qualified admiration as might be expected. Boccaccio was not enough to his taste to draw him far past the portals of his gardens and palaces, and the other Italians of whom notes or traces remain in his manuscripts are eighteenth and nineteenth century poets, keenly enjoyed at the time, but not permanently remembered.

In the mental history of these years, however, the first place should be given, not to books, but to men. At school my father had formed no solid friendships; at college only few, though of those few more than one lasted as long as life. From the moment of his first settlement in the ministry, friendships sprang up around him in unbroken succession, and he never forgot or was forgotten by a friend.

His fellow-ministers in Liverpool were men who could not fail to exercise a marked influence upon him. His predecessor at the Park Chapel, the Rev. John Hamilton Thom, soon became, as he ever afterwards remained, his dearest and most honoured friend. Those who knew him best, best knew what this companionship was to him. "Amicus amicorum"—my friend of friends—he called him in these early days, and would have called him to the last. "Down upon your knees, and thank Heaven fasting for a good man's love," is an exhortation

of wider application than Rosalind gives it; and my father, who had always a thankful and grateful heart, was never in danger of forgetting it.

In 1832, the Rev. James Martineau settled in Liverpool as co-pastor of the Paradise Street chapel with the Rev. J. Grundy, and the friendship of the trio, "Thom, Martineau and Wicksteed," was soon firmly knit.

Towards the end of the same year my father visited Shrewsbury, and I cannot refrain from inserting at length a letter written by his father, at the close of the visit, to a sister residing in Chester. It is easy to read between the lines evidence of the interest, not unmingled with alarm, which the new life and thought, so fully represented in Liverpool, were beginning to stir in many hearts besides that of the writer of this letter.

"Shrewsbury, Dec. 13, 1832.

"My dear Martha,—I cannot let Charles leave us without expressing my thankfulness to Heaven for having blessed me with so great a treasure. He has been a prodigious comfort to us. I have had much delightful conversation with him, and find him sound at the core, with a considerable increase of knowledge, and an evident desire to apply it for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. Fixed and firm in the grand essentials of religion and morality, which are the same in all times, and will remain the same for ever, he will probably differ considerably from his father in his holding of particular doctrines in theology and politics. But whatever may be his sentiments, they will be based on truth and advocated in the spirit of Christ, and will command my unfeigned respect.

"I am glad to perceive from his discourses that his increasing knowledge of human nature gives increased effect to his style of composition, and an energy that will carry them into the hearts of his hearers. He mixes judiciously with society, and seems to me to draw right inferences. His intercourse with Thom and Martineau will certainly be of great advantage to him, and I expect will also reflect some benefit on them. Their conversations are free and animated, and I think Charles has sufficient strength to discern and maintain the right, notwithstanding the doubtful may be supported by eloquence and talent of no mean order. He will not surrender but upon *conviction*, and will not mistake a strong and momentary impression for conviction, but will return again and again to the subject, and be thoroughly satisfied before he yields. Thus I hope he will acquire a set of *well-considered* truths felt in his inmost soul, and then his preaching cannot fail to be efficacious under the blessing of God.

"To part from him is very painful.

"Your affectionate brother,

"J. WICKSTEED.

"Thank my beloved Hannah, when you next write to her, for an excellent, affectionate letter of sympathy to Bithie received the other day. Amidst all these troubles, how the heart yearns after and clings to *old* times, *old* friends, *old* affections, which seem to swallow up and annihilate everything of late growth, one's children always excepted!"*

* John Wicksteed died on March 13th, 1837, at Old Ford, in the house of his son, Thomas Wicksteed, the civil engineer, with whom he had gone to reside a short time before.

In the midst of such work and such companionships the first years of my father's ministry passed happily and fruitfully by; and before he left Liverpool a rare and priceless opportunity offered itself of enlarging his experience, and storing up impressions which would endure as long as life.

In the autumn of 1834, Mr. R. V. Yates, a member of the Toxteth Park congregation, left England with Mrs. Yates for a six or eight months' tour on the continent, especially Italy. A young friend was to join them during a part of their travels, and the fourth seat in the carriage remained to be disposed of. My father's Italian studies, and his affectionate intimacy with the Yates family, which had already begun, and was never afterwards broken, suggested that he should be invited to take the vacant place.

Arrangements were made for leave of absence, and on Sept. 17th, 1834, my father left Liverpool for his first visit to the continent.

"On that meat," he wrote long afterwards, "I went for twenty years."

A paper printed in the January and February numbers of the "Christian Reformer" for 1886, records his retrospective impressions of travel in those days, and the contrasts brought out by later fashions and methods; while the impressions he received at the time are recorded in two manuscript volumes of "journal" which lie before me.

This journal, in its perfect frankness and sincerity, gives a vivid picture of my father's character and

interests at this period. It was with mingled feelings that he turned over its pages again towards the close of his life. Charles Wicksteed at seventy would not have believed, without ocular demonstration and authentic depositions under his own hand, that Charles Wicksteed at twenty-four was quite so young and—a synonym for "young" in my father's mouth, but a synonym in which was no touch of scorn but rather a blended amusement and tenderness—quite so foolish as he appeared to him to have been. The journal shows us a young man full of life and enjoyment, not precociously mature perhaps, but instinct with intelligence and interest in men and things; with literary culture and associations preponderatingly, but not exclusively, classical; with artistic tastes on other than literary matters still quite in the embryonic stage; and with an unqualified contempt for the Catholic religion that makes him all but insensible even to Catholic art, with the sole exception of architecture. He is interested in everything, from the casual sight of a veritable "bush" as the sign of a Belgian wine-shop, or the construction of a bridge of boats across the Rhine, to the continental mode of observing Sunday, or the physical and moral characteristics of the peoples amongst whom he travels.

All that concerns the comfort or welfare of the people excites his special attention. He takes careful note, for instance, of the use of chestnuts as food, and observes that the Belgians mix coal-dust with earth for firing, and is interested in connecting the similar practice which Mr. Yates had observed in Pembrokeshire with the Belgian immigration into that county in the twelfth century.

Or he notices that the girls in a school have a second chair each for their work, with a ledge for a foot-rest, and notes the sanitary importance of the arrangement.

Mr. Yates—who possessed something of the encyclopædic information that is associated with his family name—was an admirable guide, philosopher and friend.

So they journeyed through Belgium, up the Rhine and into Italy, where Como flashed upon the young traveller's soul like a new world and a new life; where Florence was slower to assert her greater power; and where at last the queenly Rome slowly and surely mastered his spirit and for years afterwards ever grew upon him, rising up—to borrow a fine image of his own—as he withdrew from her, till she stood alone amongst the cities.

"On the strength of that meat he went twenty years."

His stay with his beloved and generous people was not to be long protracted after his return, early in 1835. Towards the close of that same year he accepted an invitation to the old Mill Hill chapel, Leeds, and left his little flock, united and prosperous, with the warmest feelings of affection and gratitude on either side.

He wore for many years a handsome gold watch which was presented to him as a parting gift by his people—to be succeeded at last by a like gift from another group of Liverpool friends when he was minister of the Hope Street church.

There were many reasons which induced him to accept the invitation to Leeds. His powers were now undoubtedly such as to demand more scope than could well

be given them at the Park Chapel. He had always resolved that the work of the ministry should be, if in any way possible, his sole professional employment. He did not think it a task which he could discharge in conjunction with literary or scholastic work of a remunerative character, and he therefore felt it natural and legitimate to embrace an opportunity of making himself permanently independent of any subsidiary profession. And, finally, he had private reasons for desiring a change of surroundings that must not be altogether passed over in the conventional silence that falsifies and mutilates biography.

Even amid all the glories of Italy his thoughts had often wandered back to England, where they had gathered into a hope that on his return he felt he must relinquish.

Those who knew his robust character in later life, and who have not realized the strength of certain literary influences in earlier decades of the century, will hardly be prepared to hear that a copy of the English translation of the "Sorrows of Werther," worn almost to pieces by incessant reading, testifies to the fact that at this time he sought, and in some sense found, comfort for his wounded affections in a train of thought and sentiment with which he had little sympathy afterwards.

He still loved his work; but for a time life seemed to have little to give or take away that could raise a personal hope or fear in his heart. But this too should pass away.*

* See "Letters and Journals," pp. 99—114.

III.

On December 20th, 1835, my father preached his first sermon as the minister of the Mill Hill chapel.

The next eighteen years cover the period of his fullest and most sustained professional activity. His Leeds ministry always appeared to him to have been his true life-work, and by it he would have wished to be judged.

In such a sketch as this, no attempt can be made to fill in a detailed picture of the varied and successful toils of these busy and often anxious years.

The position taken in the town since the recent repeal of the "Corporation and Test Acts," by members of the Mill Hill congregation, and by my father's predecessor and cousin, Dr. Hutton, opened up opportunities of public usefulness to him which he soon saw it would require all his strength adequately to utilize.

Under his new and extended duties he rapidly attained to the full measure of his powers, though in appearance he was still, for some time to come, younger than his years. "God bless thee, joy!" said an old woman, as she set down her water-pail, on being introduced to her new minister. "Nay, but they have sent us a lad this time!" remarked one of his hearers, when first he preached at Mill Hill, thinking he was a student sent to supply; but he soon perceived that, whether man or boy, "he could do a man's work."

And no doubt there was man's work to be done at Mill Hill, and in Leeds, if any one could do it. The town of Leeds in 1836 was full of life and vigour, but

it was a very different place from what it has become in 1886. Only just enfranchised (by the Reform Bill of 1832), without a daily paper, with none of the great public buildings and comparatively few of the public institutions which it now boasts, with such a centre of intellectual life as the Yorkshire College not so much as dreamed of, Leeds in 1836 required a long series of public services and a long growth of public spirit to develop its political, municipal and intellectual resources.

In all these directions my father strove to bear his part, for during his Leeds ministry, though at no other time of his life, he took an active part in public affairs. In doing so, he allowed neither conventional reticence nor party allegiance to restrain the freedom of his action or his utterance; and those who only knew him in later life may well be startled by the vehemence of his advocacy of the causes for which he fought in his earlier years. Speaking, for instance, on "those vile and wicked" Corn Laws, at the close of 1845, he declared that "he could not but reflect on the burdens which the poor had to bear in times of dearth and scarcity. He was sick of hearing of the burdens of the rich—the burdens on the land—in the face of starvation and want for the poor. This land was indeed becoming a burden, and was beginning to be like a mill-stone about their necks. The very land which nature intended for their support was, by an artifice in legislation, by a vile and wicked sophism, becoming a limiter of their supplies and an instrument of starvation. He believed that there had been no years in our history more damaging to the character, to the

chivalry, to the reputation and to the humanity of the British aristocracy and landed proprietors, than the few years in which the Corn Laws and their mischievous effects had been exposed. In conclusion, he expressed a hope that God would please to convert the selfish and inactive stewards of the nation's liberty, and he hoped He would convert them by warning, rather than leave them to be compelled to yield by plagues."

Again, at the General Election of 1847, the official Liberalism of Leeds, led and represented by the "Leeds Mercury," was passionately opposed to what it called "Government education" and the receipt of "Government money" by the managers of schools. My father, however, supported by the majority of his congregation, threw himself ardently into the national scheme, whatever its imperfections, and did not shrink from the necessary result of an active alliance with the Church and Tory party. He even enlisted—in spite of earnest protests on the part of some respected members—the collective and official action of the Mill Hill congregation in the cause, calling a meeting of the members, at which resolutions were passed in favour of the national scheme.

Yet more noteworthy was the action of the minister and congregation of Mill Hill chapel with reference to the Fugitive Slave Act. This measure roused my father's deepest indignation. Unable to believe in any second-hand evidence of such legislative enormities, he obtained a copy of the Act from America; and when satisfied of the truth of the worst representations, he threw himself

with heart and soul into the agitation against it and against the system out of which it had grown.

Dr. Dewey's notorious advocacy of compliance with the measure had created a profound feeling of distress and shame amongst his friends in England. The congregation of the Mill Hill chapel had, many years before, invited Dr. Dewey, in highly complimentary terms, to become their pastor; and so high had the wave of indignation risen, that this very fact threatened to become a stain upon their Christian character unless made the means of asserting and vindicating it.

On June 22nd, 1851, my father preached a sermon on the Fugitive Slave Law. A meeting of the congregation was held at the close of the service, under his presidency, and a resolution passed in which those present declare that "they feel themselves summoned by the cause of humanity and truth to protest against the sacrifice to supposed immediate political and commercial expediency, of those great principles of moral right which lie at the basis of all human security, happiness and virtue. And they implore the Father of grace and mercy to turn into the paths of mercy those citizens of America, and those professors of the Christian faith, who are at present resisting eternal obligations, and to strengthen the hands and sustain the hearts of all those who are advocating the common cause of human nature and Christian duty."

Several leading members of the congregation were then deputed to draw up a letter to Dr. Dewey, to be sent to him, together with the resolution, in the name of

the congregation. This letter was afterwards submitted to another meeting and approved. "We cannot conceal from you," the writers said, "our bitter grief and disappointment at the course which you and [others] have thought it right to pursue. It is with the hope that we may be the means of awakening in your mind a sense of the great injury to the cause of humanity and religion which you appear to us to have inflicted, that we now write to you."

These facts will suffice to illustrate the active interest taken by my father in public questions, and at the same time to show that the judicial turn of mind, the dislike of extremes, the distrust of a judgment formed at a distance from the phenomena to be judged, the great love of peace, and the tendency to a middle course in practical matters which always characterized him, did not always restrain his enthusiasm or his indignation within the limits which worldly wisdom would have dictated. He, too, had learned and taught that "the foolishness of God is wiser than men."

On other matters I have been able to find no record of my father's opinions. What was his precise attitude towards the Chartist movement, for instance, or towards the "Ten Hours' Bill," I have not been able to ascertain.

On the latter point, an old admirer of his still living in Leeds seemed to promise some information. "I think he was in favour of it," he said, in answer to a question. But when pressed for a detailed justification of his belief, he could only say, "Well, you see, he wer' always i' favour of everything good!" And perhaps,

after all, the impression left on the honest Yorkshireman's mind is as good biographical material as we can desire.

Amongst the public institutions of Leeds in which he took an active interest may be mentioned the "Literary Institution," the "Mechanics' Institute," and the "Philosophical Hall." The two former were united, with beneficial results, in June, 1842, and my father was the first President of the united institutions. For the "Philosophical Hall" he worked during the whole time of his residence in Leeds, and he was President from the session of 1851-52 till the time of his resignation in 1854.

This work, though often arduous and occasionally discouraging, was on the whole a source of keen interest and enjoyment to him. It brought him into contact with many interesting people, and furnished him with the occasion for extending and formulating his own studies and opinions in matters not immediately connected with his professional work, thus furnishing the intellectual stimulus and variety which are almost a necessity of mental and even physical health to men of wide and active sympathies.

A selection of the subjects on which he prepared careful and often elaborate essays for the institutions I have mentioned may not be without its interest.

"On 'Il Bruto Secondo' of Alfieri, and 'Julius Cæsar' of Shakespeare" (1836); "On the Metaphysical Identity of the leading Theories (as those of Clarke, Wollaston, Bentham and others) on the Grounds of Moral Distinc-

tions" (1838); "A critical Analysis of the Second and Fourth Books of Milton's Paradise Lost" (1844); "On the Characteristics of Writers on the French Revolution—Hazlitt, Scott, Smythe, Carlyle, Thiers" (1846); "On some of the leading Facts and Statutes relating to the Woollen Trade, from the Twelfth Century downwards" (1848); "On Homeric Contrasts of Character—Priam and Nestor, Hector and Paris, Andromache and Helen, &c." (1851); "On the Styles of the great Military Commanders—Xenophon, Cæsar, Napoleon, Wellington" (1852); "On the Poetry of English, Scotch and Irish Domestic Life" (1853).

In theology, my father was regarded by some of the older ministers as a dangerous man; but his perception of the practical aspects of every question, and his sympathy with the practical needs of the heart, enabled him generally to present even those conceptions that were most likely to excite opposition, in such a way that they were felt as a development and vindication of some loved and acknowledged principle, or a relief from some felt encumbrance, rather than as an attack upon a cherished belief. On a large number of questions, too, he was content to observe a deliberate silence, not because he believed in reticence with respect to any firm conviction —for it was a cardinal maxim with him that the great thing to do with the truth is "to tell it"—but because the attitude of his own mind was one of suspense. Throughout his Leeds ministry he was determined never to rest anything upon the miracles, for he could not

accept them as having any evidential value. But the question of their historical truth he never raised, because he did not feel that he could answer it.

When he felt the ground firm, however, he could speak decisively enough; and as early as in 1839 he published in the "Christian Teacher," then under the editorship of his friend the Rev. J. H. Thom, an article on "Ancient Prophets and Modern Ministers," which he fully expected at the time would put an end to his career as a minister. No such result followed; but the article caused no little disapproval and even dismay in some quarters, though it did not at all impair the sympathy and confidence of the Mill Hill congregation. It is an uncompromising and striking vindication of the historical and organic view of prophecy.

"In fact, we are not only of opinion (however these views be sympathized in by others) that the prophecies of the Old Testament do not contain a single clear, express and positive prediction of Christianity, but that the whole nature of the prophetic office is mistaken when it is regarded as a *foretelling* office, instead of a *forewarning* and a *denunciatory* one. It would not shake our faith in the prophets—it would not lower one degree our veneration and appreciation of them—if it should appear, as we are wholly inclined to believe that on full investigation and reflection it will, that their prophecies were only so far predictions, as auguries of coming good, fears and warnings of probable ill, denunciations of the bad effects of bad actions, are likely to prove predictions when the course of causation has brought about results."

With a view chiefly to his theological studies, my father was now gradually and laboriously adding to his knowledge of French and Italian some acquaintance with German, and though he never acquired any facility in this language, yet he succeeded in working his way through some of the writings of De Wette, Paulus, and others, and undoubtedly gained much from them.*

But in spite of his earnest study of theology, my father did not regard himself, however he may have been regarded by others, as a leader in this region of thought except in his own immediate circle; and it was only in response to the warmest personal solicitations that he consented to become, in 1845, one of the editors of the "Prospective Review," as a colleague of his old Liverpool associates, the Rev. J. H. Thom and the Rev. J. Martineau, and his and their friend, the Rev. J. J. Tayler, of Manchester. As long as the Review was published, he was a regular contributor to its pages; and the quarterly meetings at which the four friends planned the successive numbers of the Review furnished a welcome

* In 1847, he spent some weeks in Heidelberg, to improve his knowledge of German. He had an introduction to Paulus, and, having carefully primed himself with a few sentences, he entered his study, and was struck by his refined and delicate appearance, and at first by his somewhat distant manner. On his announcing that he had read his "Leben Jesu," however, all coldness disappeared, and he was soon on easy enough terms with him to ask whether he still adhered to his system of interpretation. Strauss had published *his* "Leben Jesu," and "a good many things had happened" since 1828, the date of Paulus's book, but the old scholar would not admit that anything had been said or done to shake his faith in his own discoveries.

break and change in the routine of busy lives, fruitful and refreshing at the time, and strangely fascinating in the retrospect. These meetings haunted the memory of all the four editors with a persistent echo of tenderness; and my father, serious and even anxious as was the prevailing tone of his life at this time, was remembered as the most light-hearted and vivacious of the group; for on these occasions all his cares vanished, and, while keeping a strict eye to business, he was as ready "desipere in loco" as "ridens, dicere verum"; and although in the special studies and speculations naturally associated with a theological journal, my father, as already hinted, never regarded himself as in any sense the peer of his three associates, yet they, on their side, felt that what he could contribute to the joint enterprize was not less important than what they could bring; and, at any rate, he may be joined with them in the gratitude of a later generation whose path these theological pioneers have done so much to smooth.

The quarterly meetings of the editors occupied a place wholly their own; but with this exception the most intellectually refreshing and stimulating evenings spent by my father at this period were those occupied by the meetings of the Leeds "Conversation Club," of which he was one of the original members.

All the activities now mentioned, however, were strictly subordinate to the direct work of the ministry, to which my father devoted his life at Leeds. Thinking very modestly of his own powers, he was convinced that

amid surroundings demanding greater strength or brilliancy he would have failed; and while rejoicing to find himself in a position in which he could hope to render some services to a wider public, he never believed that his true work lay anywhere outside his chapel and congregation, and a certain "ministry at large" that his position naturally carried with it.

The growth of this latter branch of work ultimately led to the establishment of the Domestic Mission in Holbeck in 1844,* for which my father had well prepared the way, and in which he never ceased to take a warm personal interest; and likewise to the establishment (also in 1884) of the first Leeds Loan Society, as a substitute for private loans, which, in my father's case, produced, as he said, two undesirable results: 1st, that he was constantly and rather seriously out of pocket; 2nd, that he was in danger of being cut by a considerable proportion of his humbler acquaintance.

The great event of his ministry at Mill Hill was the building of the new chapel. The old building had been erected in 1672, immediately after the Indulgence, at a cost of £400, and, though frequently altered, it had become wholly inadequate and unsuited to the requirements of the congregation. An extensive scheme of renovation, when already well advanced, was delayed by the celebrated decision of the House of Lords in the "Lady Hewley Case," in August, 1842, which rendered

* A room was engaged at £10 a year in the first instance. A chapel was built in 1852. The present chapel and schools were opened in 1883.

the tenure of our chapels altogether precarious; and the money subscribed lay for some years at the bank.* When the "Dissenters' Chapels Act" was passed in 1844, the scheme was taken up again, and was anxiously promoted by my father.

On the whole, great unanimity and spirit were shown in support of the project, though there were of course some "praisers of times past" who thought it was "a shame to pull down the old chapel," in spite of its almost dangerous condition. "There will be no need of that," my father replied. "The old chapel is coming down of itself. The only question is, whether we are to build a new one."

At last all difficulties were overcome, and on Wednesday, Dec. 27th, 1848, the new chapel was opened, the chanting of the words, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth," being "the first audible act of worship" there.

The new Mill Hill chapel was one of the first pronounced architectural departures from the old meeting-house style of building, and was opened free of debt, having cost a little more than £7300.

Of the general spirit of my father's ministry at Leeds it is difficult for me to speak. His "talent for taking

* "I am assured also that a sum of no less than £4000, which has been subscribed for the purpose of fresh repairs to the meeting-house at Leeds, the place where Priestley himself once taught, is lying idle, because they dare not repair a single pew within the walls of that meeting-house until they know whether this Bill shall pass into a law."—Macaulay's Speech in the House of Commons, June 6th, 1844. See "Debates on the Dissenters' Chapels Bill," p. 135. Cf. also ibid. Appendix, p. 443.

pains" had not forsaken him; and there lies before me a mass of evidence in his scrupulously-kept registers and note-books of the system and method which by a constantly sustained effort he introduced into every detail of his work. From the warming and ventilation of the chapel to the composition of his sermons, he allowed nothing to be done badly if thought and care could secure its being done well, and he had too much respect for the substance of his work to be content with anything slipshod or careless in its adjuncts.

As a pastor he was deeply loved, and the secret of his power is not hard to understand. A member of his old flock, on once hearing of some one paying a "ministerial call," remarked, "Ah! Mr. Wicksteed never called on us. He came to see us." And yet, though always a natural man, incapable of cultivating, and still more incapable of assuming, an austere indifference to the minor pleasures and cares of life, a habitual exemption from commonplace interests, or a saintly seclusion of unbroken spiritual exaltation, he had nevertheless a certain severity of life and manner which truly reflected the sustained earnestness of his aims, and prevented the affectionate admiration with which he inspired his friends from passing into too easy familiarity. Few people ever took liberties with him; very few did so twice.

In 1837, Charles Wicksteed married Jane, second daughter of the late Arthur Lupton, Esq., of Leeds; and in her "his heart safely trusted" till the day of his death. The marriage, which was celebrated in

the Call Lane (Arian) chapel, was the first that took place in the district under the new Marriage Act. The Registrar was almost afraid of a disturbance, and was with my father, in fear and trembling, from six o'clock in the morning. The bridegroom came to the chapel with a copy of the Act in his pocket, the page turned down at the place where the penalties incurred by any who should impede the ceremony were set forth. But the alarms were groundless. Great interest was felt in the marriage, but not of a hostile description.

If omens go for anything, the first marriage in the district under the new Act was a happy augury for those to come. The novelist strains his powers to make his readers realize the lives of his hero and heroine; the biographer often exerts his utmost skill to conceal them; but no efforts could be adequate to the suppression in a sketch of the life of Charles Wicksteed, of the place occupied in it by Jane his wife. He was a lover to the day of his death; and his life had in it, not only the strength and peace of steady affection, but an abiding element of that romance which is conventionally supposed to be in its nature transient. "I am amused to see," he once wrote, "how the people take us to be on a wedding tour—so attentive a spouse am I after fifteen years' experience, when I have time to pay attention and she time to receive it, a rare (alas!) coincidence!" And he often spoke of the "twilight existence" he led when for a few days he was alone.

Wise people had felt and even expressed some surprise that so learned and "clever" a man had not selected a

more learned lady for his partner. But my father, while perceiving that Miss Jane Lupton was neither a musician, a linguist, nor a metaphysician, and that she strongly objected to hearing of the sin and shame of the past, even if it was called history, saw at the same time that she knew something at first-hand of American, French and English ideas and society, had a mind stored with picturesque and pleasing details of the past and present, loved poetry and art with assimilating enthusiasm, had cultivated a firm memory and a skilful hand that could do good service in reproducing masterpieces of both alike, had looked straight into men and things with the guileless eye of unflinching and unsuspecting veracity, and had seized the good and rejected the evil with the quick instincts of truth.

The companionship of Charles and Jane Wicksteed, therefore, was one alike of the intellect and the affections. It is true that my mother was in no sense her husband's fellow-student. The problems of speculative theology had no attraction for her, and she did not wish to descend with him into the regions of uneasy questioning which must sometimes agitate the life of every faithful minister; but she never shrank from the *result*, whether positive or negative; and in this, as in many other trials, my father found the greatest of all helps and supports in the bright and trusting presence of one who was *not* in the valley of death-like shade with him, and whose quick and unfailing sympathy in all those higher interests, pursuits and pleasures, which still remained unclouded, served to lift him out of his troubles and perplexities,

and keep his heart and thoughts fresh and healthy. Again and again, in times of secret depression or perplexity, merely to see his wife steadily and cheerfully going on her way, full of life and courage, was to feel the leaden weight lifted from his heart, and to find strength to grapple afresh with the difficulty or trial that was best shared because unknown.

And even apart from these exceptional experiences, my father was never one of those who require constantly to communicate their ideas as they rise, and who love to have a friendly and sympathetic witness always in their workshop, watching the progress of each piece even of routine work with affectionate and suggestive interest. He liked to work alone, and my mother seldom knew what special subject had occupied his thoughts during the week till the Sunday morning came.

But, for all that, they were companions in intellect as well as in affection. Her artistic enthusiasms aided the general expansion and growth of his powers, till the impatience and almost disgust with which he had once regarded the monotony of Catholic art, was converted into a deep and restful appreciation of its deathless message to humanity. The whole field of modern English poetry was common to them both. My mother's love of biographies, old and new, gave her a command of apposite and illustrative facts on a wide range of subjects; and my father, on his side, though not inviting her into his mental workshop, loved to make her as far as possible the companion of his reading; and from the far-distant evenings snatched for a number of "Copper-

field," to the half-hours devoted to passages from St. Augustine, none of those "rare coincidences" of leisure on either side was ever lost.

Even Homer my father could not bear to keep all to himself, and on one memorable holiday, about seven years after their marriage, when they were at the sea-side at Seaton Carew, and he was going through the Iliad, from time to time he would read a short passage in Greek to my mother, adding a word-for-word construing, and then going through the Greek again, as the "many-sounding ocean," seen from their window, interpreted and blended with the words, till the scenes depicted rose so vividly before her mind and were so intimately associated with the roll of the hexameters, that she could hardly persuade herself that she had not in a kind of way read Homer in the original! She would relate with infinite amusement how on these occasions my father (who never liked the sea, and whom it never suited) would sit or recline with his *back* to the window—I suppose to catch the light—enjoying the many-rippling ocean purely through the literary vehicle; while she might have apostrophized the sea as "lending to the poet's rhythm the music of its voice," and as lifting her on its heaving bosom to the crest of Homer's hexameters.

But all this was, of course, mere episode—brief and rare enough—in busy lives. Their increasing family very fully occupied her, and the increasing demands of his congregational and public work more than fully occupied him.

It was in the daily unobtrusive, often unspoken, fellowship of work, the unseen but unfailing considerateness and forbearance on both sides, the loyal observance of the golden rule given them by Mr. Crawford when he married them, "Never both be out of temper at the same time"—it was in these things that that hallowed and hallowing love found expression, which made an atmosphere in their home that no one could breathe without having his heart purified and his estimate of human nature raised. It was this that made them so much part of each other's life, that if my mother was away her husband walked as among shadows.

Every true joy bears with it potential sorrows. Before many years of their married life had passed, Mr. and Mrs. Wicksteed lost their eldest child, a girl of about two years old, stories of whose tenderness for her baby sister, and sacred relics of whose bodily presence for a time on earth, were handed down to the reverent thoughts of the children who had never known their little sister.

There was something of amazement in my father's grief. There come events in the lives of all men, sometimes more and sometimes less engrossing in themselves, which bring them definitely face to face with some fact of God's government of the world hitherto unrealized. In the presence of such experiences we have to make our peace as best we may with the realities of life, and are happy if through our perplexity, and may be our rebelliousness, we can win our way at last to peace and

acquiescence. Questions once faced, and in some sort answered, can never meet us in the same form again. The future may have in store for us harder trials of like kind, but they will no longer be new to us.

And so it chanced to my father with the death of his first-born. In this particular he had made himself a kind of Deuteronomic creed. He sincerely and literally believed in the promise, "blessed shall be the fruit of thy body," conditional on an obedience to divine commands, which he had cheerfully and faithfully rendered. Now it seemed as though the promise were broken; and he must struggle with sore perplexity and spiritual depression as well as with his sorrow.

The lesson was learned at last, and had never to be learned again. The little angel hands had led the mourner into a truer knowledge of life and of God, and with a truer knowledge had given a stronger faith and a deeper peace. But the sorrow remained. Forty years afterwards, when in another generation the joys and sorrows of early life were renewed, and the circle was again broken by the loss of a first-born child of like name, the old wound was still aching, and the grandfather could interpret, not from memory, but from still present experience, the thoughts of the bereaved father and mother.*

The loss of his child was the second great personal sorrow of my father's life. It was to join hands, after the space of many years, with a third—and that the last.

At the time of their little Ellen's death, her parents

* See p. 168.

had but one infant comforter left them; but in the succeeding years sons and daughters were born to them, and were recognized by them, as by the Hebrew Psalmists, as blessings from the Lord. The miracle of the incarnation of a human soul, and the gradual unfolding of its powers, seems commonplace to us only when no personal relation or experience gives us the key to its meaning and opens up the depth of its mystery and wonder; and what we speak of as the fond delusion of paternity is in truth no delusion at all, but the revelation in a special case of the universal reality—the sacred marvel, namely, of infancy. And so with my father as with others, the nursery began to teach the study, and the widening experiences of his personal life enriched and multiplied his powers of interpreting and strengthening the lives of others.

He was deeply conscious of the importance of first religious impressions, and from days that go back beyond their memory, his children were taught to say hymns to him on Sunday evening, and to repeat at night prayers that he had written for them. My own earliest impressions of my father are for the most part connected with these hymns and prayers. I remember him first as a grave and earnest man, whose presence had a certain solemnity about it. At that time it was chiefly on Sundays that we saw him; and on Sunday evenings we used all to sing some verses from Pope's "Universal Prayer" together, and each of us repeated a separate hymn. Our evening prayers, which were very beautiful, and which we knew he had written on purpose

for us, associated him constantly and intimately in our minds with all the moral and spiritual life of which we had as yet any conception; and though I can well remember going in to see him, and I think sit upon his knee after dinner sometimes, and also a very occasional romp with him when the study was turned into a play-room for the nonce, yet the other and more solemn associations almost obliterate these. To me, and no doubt to the rest of us, he was a sort of incarnation of the moral and religious life, in its awful but not in its forbidding aspects; for he was never associated with the drudgery, the irksomeness or the unreality which even the simplest religious exercises must sometimes present to childhood, but only with their known and unknown power for good in our lives and in the world.

This is one of the prayers, the only one I can now remember, which he wrote for us:

"O God, my heavenly Father, thou hast blessed me with affectionate parents and relatives and many kind friends; my daily bread, my needful raiment and my peaceful home, are all the gifts of thy goodness. Make me, therefore, of a contented and cheerful mind. O God, thou seest everything I do, thou knowest everything I think. Help me to make my heart and life pure as in thy sight. Give me strength to keep all the good resolutions which I form. When I feel anything to be wrong, may I be sure not to do it. May I never be guilty of the great sin of violating the truth. Help me to preserve my temper, to obey my parents with a ready

mind, to be kind, forbearing and unselfish in my conduct towards all about me. May I remember that thou hast sent Jesus Christ to make us good and happy, and though I have not seen him, yet may I love him, and try to be in all things his true disciple. Amen."

Towards the close of his Leeds ministry his elder children began to make some claims on his time and attention as a tutor; and his lessons in grammar, history and literature, and his walks in search of architectural illustrations of his conversations on art, left an abiding impression upon them; while the care, the joy and the pain of the task to him are illustrated by such entries in a diary as these: "Had my lad crying over his Latin to-day. It was miserable to see his unhappiness. My heart wept too. But it was necessary to make a turned-back lesson thoroughly disagreeable, and I was stern, exacting and severe, from the love I bore him. He was called out to the tailor with his tearful face, and came back in his little new-made 'epicene' dress of merino-like stuff, but the greeting of my heart remained in it silent. But sorrow may endure for an hour, joy cometh at dinner-time, and all trace except, I hope, the fruit of the tears is lost."

"I have had my dear slow lad and his quick careless sister doing penalty in my study two hours with their neglected Latin lesson of this morning. It challenges my faith to believe in the reality of the infinite, inconceivable confusions and puzzles of my poor little fellow's noddle, with his intermixture, at the end of nearly a year's teaching, of verbs and substantives, giving genders

to the first and persons to the second, and throwing personal pronouns and cases indiscriminately among them, till in my exhausted patience I roar into his ear his own incredible mistake. And now he is gone to bed and is fast asleep, with his little trembling voice hushed, and the tear of his lack-lustre eye dried, and his brain at rest. And I have been up to drop a loving kiss upon his unconscious brow, and could weep to have lost my patience with so dear a little fellow, who is sharp, intelligent, observant in actual life, but a slow hand at grammar and books."

"Got some of Janet's stories and journals last night, being equal to no more serious work. . . . Her powers now require more guidance, I perceive, than they can receive in company with the younger children, and I must endeavour to give more time to her."

My father had never been strong, and he had always worked up to or beyond his strength. He had suffered severely from rheumatism and afterwards from neuralgia; and the steady and increasing drain upon his powers was beginning to tell. The buoyancy of his manner in company and his keen relish of social life concealed an anxious temperament liable to deep depression; and as his physical infirmities tightened their grasp on him, he had to struggle against mental as well as bodily lassitude, and the constant fear that he was labouring in vain in the work of his life. The "foolishness of preaching," the limitations of his own powers, the impossibility of doing, or at least of knowing that he was doing, the

things which alone he cared to do—all these doubts and troubles asserted themselves with growing frequency and emphasis, and told more and more markedly upon his physical health.

For a number of years, short visits to Ben Rhydding, the hydropathic establishment at Ilkley, then under the management of Dr. Macleod, sufficed to hold these seasons of physical and mental depression, which were usually accompanied with severe neuralgia, at bay. It was difficult for the pleasure-seekers who frequented Ben Rhydding to believe that there was much amiss with him when he was there, for his animated conversation and undisguised enjoyment of his temporary escape from the pressure and responsibility of his work, very often made him the life and soul of the party, even if a few hours before he had been completely prostrated.

After a time, however, Ben Rhydding and its baths and waters lost their power, and the more serious developments of advancing nervous exhaustion required more systematic treatment. He spent a great part of two successive summers (1850 and 1851) at Barkstone Ash, a village fourteen miles out of Leeds, driving in on Sundays and spending a day or two weekly in Leeds to attend to his pastoral work.

At last, in the spring of 1853, when a break-down seemed inevitable, he consented to take a long holiday; and realizing a dream he had long dreamed, he took his wife for a tour in Italy.

They were absent for nearly three months, from May 4th to June 28th, travelling through France, along the

Riviera, through Florence and Rome to Naples, then back through Bologna, Venice, Milan and Switzerland, down the Rhine and home. They left Italy, as my mother expressed it, "like well-satisfied guests from an entertainment, grateful for the past, but with no wish to linger," turning their faces towards their "happy home" with the conviction so complete as to be rather taken for granted than uttered, that the journey had been as efficacious in restoring my father's health as it had been rich in the renewal and broadening of associations, and the storing-up of memories of beauty drawn alike from nature and art. But almost immediately on his return to work, his old lassitude and the specific ailments that accompanied it returned, and their progress became so rapid and alarming that it was clearly impossible to fight against them any longer.

"That most gnawing of all companionships," my father afterwards wrote, "constant exhaustion and constant work," made life almost a burden to him. "Sleep forsaking me," he continues, "hope deserting me, vigour departing, and ceasing now to be lured back as heretofore by any contrivance of foreign travel, medical discipline or enforced leisure, I took the advice of an eminent physician to 'go and live like a cow,' and fled the long rows of brick and stone, and the smoke and whirl, and, harder still, the long row of attached friends and clients, the long list of causes for staying where I was, and rushed to the bosom of boon nature."

In May, 1854, he wrote to announce his intention of resigning his pulpit at Christmas.

It seemed as though the congregation at Mill Hill could not accept the situation as real. They suggested that he should take another holiday extending through the summer and autumn, and at last that he would allow them to appoint a colleague, and would take *three years* of entire rest, in the enjoyment of his full salary.—"In his denial they would find no sense. They would not understand him."

The correspondence in which these proposals were made found my father at Ilkley. Deeply touched, almost overwhelmed by such evidences of attachment, he could only answer them by steadily refusing to indulge in or encourage any delusive hopes; and so startling was now the development of his "premature old age," as Erasmus Wilson called it, that he was forced to send in his actual resignation on July 7th, and dared not venture even to deliver a farewell sermon to his beloved and devoted flock.

Within a few weeks he had taken a house in one of the most beautiful spots in North Wales, and the wreck of his hopes and endeavours had brought about the realization of his dreams, a life in the bosom of nature.*

IV.

Upper Eyarth, the house to which my father retired, was situated far up the Vale of Clwyd, between two and three miles past Ruthin. "I write," he says to a friend in the September of 1854, "in face of the everlasting hills of this lovely Clwydian range. Now they are

* See "Letters and Journals," pp. 114—137.

covered with snow, but up to this moment we have had mild weather, and still the roses, fuchsias, dahlias, bloom before our eyes, or look into our rooms through the sides of the bow-windows. I am already benefiting by the entire mental rest I am now getting, and it is delightful for the first time in my life to spend so many hours in the day with my family. I did not run away from the battle of life till I found I could no longer fight in it. My nerves and heart had got somehow or other so overcharged, that the result was physical pain and illness and prevailing sleeplessness. This had affected me for two or three years more or less, and had been chronic twelve months before I determined to touch my mother earth again, and see if a more external life might not restore me by the long-desired communion with dear and ever-healthy nature."

This was the beginning of a long period of complete cessation from the work of the ministry. Soon after his settlement at Upper Eyarth, my father received a deputation from his beloved flock, bringing a final expression of their grief at the inevitable severance of his connection with them, and requesting his acceptance of a purse of £880 and a handsome silver salver.* At the age of

* This salver is but one of many memorials of the grateful affection of my father's Leeds friends. The still sound and handsome study table, nearly forty years old, at which I am now writing, is another. The portrait of himself, presented to my mother, now in the Mill Hill Congregational Hall, yet another. And second to none in the significance of its associations is a pair of gold spectacles presented to him, with a touching address, by "some of the less opulent members of his congregation." Indeed,

forty-four he had closed, for an indefinite period, his active labours in his profession.

Indeed, at this time he was, physically speaking, a complete wreck. Unable to walk even a few miles without frequent rests, wearied in mind no less than in body, his whole constitution running down in premature old age, he had stopped only just in time.

But these early years of his retirement were nevertheless amongst the happiest of his life. Intercourse with his family and intercourse with nature were the two things in the world he loved most, and almost the two things of which, under the unremitting claims of his profession, he had been able to secure least.

Now he drank in the healing and calming influences of nature at every pore. The two little fields attached to his house, the garden, orchard and nuttery, the pony and the cow, busied without wearying him in country occupations; and his own and his wife's combined resources enabled him to look forward, if not without anxiety, yet at least without immediate apprehension, to the years of rest that might be needful to restore his strength.

And the children, who had always drawn to themselves so large a share of his inner thoughts, might now claim their place in his outward life as well, and he became their teacher, guide and companion. In the Leeds days, none of us ever ventured into the study without a feeling that we might be committing sacrilege. We looked up at him as he sat at his table to see whether

no opportunity of giving visible expression to feelings of esteem and gratitude was ever allowed to slip.

the golden sceptre would be lowered and our request heard, or whether we had broken in at an inopportune moment, and caused some mischief that we could not measure. There was a tradition amongst us that one of us had interrupted him as he was "writing a book," and that in consequence he had had "to do it all again."

Now a great change came over his life and ours. We were constantly with him in our lessons, our walks and our amusements. Of course it was impossible that his humanity should issue from its shrouded recesses without sometimes startling and perplexing us; but what a new life was opened up to us!

Even at Ilkley, when his life was, as it were, trembling in the balance, he had begun to find rest and happiness in reading "Ivanhoe" aloud to his children; and for many and many a year to come, Scott, read by my father as few can read him, was to be a part of the life of his household. Milton was soon added, on Sunday evenings, now and then a play of Shakespeare, and (for the benefit of one imaginary knight-errant especially) Spenser, a great favourite of my father's, whose Faery Queen he used to call "the scholar's Pilgrim's Progress."

For himself, he took down his Greek Lexicon again (that dearly bought Lexicon that superseded the one he had on loan for five shillings!), and read the trilogy of Æschylus, while he was endeavouring—not by any means an unmixed pleasure this—to initiate his elder children into the mysteries of Latin construing.

One of the advantages of the situation of Upper Eyarth was the neighbourhood of the Ruthin grammar-

school, for which my father began to prepare his elder boys by teaching them the syntax in the Eton Latin Grammar. It was with strange feelings that he directed his attention to that singular product of the human intellect, now that he could form an independent judgment on its merits; and I well remember how his half-suppressed exclamations of contempt as we repeated our Latin rules tempted me to ask—with a faint and delusive gleam of hope—why, if the rules were so "ridiculous," we were forced to learn them. "Because *you* would be ridiculous if you didn't," was his prompt and characteristic reply. He was a reformer, but not a Quixotic one, and he had no notion of sacrificing his children to his own theories of education.

It was characteristic of my father, too, that when his boys began to attend the grammar-school, it occurred to him as natural that—invalid as he was—he should call them at, say, a little before six o'clock in the morning and drive them to Ruthin, about three miles off, in time for seven o'clock school. But he soon found that this brought back his sleeplessness and lassitude so unmistakably as to convince even him of the necessity of changing his methods, and accordingly he designed a certain "double pad"—the greatest engineering achievement of his life, I think—on which his two boys rode to and from school on one pony and became independent of a Jehu.

The school was conducted on strictest Church-of-England principles; and though my father's scholarly acquirements (admitted by the clerical Head Master as

a phenomenon wholly inexplicable and abnormal in connection with "Dissent," but nevertheless indubitably established by the evidence of the senses) inspired the staff with sufficient respect to enable him to stand out for an extemporized "conscience clause" with respect to the Monday morning "Catechism" lesson, yet manifold influences remained in the shape of morning prayers, the daily chapter of the Greek Testament (in the upper school), the books of "Scripture" to be prepared half-yearly for examination, and the general atmosphere of the school, which forced my father to take up a definite line of doctrinal instruction with us.

Moreover, public worship was to him a veritable necessity; and though he could never bring himself to endure the morning service of the Church of England, yet he liked to attend the evening service, and therefore took his children to the neighbouring church of Llanfair on Sunday afternoons, as well as conducting a domestic service for his family in the mornings.

To guard the sturdiness of their Unitarian convictions against all hostile influences, therefore, he took his children with great care through the Evening Prayer of the Church of England, explaining which portions of it he could not accept or repeat; and he was ever ready to give us his comments upon passages of the Bible which our masters had directly or indirectly emphasized for our benefit, or which our school-fellows had flung in our teeth.

So by our sojourn "in partibus infidelium," we were taught to attach great value to our distinctive Unitarian

beliefs, and also in some measure to be able to give a reason for the faith that was in us.

But on such underlying questions as the authority of the Bible and the historical character of many of its narratives, or the authenticity and significance of the miracles, my father observed an almost complete reticence, which had the effect of leaving us under impressions much more conservative than we might otherwise have gained from him. This course he adopted conscientiously and deliberately, under the influence of a variety of motives easy to understand and to sympathize with; but he came in after years very gravely to question its wisdom, and the more fearless and fundamental treatment of such subjects which he lived to see attempted in teaching children had his heartiest respect and sympathy.

Amid such scenes and occupations his health improved rapidly, though any prospect of resuming professional work was still quite remote; and with returning strength came a growing necessity for action. A life of scholarly leisure had always seemed an enviable one to him; but a "more external life" was still necessary, and it was rather towards farming than towards study that his awakening sense of energy and enterprize directed his thoughts.

His passion for "contact with the earth" was still unsated, and Nature had treated him—in his few acres of land—as experienced gamblers treat their victims. She had let him win, or think he won, small stakes, and

had so tempted him on to higher ventures. Even at Eyarth he had begun reclaiming waste land, and before he had been in Wales two years he had taken a farm of 180 acres between Denbigh and St. Asaph.

Mr. Kenrick, as reported in one of our papers, had described him on some occasion as "a farmer," and he laughingly observed to a friend that he considered Mr. Kenrick's reputation for accuracy of such immense importance that he must hasten to justify it at any cost by proceeding to *be* what he had said he *was!*

And so, early in 1856, he entered upon what he then described as "a healthy occupation, which may perhaps help me a little in the support of my large household, or at any rate can scarcely prove worse than an interesting, but unremunerative, outward employment."—Dis aliter visum. It was otherwise decreed in heaven.

The farm, Hafod-y-Coed, taken at first for three years, was held (sometimes alone, and sometimes together with others) till 1875.

The proprietor, Sir John Salisbury, was the adopted son of Piozzi, the Italian violinist who married Mrs. Thrale; and to so devoted a student of Boswell as my father, Johnson's haunts, including the very house in which he used to visit the Thrales, Bachegraig, which was a mile from Hafod, were classic ground.

More recent literary associations gathered round other spots, within an easy drive or walk, which had been loved and sung by Mrs. Hemans; and it was among the privileges of the early years of their residence at Hafod that it brought my parents into relations of affectionate

intimacy with her surviving sister, Mrs. Hicks Owen, whose music is wedded to many of her best-known songs. She was the wife of the vicar of the little neighbouring church of Tremerchion, whither my father and his family repaired on the peaceful Sunday evenings, by a road that commanded a noble view of the plain-like lower vale of Clwyd and the distant sea, often glorified by the setting sun, and where, as long as Mrs. Owen lived, the Welsh service was made to speak in the universal language of humanity by the sweet music rendered by the village choir under her direction and training.

In point of romantic beauty of situation, Hafod was a great falling off from Upper Eyarth, but by way of compensation it commanded an almost infinite variety of beautiful rides and drives; and my father—though experience taught him to confine himself to the more sedate amongst the ponies on which his children and their friends scampered over the mountains—had enough horsemanship to ride on business or pleasure with confidence and safety, and so to explore the lovely neighbourhood with ever new delight.

He adopted and often repeated the remark that to live in the country without a horse was like living on an island without a boat; and indeed it is difficult to see how he could have lived at Hafod at all without the little pony-carriage in which he and my mother made their weekly pilgrimages to Denbigh, at all seasons and in all weathers, laying in the seven-days' stores, and executing all the miscellaneous commissions that had

accumulated during the week on the "Denbigh list"—he developing a wholly unsuspected and hitherto dormant talent for packing, as he fitted the bulky purchases into the small available space of the little carriage till every corner was filled, and the only wonder was how the driver and his companion were to get *themselves* into the "conjuror's hat," the contents of which were to load the ample hall-table on their return.

On this weekly drive at least my father and mother were secure of an opportunity of a little conversation; and it would have been a fine study for any investigator of "animal intelligence" to observe how the sagacious pony felt along the reins, gently alternating between tight and loose, and the mechanically swaying whip, the assurance that her driver's mind was now fully engaged on more important matters, and that she might choose her own time and her own pace, subject only to the risk of his waking up before she did, and visiting his indignation upon her for her abuse of his confidence in a chastisement equally sudden and vigorous.

Walks, drives and rides, were the only characteristically country amusements in which my father indulged. He never handled a gun or a fishing-rod; and even in his evening strolls he generally had an eye to business, waging perpetual war against the thistles, and never forgetting that "the master's eye is better than his two hands."

It was during the twenty years of his residence at

Hafod that his family grew up around him. As his boys and girls gradually formed school and college friendships, or became intimate with this or that member or friend of the large family connection, Hafod-y-Coed became more and more of a centre for holiday gatherings or for resting country visits; and naturally the meetings and partings at "Trefnant Station" were not always without their romantic interest—regarded by my father with a tender and silent sympathy that did not re-awaken the poetry of his own life, because it had never slept, but which gave perhaps an added richness to it.

There must be many lives in which the memory of those Hafod holidays is fresh, and all who remember them at all will remember my father's genial sympathy with the ebullitions of youthful spirits around him, as he stood with my mother at the door, waving an adieu to the pleasure-parties that started on their rides and drives, or welcoming them back on their return, and seeming to keep the homestead warm with hospitality and affection during their absence; or as he came upon merry groups in the fields or playgrounds, himself sometimes filled with a serious and tender pensiveness that seemed unconsciously to mould his very gait and attitude, till the jovial greetings that told him he was "observed" broke into his reverie and awoke his cheery response.

Nor will they forget how well he sustained the tone of the intellectual life which is so needful for real refreshment. He still read Scott aloud in the holidays. It was a pleasure to hear him read anything, but I think he

had a specific genius for reading the Bible and Walter Scott.*

After a time the character of the holidays once more changed. Hafod began to be the happy hunting-ground of the grandchildren; and from their first appearance on the scene, my father used to say, as he came upon the groups of baby-worshippers, that this perpetual "Adoration of the Magi" in real life impressed the fact yet more deeply upon his mind that we can never understand the great works of mediæval art if we regard them as simply commemorating a few concrete historical events rather than as idealizing whole regions of human life and experience.

Meanwhile Hafod had been a place of work as well as play. The golden dreams that had accompanied the taking of the farm, obstinately as they asserted themselves, even after the natural hour of dawn, were compelled gradually to recede, if not as yet to fade; and within half-a-dozen years of my father's first serious farming operations, a happy means of helping to meet the outgoings of his large household spontaneously presented itself.

A young cousin had come for some months to Hafod,

* "There are men now holding positions of responsibility and enjoying a deserved reputation for scholarly culture, who remember, not without uneasiness, how they would tremble if they had embarked on a classical quotation in his [Mr. Wicksteed's] presence, and became uncertain as to a 'quantity' as they approached it. They knew that *he* would not be uncertain about it, and it was an article of his creed that a man who had made a false quantity 'ought to emigrate!'"—*Inquirer* for April 25, 1885.

and had done his lessons with some of the younger children. An old Leeds friend and neighbour asked whether there was not room for another boy—and, in a word, Hafod had become a kind of boys' preparatory school without any one's exactly knowing when.

After this, many boys, and some few girls, came for a part of their education to Hafod, and were taught by Miss Matilda Lupton, my mother's sister, who had already given herself up with complete devotion to the education of some of her nieces and nephews, and who now enabled two of the girls to stay at home and work with her at school-keeping.

My father took little direct part in the school work; but his presence, his guidance, his occasional examinations, and above all his "table-talk," constituted no small part of the educational influences of the place. "Without talking, eating is but feeding," he might have said, with the continental proverb, and under his hands the Hafod twelve-o'clock dinner became quite a characteristic institution. In the first place, he would generally give an epitome of everything noteworthy in the newspaper he had looked through in the forenoon (two or three days old, as a rule: it was like a "peep into futurity," said one of our party, if we got the day's news on the day at Hafod), not, however, in the monologue style, but by way of a series of starting-points for conversation, for he was never at ease unless he could make his company talk as well as listen. The country life, too, which to an open mind is so rich in incident, so full of ever fresh and unconventional intercourse with man

and nature and God, furnished hourly topics of interest; and whenever a question of fact arose that could not be decided without reference to an authority, my father would order one of us (if his name were John he'd call him Peter, till at last in despair he instituted "Roger" as a universal appellative) to get the "Imperial" or "Conversation," or whatever might be the suitable book to look the matter up. For though he was a stern vindicator of the established proprieties, he always allowed an exception to the rule against leaving the table during meals, in favour of the dictionary-bearers; and of the many images that remain in the minds of Hafod residents and visitors, none is more vivid or characteristic than the picture of him as he sat at the bottom of his table taking the volume from some juvenile Mercury or Iris, pushing his glasses up over his forehead, raising the book to within an inch or two of his reading eye, half-closing the other, and extracting and communicating the information needed. It was one of his favourite sayings that "You ought never to have to go out of the room you are in for a pen and ink or a Bible," and I doubt whether he could with any tolerable comfort have made a place in which there were no dictionaries his dining-room.

After eight or nine years of country life my father's health was so far restored as to enable him to contemplate the partial resumption of pulpit duty; and this, too, in spite of heavy drains upon his strength and spirits which recent years had brought. His ardour as an agri-

culturalist was unabated, and he was sanguine of ultimate success; but meanwhile his continuous losses began to weigh upon his mind with a growing pressure of anxiety, moral and material. Moreover, for two sad years he had changed parts with my mother and had become her devoted and unwearied nurse. Chronic sleeplessness and depression had made her for the time completely dependent upon him, and the light that had so long shone, and was again so long to shine, upon his path from her cheerful and unflinching courage was for a season withdrawn.

Early in 1863, just as my mother was recovering, he began frequently to take charge of the pulpit of the Hope Street church, Liverpool; and quite at the close of the year he became one of the stated ministers, with the Rev. Alexander Gordon as his colleague, though he continued to reside at Hafod.*

* An old Liverpool friend of my father's writes: "Amongst the various recollections which I happily retain of our late friend, two always present themselves to me most vividly, as I doubt not they do to those who have had the same experience. The one occasion is that first Sunday evening in the new church in Hope Street, Liverpool (October, 1849), when the hundreds who were crowded into the building hung on every word that fell from the lips of the earnest, fervent preacher. The sermon was the now well-known one, 'The Church of the First-born,' and was characterized by a discriminating delineative power, a depth of feeling and a breadth of charity, beyond which it is safe to say none of his successors have passed. The other occasion, which also constantly recurs to my memory, is the soirée on New-year's eve, 1863, subsequent to the induction of the Rev. Alexander Gordon as co-pastor of Hope-Street church, Liverpool. With Mr. Wicksteed were associated (amongst others) on that evening two of his oldest and dearest friends, the Revds. James Martineau and John H. Thom; and never shall I forget the almost ecstatic fervour with which Mr.

The distance of his home, his necessarily divided attention between his farm and his ministry, and his still imperfect health, appeared to him to make an even approximately satisfactory discharge of ministerial duties so impossible that he would have firmly declined to take the sole charge of a congregation, even for a time; and he never regarded his partial resumption of the ministry as likely to be of more than short duration.

Nevertheless, he was induced to retain his post till the summer of 1872, though all along he wished only to provide the congregation with a stepping-stone to some more permanent and satisfactory settlement. The address and testimonial presented to him at the close of his ministry testify to the appreciation which his services met with from the congregation.

Many warm friendships were formed and many renewed and strengthened during these years of constant intercourse with Liverpool, and occasionally my father was able to induce parties of thirty or forty, or on one occasion sixty, Liverpool friends to return his visits by meeting him in his beloved Vale of Clwyd, and spending the day in a Hafod pic-nic.

He was amused to observe that his sermons were

Wicksteed expressed his thankfulness that, after the lapse of more than one-and-thirty years, the old trio of 'Thom, Martineau and Wicksteed,' should meet on the same platform. The sight of those three old friends uniting to welcome a young brother into the ministry was one never to be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to be present. Long as the duration of this friendship then appeared, it was destined to be still further prolonged for nearly twenty-two years, the first break being caused by the death of the youngest of the three."

often found by his flock to be redolent of his present occupation, full of allusions to and illustrations from the soil; the fact in many cases being that these farming sermons had been written in Leeds, when the longing for country life had found vent in a constant imaginary fellowship with nature, and when the student had been so careful as to his facts as well as so genuine in his sentiments, that the farmer in after years seldom or never found even a detail to correct.

It is wonderful to think how the unexhausted strength of that passion—for it was nothing less—for "touching the earth" still made Hafod the most loved spot on earth to my father, still made it an ever-renewed pain of almost prostrating intensity to leave it for a time, and a joy and rest to return to it, even when his early hopes and all his own and his wife's fortunes lay buried deep in its cold relentless clay, with no remotest hope of a resurrection.

Let this chapter of his life be touched on briefly and tenderly. He himself looked back upon it with sorrow not unmingled with self-reproach. Betrayed by his sanguine temperament, he had lost all and more than all, and only towards the very end of his life could he feel that the generosity of his friends and his own persevering self-denial had in any sense delivered him from the legacy of his great mistake. "The lesson will last one generation," he used to say, with something of the anguish of a Grecian tragic hero struggling against overmastering Destiny, "but in my grandchildren the passion will awake again."

It was not till 1875 that he relinquished Hafod—the dream of so many years being broken at last. None of his children were now at home, and during the last months of his tenure of Hafod he lived much at St. Asaph, striving, when his presence on the farm was necessary, to accustom himself to life in a cottage, where he waited on himself or was attended by the wife of one of the labourers.

It was in the closing years of his connection with Hafod that he began the lecturing tours by which he became so widely known in our churches, and it was during these last, and, as it were, penitential months, that the lecturing scheme took its final shape.

A few friends, who felt the importance of the work he could still do, combined in 1873 to enable him to carry out an old idea of a "general lectureship and ministry at large;" and after two experimental years they drew together a number of his friends and admirers who desired to offer him some tribute of their esteem and affection, and at the same time to enable him to devote what strength remained to the work he most loved. These friends purchased an annuity, which was generously calculated to enable him to continue his work as long as his strength lasted, and to look forward with no added anxiety to the eventide of his life. It was presented to him on the day before his sixty-fifth birthday.

It is impossible not to feel that there was a kind of poetical justice in this provision for the old age of one who, alike in years of comparative ease and security,

and in years of almost crushing anxiety, had been ever busied with thoughts of others and careless in securing advantages for himself.

Many a worn-out minister or bereaved family had owed the modest provision that staved off absolute penury to his influence and efforts; he had been amongst the earliest promoters and most vigorous advocates of the "Ministers' Benevolent Fund," the comparative success of which, together with that of kindred efforts, has half blinded a later generation to the urgent need that existed for it; and while constantly working for others, he was restrained by almost exaggerated scruples from pushing claims of his own, or availing himself of even the most legitimate opportunities of securing anything to himself.*

V.

As originally conceived by my father, his "lectureship and ministry at large" had a somewhat wider scope than it actually assumed in practice. His idea was, that "some one or more of our ministers, free from the absorbing duties of a local ministry," should be enabled "to offer services to our churches and the public, (1) in aid of benevolent objects and charities; (2) on occasions of special congregational interest, such as the support or revival of schools, choirs, or other institutions connected with congregational religious life; (3) communion in the Lord's Supper; (4) something analogous to the Con-

* See "Letters and Journals," pp. 137—168.

firmation Service of the Protestant churches, both in England and on the Continent; (5) public lectures on week-nights in neutral buildings on theological and ecclesiastical, and even (subordinately) literary and scientific subjects"; and although he had hardly expected to take up all these lines of activity with equal energy himself, yet it was the force of circumstances rather than choice that confined him principally to the last branch of his suggested work, and which threw such preponderating emphasis upon the single lecture, "Why am I a Unitarian?"

This lecture must have been delivered hundreds of times in the course of the nine years during which my father travelled all over the kingdom on his lecturing tours; and it was at first with interest, and then with a kind of amused vexation, that, while striving in vain to give greater scope and variety to his work, he was constantly driven back, by the pronounced preference of his public, upon "Why am I a Unitarian?" Not that he himself grew weary of the theme or ceased to feel its urgency. On being asked by a friend whether he was not tired of giving the same lecture so often, he replied, "No; I shall never be tired of delivering it till every one in England has heard it"; but some of the other lectures which he occasionally delivered, and would have been glad to deliver oftener, were on subjects for which he was almost equally anxious to gain a hearing. Two of them, referring respectively to the Bible and Jesus Christ, manifested his characteristic dislike and distrust of extremes, and his desire to act as a mediator between

what he regarded as narrow and bigoted superstition on the one hand, and an ill-considered and illogical reaction on the other.

Again, he was entirely without sympathy with the movement for "Disestablishment." It ran counter to his whole habit of mind and thought, and to all his associations and sympathies. One of his cardinal maxims in life, and one which he believed to be in thorough harmony with the English character, was that it was better to start from and avail oneself of existing institutions and energies, and proceed by gradual, though not necessarily slow, steps of reform, than to defy national traditions and existing powers, and attempt an entirely fresh start. In spite of his sturdy Nonconformity, too, he had a quick eye for the weakness of the voluntary system and the strength of a National Church; and by his almost constant attendance in later life at the Church Congresses, and the pains he took to inform himself of every considerable movement within the National Church, he gained an insight into the actual conditions of Church life which is far from common in our ministry. He had no complete and ultimate scheme of Church reform. He never put forward or endorsed any formula of "comprehension." But he regarded the Church property as national, without any limitation or condition. He regarded himself and all Englishmen as trustees of that property. He believed that the trust was being scandalously abused. He could see many reforms in its administration which were immediately needed and instantly practicable, and he desired to see the Dissenters united

and urgent in demanding them. When these were granted, the next steps would become clear; and as the nation made up its mind what it wanted to do with its property, it would be done, until, without revolution and without dissipating the gathered spiritual and material resources of the Church, it might be made *de facto*, as it was *de jure*, the Church of the nation.

It was no small disappointment to him that he could so seldom get a hearing for his views on this subject, and that so few of our people cared to regard it as an open question at all; but though he rarely had the opportunity of lecturing on Church affairs, the annual meetings of the "Provincial Assembly" of Lancashire and Cheshire generally gave him some opening for calling attention to his favourite subject, and he was never slow to avail himself of the opportunities thus afforded.

His was a well-known figure at these spirited and interesting meetings, where his age and position endowed him with something of the functions of an "arbiter elegantiarum" or "rector morum," in the exercise of which he did not always escape the half-serious and half-playful resentment of some of his colleagues, but which have left behind them many a pleasant memory of wit and wisdom.

Several parts of his original scheme, outside the week-evening lecturing, took an actual though subordinate place in his practical work.

He was not unfrequently requested to preach special sermons for charitable institutions, and whenever he did so he made it a practice as far as possible to visit

the institutions themselves and study their reports, not so much with a view to any direct references from the pulpit, as because he felt a genuine personal interest in any institution for which he was to preach.

Occasionally, too, he was able to take part in "Dedication" or "Confirmation" services, which he regarded as of high importance alike to the collective life of our churches and the spiritual welfare of the young people who took part in them. This was in keeping with his constant desire to find in existing institutions the foundations for present and future developments; and in the same spirit (first accepting and then heartily endorsing and adopting a suggestion of a member of his Liverpool flock) he encouraged his Unitarian friends to retain and regenerate the institution of god-parents, by associating with themselves, in christening services, friends who promised, so far as in them lay, to be ready to take their place, should they be incapacitated by the stroke of death or misfortune from themselves fulfilling their parental duties.

This happy combination of the best kind of ecclesiasticism with the ingrained traditions and spirit of Nonconformity, enabled my father not unfrequently to obviate that sense of chill and discomfort which often checks at the threshold those who in all essential matters are ready and even eager to join our household of faith; and he seldom had to lament that young people who had grown up under his influence wandered vaguely from our fold for want of definiteness of spiritual aim and conviction.

But however broad and varied his interests at this period of his life, his main practical work, as already hinted, flowed more and more in the channel of week-evening lectures and occasional Sunday services.

At first it seemed as though his studies would now be resumed and extended. "Here our life proceeds as usual," he writes to a friend in the middle of 1873, "varied by my lecture and preaching tours, which, being really very successful, are a source of some fatigue, yet of greater happiness to me. My studies, too, for some future work of the kind are particularly delightful to me, compelling me to consult numberless and to read many books I have long longed for time and opportunity to hold in my hands. Up to twenty-two I had expected to be a student and a scholar, and then I became a pastor and a preacher; but after all this interval the old hankering after life in a University library and a University society comes over me with the strength of a young desire."

It soon became obvious, however, that but little time and strength for study would be left when the lecturing and preaching engagements that now poured in had been met, and the vision of a student's life again receded into the indefinite future.

For nine years, as he approached and passed his seventieth birthday, my father, who had been more or less of an invalid almost all his life, and who had now become very dependent upon regularity and quietness, endured the constant wear and strain of a life which many a younger and stronger man would have given up as impossible.

Hardly sleeping in the same bed two nights running, lecturing or preaching five evenings out of six, or even (on at least one occasion) on seven consecutive evenings, fighting often against positive illness, almost always against weariness and exhaustion, he sometimes returned from his tours completely prostrated, only to recover strength in some degree in time for his next departure.

And yet on the whole the life suited him. His letters of this period, forming an almost unbroken diary of his tours, as compared with his reflections of an earlier date, show far more satisfaction with his work and confidence in its usefulness and relative success than he had ever felt before; and however wretchedly ill he was before he got upon the platform or into the pulpit, when once there he almost invariably seemed to revive and to get through his work in a way that showed small trace of any weakness.

Intercourse with his fellow-creatures under almost any circumstances and upon almost any terms was a pleasure to him. On his railway journeys it was impossible to shut him up with companions out of whom he could not extract interesting conversation, till it became a saying amongst us that "he always met interesting people"; and when his railway journey ended and he reached the home of some one or other of the many friends who received him with such unvarying hospitality, a new and unfailing source of pleasure and interest was opened. Generally speaking, he had a slow and treacherous memory (the "constructiveness" of which, however, as it has been happily styled, added consider-

ably, we used to suspect, to the interest of those railway-train and other conversations he reported so well), but he had a truly "royal memory" for names and faces. Any one whom he had ever seen or even heard of he apparently knew all about; and his letters are full of details which show how deep and genuine was the personal interest he took in all those with whom he came into contact. As he was now becoming a kind of Nestor, the added interest of family history and connections going back one, two or three generations, often enriched the associations which he gathered as he passed from home to home.

His general impressions alike of the progress of our own churches and of the progress of the world, based on the rather extensive observations made in his journeys, were uniformly favourable, however severely he might at times criticise specific men or things.

Such observations as the following are altogether characteristic of his general feeling: "It is astonishing to me, comparing the present and forty years ago, to observe the increase of attention, of intelligent faces and intelligent apprehensions in the children, the result no doubt of a generation of week-day education." Or this, written at a hotel: "I had a cup of tea, and three young men 'joined,' not in the cup of tea, but in the military sense. I was struck with the improvement in their appearance, manners and countenances, over the old bloated, vulgar, yet would-be genteel and courteous men that used in my younger days, before railways and fast business life were invented, to fill these commercial rooms."

I do not think there was a single particular in which the contrasts he drew between past and present were in favour of the past.

Though generally a speaker, he was not unfrequently a hearer on Sundays during his lecturing tours. And here, again, his impressions were on the whole very favourable. In his private letters he speaks, of course, with the utmost frankness of both men and things; but this only makes his words of appreciation and respect on almost every occasion when he attended a service at one of our chapels the more striking. It is to be noted, too, that this feeling lived and grew in spite of a pronounced dislike on his part for many of the characteristic results of modern criticism. For example, there were few facts of literary history of which he felt more deeply assured than the historical authenticity of the Gospel of John. Again and again I have heard him declare his conviction that the state of critical opinion on the subject would veer round within a few years, and that the internal evidence of reality which he saw stamped upon every line, especially, of the conversations at the close of the Gospel, would ultimately be recognized as conclusive. It was never without annoyance, and even impatience, that he heard any expressed doubt or reservation on the subject from the pulpit.* And there were other points of Biblical criticism on which he was equally out of sympathy with the current of recent speculations and inquiries. Yet, taking it all for all, he regarded the freedom with which scriptural questions are now handled

* See, however, p. 197.

as a great gain from every point of view, and he frequently expressed his sense of the privilege which younger men enjoyed in being able to reclaim, as it were, what to him had been Biblical waste lands, inasmuch as they felt at liberty to criticise or dissent, and to explain the meaning of a passage without committing themselves to its truth.

The main work of his tours—the delivery of his lectures, and especially the lecture, "Why am I a Unitarian?"—enabled him to gauge the state of public opinion and feeling in different parts of England with some accuracy; and his strong impression was that the mere existence of a Unitarian congregation in a place, however apparently feeble and decadent it might be, exercised a marked educational influence, and insensibly enlarged the views and leavened the ideas of the neighbourhood.

His lectures were always received with attention, generally with great sympathy; and it often happened that members, sometimes clergymen, of various Churches moved or seconded votes of thanks to him. He disliked and discouraged the practice of inviting questions after the lecture. The balance and caution of his mind, and his rooted belief in the many-sidedness of truth, made it singularly distasteful to him to be asked such questions as, "Do you believe in inspiration?" or, "Do you believe in the miracles?" and to be expected to answer them off-hand in half-a-dozen words, but he was always pleased when his lectures gave rise to correspondence in the local papers, which was often the case.

The centre from which all these expeditions were

organized was at first the Vale of Clwyd. Hafod was given up in 1875, but the furniture and miscellaneous accumulations of some twenty years still lay in the house till the autumn of 1877, while my parents lived at St. Asaph.

My father still loved the Vale of Clwyd with a whole heart, but he wished for his own, and still more for my mother's sake, to be nearer to some of their children, and determined at last to leave St. Asaph and settle in Croydon.

In thinking of the last evening he spent in the Vale of Clwyd as his home, I am forcibly reminded of his own description of his father, and can write after him, omitting a few words, but adding none, "I have him before my mind's eye now, with his short but rather stout person, his spectacles and his stick, and his grave features . . . walking along with one or other of his children, and pausing at the first stile or gate to point out the beauties of the prospect!"

"Then came still evening on," he would constantly say towards the close of his life, and would wonder whether there was anything in the words to account for or justify the deep feeling which they stirred in him; and on that last evening I went out with him in the pensive quiet of the closing day, and he told me how, during the more than twenty years through which he had known and loved the Vale he had never ceased, as he walked or rode or drove, to find new beauties in it, and now that he gazed upon it, perhaps for the last time, he saw an aspect of its face that had never revealed itself to him before.

"Ah! Wales is the ruin of us (in many ways)," he once wrote after passing through Shropshire, "for it has made the average scenery of my fair native county appear flat and simply rural—the abode of shepherds and shepherdesses, not of gods and goddesses."

Four years of active public work still lay before my father at Croydon—years of growing infirmity, through which he struggled on towards the completion of a ten-years' exercise of his Ministry at Large, after which he meant to furl his sails.

He had hoped to continue his Leeds ministry for twenty years, and had had to be content with eighteen. He had fixed on ten years as the term of his Ministry at Large, but he was only able to carry it on for nine.

In August, 1881, his youngest son, John Hamilton, who had just completed the Water-works at Port Elizabeth, in South Africa, died. So strong was the instinct of work upon my father, that at first he thought of carrying out at least his current engagements, which included a service at Mr. Voysey's Theistic church;*

* The sermon which was to have been preached on this occasion was already finished. It was the last sermon my father ever wrote. It consists mainly of a conciliatory and sympathetic statement of the causes which have led to, and which so largely justify, a wide-spread "alienation from a profession of the Christian religion," though not concealing the writer's personal sense of the danger and loss which that alienation may involve. "For myself," he says in conclusion, "I believe that looking not merely at a few years of a Palestinian ministry, but also at eighteen succeeding centuries, not merely at the little volume which contains without exhausting the spirit of that ministry, but also at the

but he soon saw how entirely impossible this was, and yielded to the necessity of an indefinite break in his public work.

There is little more to tell. From the blow of his son's death he never really recovered. Nearly four years more of life remained to him, but he was very weary. When the first shock had in some sense passed, and he attempted quietly to resume a portion of his labours, it was only to find that old age had at last mastered him. He could no longer control his voice or his feelings. He had done his work, and he accepted his retirement as final and decisive.

His strength now failed rapidly, and but few hours of the day were available for any, even moderate, mental exertion.

In his days of comparative vigour he had never spared any effort, however painful, by which he could hope to bring comfort or light into sorrowing or darkened homes; and he never forgot the invalided or age-stricken, or suffered them to feel neglected. And even now his last expenditures of ebbing strength were made upon visits, letters, and finally messages, of sympathy to those who seemed in need of them.

With a relaxing hold of life, he still retained the buoyancy of his faith in the age, and repeatedly declared that he had never known so much earnestness in public

institutions and the lives and the literatures and the principles which have historically and spiritually issued from it, we shall see at length upon the canvas no Lay Figure or Idol-God, but a real, loving, noble, holy, pulsing and breathing Man, our Brother and our Guide."

and private life, so quick an eye for searching out evils, and so brave a determination to grapple with them, as he witnessed now.

But with this happy faith, little personal joy or cheerfulness could now be blended. He was weary. When he read, he seemed to have heard it all before. He felt that he could learn little and do less. But at least he was determined not to be a hindrance to others. I once asked him what he thought of a project of which I expected him to disapprove. We were walking together, and he stopped short, and, resting on his stick, said solemnly, "I can *do* nothing; I'm not going to *stop* anything." And on being asked on another occasion whether he could sanction some step that one of his children was taking, he answered, "I thank God that my children are grown up!" He often said that he felt the blessing of being responsible for nothing. And thus, as he looked calmly and trustingly upon the world, in which he hardly felt that he was any longer living, his evening drew to its close.

On several occasions he was persuaded by his friend, Mr. Joshua Fielden, to conduct a private service in his house, and in the spring of 1883 he was even inspirited to spend a few weeks with him at Cannes. He undertook the long, and to him rather formidable journey, in company with Mrs. Fielden and some others of the household, whose affectionate solicitude so anticipated every want and consulted every taste and habit, as to reduce the fatigue and anxiety of travelling and of absence

from home to an absolute minimum, and to make the visit a true relief and happiness to him.

He still read the classics, and turned to Cicero's "De Senectute" and other old-age literature with pleasure. Seeley's "Expansion of England," and Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," were amongst the few recent books which he read with pleasure.

In the late summer of 1884, his life-long friend, the Rev. J. H. Thom, paid a visit to Croydon, and was able to spend many hours with him. On Oct. 23rd of the same year, he was seized with a slight stroke of paralysis, from which he never fully recovered. After a time, he was able to walk from room to room with assistance, and occasionally brightened up at the visit of a friend so as to converse with something of his old vivacity. One of the last of such visits which he received was from the third member of the old Liverpool trio, Dr. Martineau.

Early on the morning of April 19th, 1885, he had a second seizure. After this he never recovered consciousness. He died in the evening, with his wife and three of his sons round him. He was buried in the Lower Norwood Cemetery, and at his own repeatedly-expressed desire the inscription was placed on his tomb:

Vixit et obiit felix pietate natorum.

II.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS AND JOURNALS.

II.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS AND JOURNALS.

I.

[Written from College, see pp. 17—24].

To his Father.

Glasgow, Jan. 25th, 1829.

It is with great pleasure that I sit down to write to my dear father, after having passed a week of remarkably hard *syllogisms* and *frost*. As to the syllogisms, I feel very comfortable at the thoughts of the hardest part of logic being over.... I believe now the light has dawned upon my benighted soul, and I think that I comprehend as much as is necessary of this difficult and dreary part of the course, the former part of which was so interesting that I thought that Buchanan's simile of logic opening to us, as Italy did to the soldiers of Hannibal, *after* they had scaled the Alps, was reversed, and that we had come by mistake through Italy first; but I suppose we must take the march from Saguntum to the Alps as representing the introductory part.

To his Sister Bithia.

Glasgow, Feb. 7th, 1829.

The bursars, I find, do not generally meet with any incivility, but I imprudently applied at the Factor's office with my red rags on my back, at the very sight of which a spirit of hostility towards the wearer is excited in the breast of ignorant townsmen; for a vulgar notion prevails here that the doctors murder, kidnap, resurrectionize, or do anything to get a body, which creates an invincible hatred towards the medical students; but as they have no badge to distinguish them as members of the University, the odium undeservedly falls upon the gowned students, who, as long as they have their "lugs" upon their backs, are liable to any insult. . . . At the present time especially, "the public mind is in such agitation" about Burke, that the students are almost abhorred by the vulgar. Portraits, memoirs, confessions, &c., of Burke and Co., are published daily; a whole side of a newspaper is devoted to particulars on these subjects. People have been taken up in Glasgow and almost murdered by the enraged mob under suspicion of being Hare or Helen McDougal. . . . Do you ever hear anything of —— and ——? Although I call them about my oldest and best unrelated friends, yet they were so far from my abstract idea of a true friend, that I thought I might perhaps pass the whole of my life without finding such an one. However, I have found one whose tastes and pursuits very nearly correspond with my own—I mean Dees. He . . . is in almost everything a kindred soul with myself.

II.

[Written from the Continent, see pp. 33—35].

To his Father and Sister.

Bonne, Sept. 28th, 1834.

We have generally been up between five and six in the morning, and not arrived at the place of our destiny and finished tea until nine or ten. . . . Mr. Yates has his own carriage with him . . . but if you saw the *tout ensemble* of the thing, how it would lower your idea of a gentleman's carriage with three horses! I never shall forget my feelings at Calais on seeing them fastening the horses to the carriage—the feeling of impossibility of their being intended for us. Not that the horses are in themselves bad, but they are so miserably kept as to look like horses taken from the plough; and the harness is so exquisitely vile, consisting of bits of rope, leather that never was new, more old and dry and brown than the worst cart-horse harness I ever saw in England, that no human being would dare to show his face in a vehicle drawn by so miserable an apparatus. But finding everybody in the same predicament, we are quite impudent.

To his Father.

Firenze, Oct. 27th, 1834.

We are to stay here for about a month to work at Italian like Trojans, in order to profit the more by the remainder of our sojourn. . . . Speaking I know will always in any language be a slow and painful thing to one whom

nature hath not blessed with a *copia verborum;* but I hope to obtain such a substantial elementary knowledge of the language as shall open to me hereafter the bright, fascinating riches of Italian literature, amend my ear and taste, and not, I hope, materially injure my heart.... I am so sick of the mystic mummeries of the [Catholic churches], that I yesterday went to the English Established Church, the first that we have met with since our travels on the continent commenced. It was to me in a Catholic country what a Unitarian chapel would have been in a Church-of-England country, and I found most refreshing rest for the soul of my spirit. The clergyman who read prayers was (I was surprised to see) an Irishman, with wretched, positively sinful, emphasis and indifferent pronunciation; but he read with feeling, and as if in earnest, and though at all those awful parts against which my spirit rebels I felt as though a needle were run into me, and started bolt upright, as if shocked at finding myself in an act of idolatry, yet by means of the Lessons, which were good, and the parts of the Prayers which were not bad, aided by a good, sensible, appropriate sermon, preached well and forcibly, ... I do assure you I felt a comfort, a delight so exquisite, as I think nothing in our journey has surpassed. It moves me so much to be *receiving* good influences, instead of being for ever taxed to pour them out upon others; and I think, when the effect of the scenery, the consciousness of benefit and enjoyment received, and the sense of gratitude consequent upon these feelings, which have never for a moment left me on our journey, have the

pathos of a religious appeal added to them, it is quite overwhelming, and I never felt more deeply the power of the beautiful and the good upon my mind than I have done ever since leaving those duties, the effect of the performance of which I feared it would require much struggling to prevent being destroyed by the effects of being liberated from them.

My First View of Rome.

[Two letters written from Rome, one to his father and one to his cousin Edward Boult, give Mr. Wicksteed's first impressions of the city. These letters, especially the former, were subsequently worked up into an article for the "Christian Teacher" for 1836, which was probably the first writing of Mr. Wicksteed's that appeared in print. It is here reproduced, exactly as published.]

I never shall forget that day. We had slept, I think, at Viterbo the night before, and though enjoying, for the most part, the valuable though unromantic privilege of sound slumber, on that night Morpheus was unpropitious, and my rest was disturbed and broken. Another might have said that a man of any taste and feeling might naturally enough be somewhat excited by the mere fact of being within a day's journey of Rome. But I did not think it was at all so with me. I did not care about Rome—I wanted to go to sleep. We were at that time just fresh from Florence, where recollections of all the struggles and glories of more modern Italian republics engaged all our interest. Lorenzo the Magnificent, and his bright circle of intellectual satellites—Michael Angelo and his triple crown of architectural, sculptural, pictorial

glory—Dante, Galileo, Alfieri, Boccaccio, with all the reminiscences of them so indissolubly connected with Florence—these were the subjects that, for a month before, had been passing through my mind, and I had not given a thought or a feeling to Rome.

I must confess besides, that a certain rough crust of utilitarianism had been gathering round my heart for some two or three years before this my approach to the world's ancient capital, and I had begun to throw upon the old lady regards of rather a grim and ungracious character; respecting her indeed, but with the same kind of feeling, with which, in England, partly from habit, partly from good nature, and partly from a slight doubting whether, after all, our opinions may be perfectly correct, we are accustomed to say that we respect what we call 'vested rights.' I remembered, indeed, one rich, full, happy flow of classical association that burst over my soul as we crossed the Athesis, but it was the only very deep or very lively one that I had experienced in Italy. A thousand various influences had long been weaning me from my classics; and certain it is that on this night, as well as for some time previously, I believed myself to be a regular, hard, dry, insensate Benthamite. I thought it was the cold that prevented me from sleeping, but the addition of a warm travelling-cloak to my apparatus *lecticus* made no difference. Sleep refused to visit me. I now know, notwithstanding the absence all acknowledgment of it to myself at the time, that my restlessness was caused by nothing else than the attempt that poor, dear, old Rome was making to regain her

ancient influence over me. I suppose most persons have observed that when there is some subject of peculiar interest upon the mind, not perhaps of pressing anxiety or needing immediate provision, it not unfrequently happens that a certain watchfulness and excitement are created, totally independent of all physical causes, yet actually without the mind's consciousness being so directly or intensely fixed upon the subject, as to be distinctly aware of the real cause of the excitation.

But let that pass. The day of Rome at length dawned! What a happy party we were, when, more for the joy of uttering the word than for the necessity of informing the postilions, we cried out almost simultaneously, "*Roma!*" and the whips cracked to the sound; and the horses, as though proud of their destination, whirled us onward at a speed most delightfully accordant with the excited state of our feelings at the time.* Whatever I had been during the night, I was at no loss now to account for the positively indomitable rioting of my spirits. We all know what it is, at least a few times in our lives, to feel etherealized—unencumbered by a sense of time or place or matter—to have our whole relations of physical being lost in one unmixed absorbing state of pure immaterial

* They can drive fast in Italy; and as you approach Rome, whether it is from the impression that travellers must be in so admirable a humour that they will bear anything, or in such haste to reach their journey's end that any means of increasing the expeditiousness of travelling will be hailed by them with delight, I do not know—but certain it is that they begin to attach a most unreasonable number of horses to your carriage as you arrive within a day's journey of his Holiness's capital.

imagination. It is in such phases of the mind that we realize to ourselves the kind of feeling that immortality must be—a joyous wakefulness—a conscious intellectuality—a spiritualization of our whole frame, mental and corporeal—an unwearíable roaming, in which you never fear to be made aware that you are in a miserable cage by being dashed unexpectedly against its sides, but go sailing along through boundless, unimpeding æther, wherever the impulse of intellect or fancy sends you—the utter absence, not of the want merely, but of the idea of the possibility of wanting, repose, nutrition, or any other of those creature-comforts, by which, however, this clay in due time will sink the spark immortal.

Whether it was any of these provoking causes that sunk my *divinæ particulam auræ* or not, or how long this excited state of mind continued, I cannot now remember. I only know that for a long time before we arrived at the first full view of Rome, I had undergone many alternations of feeling—now melancholy, now elated—but upon the whole, either mopish or irritable, and indignant beyond measure if any one dared to insult, as a youthful fellow-traveller sometimes wickedly did, though but by a good-natured breath of ridicule, the sacred facts and records of classic lore. It was, I think, on the hill above Baccano, twelve or fifteen miles from Rome, that our postilions stopped, and uttered that cry that no traveller who has ever heard will ever forget—*'Ecco l'eterna città!'* How strange it was! so different were my feelings a day before, that I would have deemed it an affectation to have anticipated the kind of spell

that took possession of me as I heard those words, '*Ecco l'eterna città!*' We were indeed looking upon Rome. I was gazing on that place in which I might have been almost said to have passed one-half of my mental existence. A thousand memories crowded upon me—the great, the good, the brave, I ran over the names of all. Their mighty struggles, the struggles of humanity; those which, though ever varying in form and place, are still the same throughout the world—the eternal struggles between the oppressors and the oppressed, the self-constituted guardians, and the rightful heirs of liberty. I knew that I was on holy ground, on the soil over which the Gracchi, Cincinnatus, Cato, Germanicus, all had passed. These noble Romans! I felt their presence with a reality never known before. I met them in their familiar walks of life. I went with them to their villas. I drank a glass of Sabine with Horace at his farm, and sat under the broad portico of the Tusculan; and Atticus and Quintus were there, with the Master-spirit. I hurried from these scenes to the Forum—I watched the face of Catiline as he encountered the eloquence of the Pater Patriæ—I heard Virgil sue for his little patrimony —Brutus raise the cry of liberty—Regulus demand his own destruction and his country's honour. And with all this, and more, that passed through my mind with the rapidity of lightning, strangely mingled thoughts of myself, my own spirit, the effect of this lore upon it. I felt it a solemn thing, to look, as it were, upon the centre, the turning-point of ten or twelve years of my life, and ask what had collected round it? If the effect of such

studies as I had followed in my boyhood and early youth is really good, it is at the same time so impalpable, so impossible to trace and define, as to leave the mind to the last, distressingly in doubt whether years that never can be redeemed have not been spent almost in vain. If the improving character of a system of mental discipline is to be judged of by the amount of fact incorporated into the intellect, in what a land of shadowy, useless dreams had I long time been dwelling! If information, in the common sense of the word, is to be regarded as the exclusive object of youthful attainment, how lamentably must my midnight oil have been wasted, during those racking hours—and they were many—when my sole ambition was to write love-ditties like an Ovid, or alcaics that would show that I had caught a tone from the lyre of Horace!

But if—and my sinking spirit rose at the idea—anything that has tasked and stimulated the powers of thought, or of expression, that has strengthened the memory, imparted habits of application, given a fillip to the imagination, bestowed culture on the taste, rendered capable of attainment, rather perhaps than really given it, must advance and benefit the whole framework of the mind—then why might not the discipline—it was arduous enough—which I had undergone—have discharged in some degree its office towards me? I rallied from the gloom and despondence into which I had fallen. The times and seasons of that discipline returned upon my memory, and with them a confused heap of school and college recollections, hope, fear, excitement

of all kinds, terminating in joy or sorrow—honour or disgrace—defeat or victory. There were home and its love—companions and their friendship. And, above all, there was one—on bright July mornings I would stand by his side, translating, in school-boy guise, those beautiful episodes in the Georgics, or the fiery speeches of the Æneid, and he with his arm round my neck, inducing as it were on my words, in his own deep mellow voice, the rich, fervid, feeling version of genius; and then we would wander forth into the groves of that finely-wooded county, in which it was our fortune to dwell, or on the banks of its own fair winding river—and whether the bard was in his hand or in his mind, it was alike poetry and happiness to me. How dearly I loved him! Alas! it is but a dream now—a thing of mingled memory and imagination. The waters rolled over him, and it is many years ago,—but I think the wound will never close.

The thought of one in whom my boyhood was as it were wrapped up, so naturally associated with the scenes on which I was gazing, seemed to crown the growing tumult of my feelings. Thank Heaven! I was unobserved; and I could weep freely, and without fear. I do not know how it was—I had no idea that I should feel it so, but this hour seemed like a crisis in my life—everything revived, fresh as yesterday—heart, memory, intellect—Rome was wound about them all. I never felt the Classics so near my heart. I never knew before how great a part of myself and my spirit were the dreams of antiquity. But the troubled flow of my thought soon

subsided, or rather took a different turn. We were now within a very short distance of Rome. I became miserably impatient. The horses, I thought, crawled—we stopped for a minute to look at the tomb of Nero—a minute was too long. I cared not a straw for Nero or his tomb. Rome! Rome!! Rome!!! For pity's sake get on! But time and space do not yield to the most earnest wishes. In due season we arrived—soon after four. I was not ten minutes in Rome, before, like a shot, I was off to the Capitol and the Colosseum. I passed rapidly by the *Fontagna della vergine*—this church and that—and as St. Peter's struck five, I stood on the site of the Altar of Romulus. The heavy panting of my poor guide, whom, if I had had a whip, I fear, I should have flogged on before me all the way, called me to a sense of his situation. He mopped his perspiring physiognomy, poor fellow, as he tried to tell me about the two *bambinis* that were sucked by a wolf. I looked upon him with infinite compassion, especially in his well-meant mythological efforts, and stopped till he had recovered breath enough to talk more freely; and this importuning me, I made him start off before me, at a good round pace, to the Colosseum. But just as you turn down the right-hand egress out of the Capitol, (which, by the way, I must afflict the reader by observing, is wholly mournfully modern,) the first ruin, three exquisite pillars of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, caught my eye. The moon just then came out to show me them. Indeed they were beautiful. They gave me my first impression of the exquisite nature of ancient archi-

tecture: I know not but that those three columns left with me the deepest. The Colosseum, that is the magnificent amphitheatre of Flavius, is not far off—you cross the poor deserted Forum Romanum, and you are at it.

> 'Arches on arches! as it were that Rome
> Collecting the chief trophies of her line
> Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
> The Colosseum stands: the moonbeams shine
> As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
> Should be the light which streams here, to illume
> That long explored, but still exhaustless, mine
> Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
> Of an Italian night, whose skies assume
> Hues that have words and speak to ye of Heaven,
> Float o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
> And shadow forth its glory.'

How delicious it is to have the help of some great mind at hand, on occasions of interesting associations, to give you the proper feelings, if you have them not, and clothe them in adequate language, if you have. I thank the Gods, I saw the Colosseum first lit by its own 'torches.' It is impossible that it should produce an equal effect by daylight. But I must confess that the first gaze at it made no impression upon me. I saw it merely from the outside. I looked simply at a portion of the shell, if I may so speak of the building, and the lad who was with me called it the Theatre of Apollo. I did not know it was the Colosseum. It was true that I had read descriptions of it, as of the other ruins of Rome; but whether it was from an early defect of sight, and a consequent mental inability to retain or realize

descriptions of form and locality, or from the exaggerated and misleading accounts of the picturesque, which I had seen in so many books of travels, or from both causes together, I had formed the most strangely erroneous impressions of the extent, the nature, and the character of ancient Rome, that any poor human being was ever condemned to the dire necessity of correcting. My impressions of it had been glorious, but exaggerated; full, but misty. I am sure that nothing but disappointment can be the effect of such a book as that of Eustace, for example, which, though most valuable for its classical references, is, beyond expression, deficient in justness of description. The fact is, that "*Messieurs les Voyageurs*," for the most part, in recounting the various objects which they have seen, or which they have not seen—(a difference of less consequence than might be supposed to guide-writers and book-makers),—and which, they think, it is ten to one their readers may never see, think only of *rouging*—(as though for the gallery, in the distance)—their descriptions, and making round the ends of their periods. From sundry books of this character, I had expected to find, in approaching the Colosseum, a large plain, covered with ruins of temples, arches, pillars, porticoes. Ah! but I pity the first moment of mingled shame, and grief, and anger, which that man undergoes who has been foolish enough to expect a city of ruins at Rome. When I found that the round, isolated building, on the outside alone of which I was looking, was the Colosseum—that the Forum was no more—that the Capitol had passed away—(though this latter I remem-

bered well from Corinne)—that a single pillar was a treasure, and that the great ruins of the city of four million souls, and a circumference of fifty miles,* exceeded not in number a score, I bit my lip in as great a confusion of feelings as I ever experienced.

What was I to think? Was it possible that an hour's gaze upon Rome was enough to quench the first fire of my longings? Was it possible—and I felt a kind of abominable, sacrilegious thought creeping over me—Was it possible—could it be—that I was disappointed? I was ashamed to confess it. I grieved that it was true. By this time I was two or three hundred yards from the Colosseum. I stopped for awhile and leaned my back against a tree, I must say feeling most miserable. I asked for the rest?—and echo answered, "the rest!" The Colosseum?—it was there. The Capitol?—it was there. The Roman Forum?—I was standing on it. I never shall forget the bitter agony of that struggle between shame and disappointment. At last, a feeling of remorse came over me. I felt as though I had been offending something that was mighty and holy. I felt as though I had insulted and spurned something that should have commanded my fear, my reverence. I ran back to the Colosseum, and, doubt not, this time I entered it. I prayed its fair, spherical form, its winding galleries, its leafy and moon-lit arches, to forgive me. It now became beautiful, magnificent, glorious—it filled my every want. I turned again to the triumphal arches, in their admirable preservation, of Constantine, Titus

* Credat,—quicunque vult.

and Severus. I begged the Temple of Concord to forgive me, for I was at peace with her, and vowed eternal admiration to the three pillars of the Thunderer to deprecate his wrath.

It had been long since I had undergone such excitement as on this day, and I went exhausted to bed at an unreasonably early hour. That day, with its impressions, can never be enjoyed or suffered again; but I would preserve the memory of it as of one of the dearest and most deeply engraven pages in my book of life. There is a plant, I think I have heard described, that flowers or bears fruit but once—and there is a freshness of feeling in the mind, which, on whatever subject known, is known that once—and never known again. Pluck the flower!—you are right;—but you pluck it once and for ever. Seize on the fruit!—you may;—but your first and last taste of it are the same.

JOURNAL.

Rome, Dec. 29th, 1834.

I have had a delightful day in the Vatican. The portion I visited to-day was the new arm of the Museum Chiara Monti. There were many very fine statues. Those that pleased and struck me most were a Demosthenes, a Minerva Medica, a Fortune, two Amazons, a Ganymede, a Commodus, and a Diana. The Nile, which is generally so much admired, was wholly lost upon me—a large recumbent river-god with a number of little chaps crawling all about him, up, down and round him, to represent all his tributary streams. There is one feature that

begins to strike me as peculiar in the statues of the gods and goddesses which takes off a little from their effect: they have no scope in their gaze; they are all looking either down or horizontally. There is nothing of passion in their faces. [They are] serious and solemn. No upward [or] eager, forward gaze. In this respect the statues of warriors, philosophers, orators, &c., have their peculiar character or vocation marked not only in their bearing, but in the position of the head and direction of the look. But the deities have no varieties or advantages of this kind. . . . They are, . . . for the most part, represented as looking down upon their worshippers, a grave, candid, attentive expression on their countenance, dignified and unimpassioned, as becomes gods.

To his Brother Thomas.

Napoli, Jan. 30th, 1835.

I am perfectly bewitched with this fascinating place. It is one of the few things, places or persons, of whom or of which one has heard great eulogies, that when confessing the honest truth perfectly come up to one's anticipations. We arrived here on the 27th inst. I do not know how to describe to you my first feelings. Imagine going to bed in January and waking in July; conceive being boxed up in a well-fired room in rather rainy weather at Rome on Tuesday, and sitting on the Wednesday following with windows wide open, keeping out of the sun's heat, looking up to Vesuvius on your left, and over the wide sparkling Bay of Naples before you. Stroll through a lively population, exceed-

ingly busy with nothing to do; exceedingly happy with nothing perhaps in the world for to-morrow; laughing, gesticulating, singing, smiling and basking in the sun; their very beggars begging in fun; their signs and expressions of suffering and hunger exaggerated into burlesque. Clothe yourself with that nameless sort of genial, happy, sunny feeling with which one first rises, and continues throughout the day to glory in, at the year's first decisive leap into summer. Look from the hill of St. Elmo upon the white and shining city of the beautiful Naples at its foot, and then throw yourself into a "wee boatie," get a mile or two into the bay, and look back upon its village-crowned shore. This will give you a notion of the kind of fascination one experiences in first coming into this sunny South and very Greek people. Its early colonists called it "Virgin-faced," and exquisitely named a part of its vicinity "Cessation from care," and the toughest and most prosaic spirit will not quarrel with such epithets, but will acknowledge the appropriateness of the terms Parthenope and Pausilype.

III.

[Written during the Leeds ministry. See pp. 37—62.]

To Miss ——.

Jan. 20th, 1846.

... The scheme of Mr. Dawson's broadcast tracts is excellent, and to judge from the first specimen most satisfactory in accomplishment. I have long been of opinion that the Unitarians were like the Jews of old,

holding up the light in a dark place, a farthing candle in the world's wide wilderness, till Shiloh should come, turn the feeble light into a torch, and pass it rapidly from hand to hand, like the war-signal among the Scottish clans, till the earth should be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, till he should be one, and his name one. I have been prepared, then, to expect that we should decrease, while of this new movement, when it should arrive, that it should increase; and the same principle obliges me to rejoice in it, if our poverty should prove the riches of the world. Whenever, therefore, a distinct movement arises, under a new name, more popular forms, a more catholic spirit, and less stringent historical and denominational associations, then I should be prepared to welcome a most valuable accessory to the cause of truth. There is only one danger. Undutiful children are apt to despise their parents when they are grown old and feeble, and themselves have become strong and hearty, forgetful of who it is that has given them their thews and sinews, watched over their infancy, endured the heat of the day, and prepared the way, like the Baptist, for the Messianic kingdom which they are now entering. I fear lest the Unitarians should too readily forget all that has been done, and too sanguinely rely upon what shall now be done, of greater and better. Their oak has borne the battle and the breeze; there may be great beauty and hope in the sapling of a new cause, but time alone can test its fabric. Under these circumstances, I would rather see Unitarians holding to their own post, and giving a helping hand and kindly word to the move-

ment among others, than rushing pell-mell into it themselves, and perhaps in the end attaching to it too much of their own traditional character, and checking its spontaneous formation and growth. Men that have fixed views will always mould those that have not. And as the majority of the new *hearers* have yet their views to form, the decided sentiments of the Unitarians may tend to precipitate and to cramp them.

To his Wife.

Kettlewell, Wharfedale, July 28th, 1846.

I kept close to the smooth-flowing, narrow Aire, as a lover. I realized the ancient reverence, and felt it human. It was manifestly of woman's type of loveliness. . . . It was a river-nymph, who not poured it out of her urn, but was it her very self. I felt great sympathy with that . . . song of Schiller's in which he bewails the lost Olympus, and makes this world appear so desolate and sorrowful under its monotheism. Though a little frightened at first at my venture of a three miles' walk in a darkening sky by an unknown path, yet I determined to keep close by my nymph. And well did she requite my trust. Ere long, sweet Malham all quietly peered, with her white cottages, from her sweet seclusion. I was sorry I was at the end of my walk, and unwilling to go in. After a time I overcame this scruple, entered the clean symbol of hospitality, and at nearly ten o'clock made a monstrous tea. How soundly I slept in that white-curtained chamber! how fresh and happy I woke to-day! . . . My companions [two young men he met at

the inn] and I started for Gordale Scar. I was fain to look at the interesting *little* Gordale, with its mossy protrusions, especially because near it was a place, rather difficult of access, called Janet's Cave. Tell her [their daughter Janet] that they say it was called after a fairy of that name, who was supposed to live in it with all her court. Mr. "Bacon" Montague, in his guide, makes a fable of it, and, oddly enough, he makes Janet the daughter of her mother, around whom he concentrates the *chief* interest. But Gordale! It is worth coming to see. My idea is that you have visited this part of the country, but as we have no time to talk over such things at home, I do not know. . . .

To the Same.

Stourbridge, Tuesday Morning [Aug. 4th, 1846].

Yesterday it was my intention to have written to you before dinner and after a morning's ramble in the Leasowes, and if I had done this you would have had a letter full of those delightful feelings to which you know I am very susceptible in visiting on the traces of the great, or at least the interesting dead. . . . Poor Shenstone's place, the toil and pleasure and glory of his life, that on whose walks and urns and trees and arbours he spent the whole of his little property. Attwood's sister has it. The family entered upon it as mortgagees, and have suffered it to run to waste. The walks are all obliterated, the grottoes, seats, &c., overthrown, the inscriptions erased, and yet the original choice of trees, the outline of the arrangements, and the natural advan-

tages of the spot, are so indelibly beautiful, that the place is lovely and infinitely attractive still. I went by coach at nine in the morning, got there about ten, sallied at once into the grounds with a volume of the poor bard in my hands, and after a couple of hours' ramble regained the turnpike-road. . . . It was one of those favoured moments in these excursions which impress me with a pleasure so lively as to rub out the *désagréments* of my other duties. . . . And you . . . are always with me on such occasions in the light of imagination and love, and I feel that if I was not to be a poet myself, nature intended me to be a companion of poets and a frequenter of their haunts.

To Miss ——.

September 28th, 1847.

. . . . I came home on Sunday, from doing duty at Huddersfield, at a quarter past eleven. Wife, children and servants, all in the arms of Morpheus, when I saw Mr. Dawson's sermon on the table. Wearied as I was, this briskened me up a little, and at half-past twelve I found myself ascending to my room all the richer man for the way in which I had spent the preceding hour. The sermon is an exceedingly clever one, and touches upon many much-needed points, and contains a great deal of valuable and necessary truth. In the author's views of the changing vesture of religion I quite agree, but I should have liked to have had on such an occasion some statement of what his view of the *unchanging* truth was. . . . The question is, among all the *shapes*, what is the best *material*, where is it to be had,

what does it consist of? . . . Is it silk, or wool, or linen, or calico? Decide me this question, or help me to decide it, and then you shall have a Quaker's coat or a shooting-jacket, for all I care, just as you like. . . . The struggle of all and each of the sects is a struggle for *freedom;* and the *world* is a great congeries of churches, each claiming, and more or less obtaining, freedom for itself, and thus, on the whole, for the world. The question is, whether you can make each division or congregation an epitome of that world. I believe you cannot; that if there be freedom or earnestness of individual thought, it must prove a Babel; and harmony can only be restored by each language having its own country, but all agreeing to live as citizens of a common world.

To his Wife.

Edinburgh, July 31st, 1848.

I would gladly go into it [Holyrood Palace]. But a strange feeling keeps me from many visits and excursions of this kind, which perhaps you will understand. I have a sense of incompleteness, and feel as if I ought not to go to see these places in *halves,* but that I ought to go altogether. And so . . . when we sit together on the stirrup of Arthur's Saddle . . . looking upon Holyrood, we will then descend and enter the chamber of Mary, around whose name, weakness and misery, gather the compassions of the heart. So it is with Melrose, Dryburgh: it costs me even an effort, put off from day to day, to throw up my book and say, that as Roslyn is within a cheap ride and walk of seven miles, I will go

there: they all seem put off to a more convenient season, and the convenience lies in bringing an *integer* to the visit, my heart as well as my head. . . .

I long for them [the children] all to be a little older. I fancy one could bring out their minds so much more than while in the A B C and infantine stage. I have been reading Rob Roy, and thinking how they will enjoy it when some winter holidays we gather round the fire and read it aloud in nightly sequence, if a week of such unreproved leisure be ever mine. . . .

To Miss ——.

[In answer to a question about the treatment in Sunday-school of such narratives as that of the angel Gabriel in Luke ii.]

Feb. 28th, 1849.

. . . The "angel Gabriel" is but a type of a class; a great many such messengers of doubt and difficulty present themselves to the inquirer as he passes on with open eye from page to page of the Bible, and you will not wonder when I say that I, as a theologian, have no "cough mixture," no "Old Parr's Pills," in my department for the cure and remedy of these things. . . . In the *abstract*, I have no difficulty about angels. The narrowest of narrow things is to limit the existences of the universe and the operations of God to the creatures we ourselves know of, and the modes of communication with which we are familiar. I believe, therefore, in races of beings superior to man. I believe that they are employed (as man is, in an inferior degree) to execute the commands of the Almighty. Whether this involves

a locomotion among the planets, and a message-bearing from world to world, is a different matter, and one on which, judging from the analogy of the direct spiritual way in which God works on human wills and human affairs, I should be greatly doubtful. Still, I say it is narrow and presumptuous to say it is not so and cannot be so. And therefore I should make it merely a matter of evidence. The evidence of direct angelic interference with the affairs of man is to me too weak to prove its existence. . . . You [imply that] it is easy to tell the class where Jesus was born, &c., [though] you say that they could not answer the question. But here is an illustration of the whole character of your difficulty, which is no greater in the case of Gabriel than here; for can *you* answer where Jesus was born? I can't. If I follow the letter of the account bound up as part of the Gospels, I say without hesitation, "Bethlehem." If I follow my evidence, the universal implied voice of the whole of the rest of Jesus' history, I reply, "Nazareth." Now it seems to me *here* must your decision be made. If you say "Bethlehem," take all the rest in the same way, angels and all. Accept the narrative in all its wonder, and fill the minds of your young people with pious reverence. It is possible to receive the account as it stands. Millions do. But if you say "Nazareth," then you take the liberty of examining and sifting the account on your own responsibility, and have adopted for yourself and your class the utmost principle of free inquiry. In the first case, you must stop inquiry (if it arise) with the reverence due to an authentic, inspired

account. In the second, you encourage it, and must found your reverence henceforth in the spirit, and not in the letter, and keep the difference continually in view. . . .

To his Sister-in-law Matilda Lupton.

Leeds, June 30th, 1849.

. . . And this note, dear child, will come into your hands on the glorious Sabbath-morn, time's symbol of eternity's peace, when I trust the sun may be shining on the quiet hills, and the stillness of nature bear witness with the tranquil sanctity of the hour to the unbroken rest of the all-happy hereafter. And yet at Ilkley the active *lifey* (if one may coin such a word) movement of the 104th Psalm is my unfailing study and delight. I think I have found the Sundays spent at Ilkley and Ben Rhydding the holiest in my life spent from home. The plaintive tones of the soul, if one is in suffering, find there a response in nature's mirror, or its glad gratitude, if in the consciousness of returning health and vigour, in the echo of the hills. . . .

To his Wife.

Paris, Sept. 4th, 1849.

On Saturday afternoon, about the time I was expecting the return of my unfriendly visitor the tic, and was beginning to attribute the failure of his visit to one cause or other, the air changed and a thunderstorm came on and took away my evil genius on its wings. I was out when the storm actually rose. It was curious

to feel the air come on in a rush in the streets; then the dust from mending roads and repairing houses came like a blinding tornado. The shopkeepers all began to close their windows and shutters, the *libraires* to take in their stalls, the picture-dealers to hurry down their engravings. All the people were scudding through the streets, often knocking against each other in their desire to get home and under shelter. Presently some scaffolding fell down with a great crash very near me, thickening the already almost blinding torrent of dust. The lightning gave a friendly flash to show me the way about every half-minute, and at length the slow heavy drops began to fall, and down came the storm. By this time I was very near home, and hastened in to close my windows. The next morning I took my bath in the cooled river, went at ten o'clock to the Rue Grenelle de St. Germain over the Pont Royal, now National, and heard Coquerel preach. One feels so much at home with the French Protestant service that it was almost like being in England. Although very grateful and happy, yet when I thought that about eleven o'clock you were all assembling at Mill Hill, I could not help feeling the touching beauty mingled with the truth of some of the lines we were singing from the 84th Psalm:

"Et moi, dans mes ennuis mortels,
Je languis loin de tes autels."

FROM A PRIVATE DIARY.

Nov. 20th, 1850.—I remember often now the weariness of life and of the world, and the failure of energy,

under which my poor father used to suffer. I understand these feelings better now than then. I have long participated in them in some degree, but do so now more and more. Thank God that children grow up from a fresh fountain, and begin not life with the moss and green that almost choke up the old springs. I have prayed to God, and am more placid but not more cheerful, more acquiescent but not more contented.

April 12*th*, 1851 (*at Barkstone*).—We have been here ten days. It is the same simple, primitive place as before. One takes part so completely with nature in it, that no weather seems to be amiss. One rains with the rain, and is warm with the sun. . . . The frequent going in and out makes us feel no chilliness from the early spring, which indeed is late in coming this year. The blossoms of the plum-tree venture out slowly and timidly. I have finished my sermon for Manchester, which I have had in hand all week, and taking up Augustine's Confessions am again struck with his account of verse-making at school. It is so like Shrewsbury. No doubt the education in our public schools is traditional, and derived from the heathen curriculum, with a sprinkling of Christianity.

May 14*th* (*Barkstone*).—To-day, as I sat in the garden, free from pain, with the warm sun upon my back, and looking up into the deep tranquil azure of the sky above me, I could not help feeling that for such a day, so enjoyed, it would be worth living a twelvemonth of ordinary weather: the memory of such a day through one-half the year, and its prospect through the other

half, would sustain one through the whole; it would be the one great wonder, beauty, fête of the world, and of our annual existence. Now there are numbers of such days, but because so many are unlike it we exclaim, "What a climate this is to live in!"... We shut ourselves up in towns, walk through dirty streets, keep within doors twenty-three hours out of every twenty-four, throw ourselves thus out of harmony and intimacy with nature, are sensitive *to* instead of sensitive *with* her changes, and then damn the weather instead of the ungenial state of our own blood.

To Matilda Lupton.

Feb. 25th, 1851.

... On Thursday I found myself very happy among the lower, nay the lowest classes, on "the moss" at Trafford Park, the property of Sir Thomas Trafford. He has let forty-two acres of unproducing moss to the Guardians of the Poor of Chorlton-on-Medlock, on a lease of fourteen years, at 10*s.* an acre. It now, after eleven years, is producing abundant crops of potatoes, as well as some wheat, oats, turnips, &c. An average of fifteen able-bodied paupers are always on the farm; sometimes as many as fifty come. They walk from Manchester (three miles) every morning and return in the afternoon, an hour being allowed before leaving and an hour after returning to Manchester to look out for employment. It is found to act excellently as a test, many coming and becoming accustomed to work for a few months, and then getting better employment in Manchester, and

never returning. Thus habits of industry are cherished by this genial labour, instead of being discouraged as they are by the stone-heap. They receive their relief each day, 1*s.* 3*d.* if there be a family. On Saturday I visited the similar establishment in Hollow Meadows, seven miles from Sheffield. There the paupers only return on Saturdays. The farm is fifty acres, on a fine hill-side, originally all moor, rented at 4*s.* and 6*s.* an acre from the Duke of Norfolk. With this also I was greatly pleased. You know it is my ideal philanthropy. . . . Yesterday [at the "Conversation Club"] . . . Church told us that when he had written a favourable article on Arnold in the "Intelligencer," Dr. Hook wrote a letter of remonstrance, telling him that Arnold, though himself an amiable and conscientious man, was the father of infidels, and that *I* had furnished him, he was sure, with all the illustrative matter of his argument! But it is trifling to write these things. . . .

PRIVATE DIARY.

June 10*th*, 1851 (*Barkstone*).—This is my birthday and my little Clara's. To-day I am forty-one. We had purposed spending it in the woods, where all the family were to have gone on a pic-nic. But little Clara was not quite well, and the day has been very wet. Whether it be this, or other things, or the solemn thought of one's having completed the first year of the fifth of the seven decades of life, I do not know, but I feel as I sit down in the evening, when all the noise is hushed and most of the little voices are silent in sleep, a great depression

weigh down my mind. My external lot in all things has been happier than I deserve. I have been singularly blessed in the most excellent, beloved and affectionate of wives, a happy, healthy, energetic and intelligent set of children, in faithful and attached friends, in a position of usefulness and honour, and in an ample competence of worldly means. I am not ambitious; I am not conscious of ever having been so. But I am, and have always since I was a boy been, exceedingly anxious to succeed in what I undertake. I have not undertaken things because they would bring me worldly fame or profit, but generally things which I conceived it was my duty, religious or social, to undertake. I am disappointed. It is two years and a half since my new chapel was opened. I have given up almost all other duties in the town and working in all other societies; I have kept at my post month after month, ten or eleven together, with scarcely a single exchange, and almost no relief. I have endeavoured to keep all my strength and interest for my pastoral and pulpit duties. I cannot say that I see any result in increased interest or attention on the part of my people generally to the chapel services. At the end of this year, perhaps I may give up the experiment, and endeavour to make myself useful once more in the town and in preaching in other places. I sometimes ask myself whether a change would not benefit my people. I know there may be much more done, and there is much more that ought to be done than I do. But my Sunday services exhaust me that day. Family engagements also take up more of my time. But I am

profoundly attached to Leeds, to my friends and to my congregation. I cannot bear the thought of going elsewhere, or else perhaps for several years a more encouraging career might lie before me. I wish I could distinguish between real bodily weakness and indolence. I should like to know more certainly than I do the cause of the lassitude and difficulty of exertion against which I am so often called to struggle.

July 11*th* (*Barkstone*).—The first week of my summer freedom. The weight of the responsibility of preparation for Sunday is off my mind. The ground is lying under the gentle influences of God's rain and sunshine, uncropped and fallow; not forced into a strained productiveness, but awaiting the renewal of its powers. Harvest should not come too often. Manuring and atmosphering and sowing and growing should be allowed more time. After reading some Marmion for the children this evening, I was called up to see a tableau vivant. It was from Mrs. Cowden Clarke's Desdemona. I guessed it to be Desdemona over the death-bed of her *mother*, which was wrong, and the nursemaid, Elizabeth, who was among the spectators behind me, gently said in the silence, "her maid." She was right.

Aug. 4th.—My dear wife would have me go to London to see the Great Exhibition of the world's industry. So we went there and back first class for 30*s.* a-piece, a price which, though so reasonable, has been since reduced to half. The old things in London are what please me best, however. I went with a gallery order to the House of Commons, and though half-an-hour before the debate,

found the gallery full. It was the question of the admission of Mr. Salomons, Lord John Russell maintaining that he must not be admitted to the House until he had taken the oaths prescribed by law—he having sworn on the Old Testament and not on the New, having omitted the words, "On the faith of a Christian," and having thereupon taken his seat, voted and spoken in the House. . . . Went one day to hear Tom [his brother] undergo a severe cross-examination on the Water-works' Bill, before a Committee of the House. . . . I like Parliamentary proceedings. They, the talk of literary men, a good library, and the sight of good pictures and sculpture, would fill up the measure of all chief secular delights with me. Tagart received us very kindly during our stay on a three-days' visit to his beautiful house at Hampstead. Spent an hour or two with Mr. James Yates at Lauderdale House; missed seeing Mr. A. Aikin and Mr. Crabbe Robinson. My brother ministers Boucher and Sadler, both of whom I wished to hear, were absent from town. Saw several times that Christian man Henry Enfield, but he was too desponding. I should be sorry to live in London. The place is too overwhelming: one ceases to be a relative or significant part of the whole. One is buried and lost in the mass of humanity. Went to Hampton Court and spent the whole of our short time before the Cartoons. The picture which in the prints always strikes me least here struck me most, the Miraculous Draught. The light shines behind and through the sides of the figures in so remarkable a manner as to make them stand out of the picture like so many

bas-reliefs or real persons. But the whole set were wonderful. I wished I had never seen an engraving of them, so that the whole conception as well as execution of the beautiful ideas might have come upon one freshly and unpreparedly at once. . . . The whirl of London astonished me. . . . We were told that six hundred new omnibuses had been put on for the additional work consequent on the Exhibition, in which there was nothing to my mind so fine, so interesting and so beautiful, as the two large trees enclosed from the Park beneath the roof of the transepts. Two or three of my mornings were spent as a delegate at the Peace Congress in Exeter Hall, where there must have been between three and four thousand persons, and over which Sir David Brewster presided. We spent a fortnight in town, and how glad we were to get back to Barkstone and our dear little savages!

August 16*th* (*Barkstone*).—A letter from Mr. Richard Martineau, the treasurer of the Carter Lane congregation in London, mentioning Dr. Hutton's retirement, and asking me if there was any chance of my being induced to accept the charge of the congregation. The letter was couched in the most respectful terms possible. I could not help feeling such a mark of confidence; at the same time, there are many considerations that put my acceptance of it quite out of the question, and none more decidedly so than the great liberality, kindness and consideration of my congregation at Leeds, to whom I am heartily attached, and whom, as long as my services are useful, I shall delight to serve. One would bring

both new and old powers, no doubt, to new ground, and there are many points in which a residence in London would be both stimulative and rewarding to exertion. But as long as I am desired here, why should I go to chances of usefulness elsewhere?

Sept. 4th.—Would that I had leisure and power to write a book that should be called "Christian Institutes" for the 19th century! There is no *thoughtful* medium between our two extremes. They are entirely out of harmony with each other, and cannot strike a balance. The negative and destructive school have no feeling for, have almost lost all knowledge of, the state of want and of conviction in the school which they have left, and that school will not, or cannot, enter into the real difficulties of the questions between them, but goes on uttering inarticulate moanings, like those of dumb animals, neglecting to search and study the whole matter over again, and refusing to be comforted. The mass of our people want a guide. I think I see the weak points and the strong points of both sides. Would that I could firmly lay hold of and wisely expound that intermediate ground on which Truth sits on her throne, but which neither of these parties apprehend! And yet what *is* Truth? Nothing more, after all, but my *trowings* in my hands. It lives nowhere but with God.

Jan. 27th, 1852.—Yesterday morning spent as usual, for now more than twenty years, in visiting my flock, with the addition, however, of four committee-meetings in succession—Chapel, Day-school, Philosophical Hall, Leeds Public Improvement and Charitable Inquiry.

These made a hole in my six hours of daylight work. In the evening, again at Mrs. Kemble's reading. Having given up my seat to Mrs. Henry Marshall, I was seated on a chair opposite the audience, and it was interesting to observe the transmutations of countenance that took place in the hearers as the reading went on. I observed that the very young ladies and the married "went" first. The first scene was scarcely completed ere my wife's countenance was lighted up with full expansive rays of kind and genial interest. Then a very well-behaved, plain, proper-looking young girl began to forget herself, her still, frigid and formal countenance giving way before the charm, the head uplifted and bent slightly forward, the lip opened, the eye bright and suffused, the forefinger lifted up towards the bosom and curved. At length the elderly single ladies, whose faces looked at first as if they had no love in them—as if the natural stream, that should have been flowing on in nurture of all love exchanges, had been turned back upon the heart and frozen there—began to yield in the fixed and sharp outline of their countenances. One wooden block of a man, whose head I wished off its tower, and who intercepted me from seeing Matilda's face, was resolute in its fixedness for about three acts. At length, I think, the nurse made him laugh for the moment. . . . The beautiful deaf and dumb daughter of Mr. —— was there, and near her happened to be placed an intelligent little girl of Mr. Henry Marshall's, who did not know her, but soon perceived her malady, and, laying aside her own book, looked over hers, pointed out the omitted passages, dwelt with

slow, pausing finger upon the accented ones, looked up in her face every now and then with delighted intelligence.

Feb. 5th.—I am convinced of nothing more thoroughly than that nature has given me but a very moderate portion of brain, that I am in the full height of any position to which I am equal, that I have had in every way through life a full and ample measure of reward for everything I am, have, or could do. Had it pleased my Maker to give me a few ounces more brain, a greater quickness of apprehension and tenacity of impressions, I might have been something more considerable: as it is, I have no reason to court more light than already shines upon me. I am best where I am. I should be unequal to any exposure where there was a higher average about me. And yet how I long for the gifts of genius! What would I not give to *create* the impressions I can now only receive! I think my chief and only power is the putting to their full use the faculties I have. If it be so, I have reason to be grateful and contented. My two talents are made four: how can I murmur that of five which I never had I cannot make ten?

Feb. 27th.—At preliminary meetings to arrange for James Marshall's re-election. It was announced that the "publicans" were much opposed to Mr. Carbutt's return. He is a teetotaller. Calling on old Mr. Heaps, I heard an anecdote of the Yorkshire election of 1807, when the Whigs first broke the Tory power in this county by the return of Lord Milton, which illustrates the spirit in which the election was then conducted even

on the Liberal side. Mr. Heaps, an independent-minded young tradesman of Leeds, succeeded in getting seven claims to votes established out of one estate, which had been left by a grandfather among fifteen grandchildren, and of which he was manager and distributor. He was brought into presence of the committee, consisting of Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Milton, Fawkes, the Wentworths, and other members of leading Whig families, to tell his story, which he did with a racy Yorkshire dialect and zest. Lord Fitzwilliam said to him at the conclusion, "Would you oblige, Mr. Heaps, by taking this note to the cock-pit for me?" "My Lord," he replied, "I do not know where the cock-pit is, and I never saw a cock-fight, and never desire to see one." His Lordship laughed, and said that his servant would go with him and show him the way, but he particularly requested that he would deliver the note himself. Accordingly he sallied forth with his servant, who was grinning "on both sides of his mouth." When at the cock-pit he was desired to give his note at a small opening made by lifting up a window-shutter. He gave it to "a hand." A voice behind the wall said, "Any answer?" Mr. Heaps said, "Nay, I know not. I was to leave it here." After a pause, the voice said, "Is your name Heaps? Then hold out your hand for the answer," and a sum of twenty guineas was put into it. Mr. Heaps said, "What's this? This must be some mistake." But the voice said, "We never make mistakes here." The hand was withdrawn and the shutter went down. He hurried back to Mr. Fawkes to remonstrate. Mr. Fawkes said, "Now there's

nothing more than you and your friends will want for your expenses, Mr. Heaps. You'll have to stay in York all night. You can't get away." "Mr. Fawkes," he said, "we have a carriage-and-six to take us back; for we came in a carriage-and-four, and a gentleman who came by post is going to yoke his horses to our four and go back with us." "Well, then, you must oblige us by staying and going to Rumble's Moor and fetching back those two of the seven voters whose claim they rejected yesterday, before you established their claim." Accordingly Mr. Heaps submitted, and they divided the money amongst them for expenses.

June 18th.—The principles of Unitarian theology are sound. The principles of Unitarian ecclesiology are unsound. Our main views of God, and Christ, and Duty, and Futurity, are right, though they will bear enriching and intensifying; but our views of the constitution of a church, on the mode of binding men together in religious bodies for mutual and general progress in holiness, mercy and truth, are unphilosophical and foolish. Experience has proved their mistakenness.

To Matilda Lupton.

The Trossacs, 1852.

You remember by what dear and precious though pensive recollections the place from which I now date is consecrated to me. Twenty-two years ago I visited the scene of the close of poor Joe's life, when the event had only taken place six years, and when a life-long sorrow was young and green. Now dear Jane, the blessing and

comfort of my life, is with me, and shares, and thus alleviates, the sad associations of the place. When I was last here, my tears flowed freely, as I laid hold of one of the willows planted on the spot where the clothes were found—and a poor young brother's bereaved heart refused to be comforted; for in Joe I lost father, mother, brother, friend—the director of my studies, the former of my tastes, the companion of my walks, the encourager of all my higher and better desires. I was only thirteen years old when I last saw him. Now I behold the same spot—dear Jane bringing with her the associations of home, children, brother and sisters, and all the many blessings of love, affection and companionship which God in these has given me—and I behold it with sorrowing indeed, but resigned and tranquil heart, and no tear falls from my eye. The emptied soul is filled again; the yearning heart is satisfied.

To James Hole, Esq.

Ilkley, Sept. 14th, 1853.

My dear Sir,—When a State threatens to be bankrupt, it must make reforms impartial and unsparing. I am a member of a dozen or fifteen committees, and have many other extra-professional engagements. In each of several of these the consumption of time and thought may be small; the aggregate is more than I can give. In several I receive the same kind intimations as your letter contains, and have to write a second statement, as I now do to you, that I have taken my resolution from necessity, and necessity compels me to adhere to it. If this

is not done now, I may be, as you say, better—and I shall then be worse again. This has happened too often already; and if it is to happen again, my congregation and my family shall not have even the colour of a cause in the supposition that I am sacrificing my health and strength to general and unimperative duties.

Farewell. God give you health! Good health and good principles are the only things I care to pray for for my children, or for any one for whom I have the regard I have for you.

Yours truly, CH. WICKSTEED.

IV.

[Written during his first retirement and second Liverpool ministry. See pp. 63—80.]

TO MATILDA LUPTON.

Upper Eyarth, near Ruthin, Aug. 25th, 1854.

The day after mine ancestors among the Nonconformists were ejected from their homes do I date my letter from the most charming and peaceful of abodes. . . . . Miss Livesey* and Charlotte are busy arranging the books, John and I in taking up the potatoes, which are mostly diseased. But even this funereal process has not the ill effect upon me which an attempt to arrange my books had last evening, striking the very nerve of me, by association, I presume, of ideas. How shall I describe

* Afterwards Mrs. John Wellings, at this time engaged in teaching the children, and till her death a beloved friend of the family.

to you the peace of soul which envelopes and irradiates and gladdens us here! The dear lads are ceaseless in their love of their companion. No walk together is enjoyed without papa, who wonders at it too, for he is nothing but a cipher, and answers the many appeals made to him for the most part by inappropriate monosyllables, usually, by precaution, of an affirmative and acquiescent description. As we walked home last night from investigation into the merits of some possible cow-purchases, by the light of the early stars, the inquiry of Philip as to how the sizes as well as distances of the heavenly bodies were measured, produced but a confused and unsatisfactory reply, I fear. Latin is my *cheval de battaille*. We, i.e. Janet, Clara and Hartley, read Virgil for an hour every morning now, I prelecting for the latter half; and Hartley wishes he knew Latin as well as I, because—he would not look at his lesson before he came up. You know I never found any bad weather at Barkstone; still less is there any here. When we hear from Leeds and elsewhere of wishes that the weather would take up, we are in amazement. The showers we have here are the mere *baths* of nature, used, as we do bathing for the body, for mere delectation and refreshment only.

Alas! however little actual service my conscience has been to me, at least it has given me trouble. I have been troubled with a conscience; and now that I have no duties but such as are easy and pleasant to discharge, my conscience is at peace, and so am I.... This is the true paradise, for probably at least three months. *Après*,

probably, *le deluge*. However, come one, come all, this rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I, with ten tons of furniture and eight children, not to mention my dear wife, . . . who, though busy now, will still, I hope, live through to a season of enjoyment and repose. Will you and Addy come before the apricots, the apples, the pears, the plums, the artichokes, . . . are all gone? Ah! for my first winter in the country.

This moment I have been called off by Hartley, in a tremulous voice, to come to the kite, which had escaped from its half-mile of string, and lodged itself in a tree. Starting with rake in hand, like a medical man quietly walking, and talking about the siege of Bomersund to the agitated Mr. B., who has called him up in the middle of the night in great anxiety because Mrs. B. has a most violent headache, I proceeded along, telling Hartley of the fate of human things—when they got to the highest they began to fall, when to the lowest they began to ascend —when we got within earshot of Philip, who had been left to keep the wake of the kite, and who was uttering the piercing shrieks of a man in the process of being murdered, for the tail of the kite had broken loose. This was exactly the favourable turn in the case, which, therefore, on the contrary, greatly relieved Hartley; and by means of the rake, papa and Hartley, the kite was extricated, and followed by half-an-hour's winding of the string.

To the Rev. J. H. Thom [on the Continent].

Upper Eyarth, near Ruthin, N. Wales, July 13th, 1855.

. . . And first of all, as of first importance, thank your wife for her P.S. Tell her that I have had great experience in the glove line the last twelve months; that first of all I wore out all my old party whites and yellows in gardening; that then I got a pair of gauntlets, rose-budding gauntlets, for my wife, and wore out those; then I begged my sisters-in-law to bring all their old kid gloves, and wore out those; then I got some tanned—they seemed untanned—leather everlastings from Liverpool, and wore out those; and lastly I have fallen upon Berlin gloves at eight shillings the dozen, which wear out too, but answer best of all—and all this that my hands, after all the weeding they have undergone, may be ready to shake with your dear wife's when she comes to see us in my Sabine farm this winter, which my wife and I trust she will do. . . . The Liverpool meeting is the finest in character and general tone I ever remember to have taken place among us. *Your* young men, H. A. Bright and Lamport, shone conspicuously. There was also a most seasonable, sensible and pithy short written speech of Mr. Rathbone's, of great value and great truth. Channing was most successful; the report of his speeches alters and fills up my impression of him, which now more corresponds with what you describe as yours. He was genial, joyous, natural, hopeful and earnest—young, too, for a middle-aged man, and sanguine and undimmed for a mature one. . . . When

he talks of the position we as Unitarians ought to take, not as a sect but as the true church, while there is much truth in what he says, I feel that he does not understand or enter into (especially from his position on the back of so strong a body as the Unitarians in Liverpool) the immense historic and social hold which the Church of England has on our nation, and *would* have if it taught Islamism or Heathenism. . . .

I should be sorry if —— went to church except occasionally with his wife. Why should not she go with him the other times? The strongest will in these matters rules, and why should not his be the strongest? She is coming among new associations, and it will not be much at least to try some variation in her religious associations at the same time, if it were only for a few months; whilst he would have to forego not only convictions as strong of their kind as hers, but the place of worship of his father and mother, brother and sister, and of his own childhood—to turn his back, in fact, upon his old religious associates, and alter, and as we think pervert, in this instance, the authority, influence and consistency of his name. . . . It would be . . . a pitiable thing. . . . It is such things that put us and keep us back, and I do not know what would not justify conformity, or what would not overthrow nonconformity, if such difficulties would. . . . I cannot forget that we are all, with various degrees of martyrdom and effort, holding up a standard worthy of a hundred times more sacrifice from each of us. . . . I know how unreasonable it is to expect that one can transfuse one's own earnest theological convictions into

the heart of another, differently constituted and with different experiences from oneself, yet the failure to do this is not on that account the less to be deplored. A resolute step now, if he could be induced to take it, would save much uncertainty and discomfort in the future. It is the turning moment in their own and their family's (if they have one) religious profession....

I have been reading, like an old-fashioned man, *Rasselas* to my wife—composed in this valley, and treating of the Happy Valley, it is impossible not to suppose that this place suggested the subject....

I did feel tempted to go to Liverpool . . . but the irregularity and excitement would have made me ill. The slightest deviation from my quiet and orderly life leaves a mark upon me.

To his Wife.

Upper Eyarth, near Ruthin, Oct. 8th, 1855.

My dearest Wife,—I received with particular pleasure your welcome and loving letter this morning. Little Hamilton [four-and-a-half years old] was made very happy by his share in your remembrances. Though he had been asking for the reply ever since he sent his letter, the arrival of the reply seemed to him as great a matter of incredulous astonishment and delight as if he had never expected it. Last night, when reading the New Testament stories, Charley brought down, as a not very obvious illustration of Christ in the temple, his little bas-relief of Christ blessing the children, when Hamilton pointed himself out among the children, and

seemed to regard it as a picture of a past occurrence in his own life; and as some of those more anxious for abstract truth than, alas! I have ever been, were endeavouring to set him right, he asked with surprise, "Then didn't Jesus Christ once bless me? I thought he blessed me when I was in heaven." So that Plato, Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold, would have been delighted to have received this confirmation, strong as Holy Writ, of the pre-existence of man.

We have had, and hope you too have had, a glorious October day. Certainly, October is a noble and manly month. It stands exactly between youth and old age, feminine delicacy and veteran strength. . . . Hay is selling (new and ordinary) at £6. 10*s.* a ton, and (old) £8. Calling mine new and ordinary (which last it is not), my field has yielded me a good £30, which is cent. per cent. on a rather extravagant outlay of £15. Certainly that is what I should have to pay at least for what it has yielded me. I feel much flattered by your auguries of my future fame. *Laudari* (you know) *a laudato viro*—that is to say, to be praised for good farming by a good farmer, &c.

Henry Jones and Jack Williams commence clearing out the "force" on Wednesday. If all goes right, I may get my own nearly back the first year, and the second year (if we have it) be what you like—Lady Bardolph, Countess, &c.

We still hope to see you back on Wednesday, and will order dinner at two. It is the longest week I think I ever spent in my life. But of course if the weather

should be very unfavourable and little M. unequal to the journey, you must not think of moving. I never thought, however, till you mentioned it, of any uncertainty attaching to the *return*, though I saw how it applied to the departure. I enclose you whatever of interest there is. The French have gained a cavalry attack over the Russians, who, it is said, are going to defend the Crimea to the utmost. Give our dear love to that little woman near you, and lay an embargo on it as it passes for yourself.

Ever your amato ed amante, CH. W.

To the Rev. J. H. Thom.

Upper Eyarth, near Ruthin, Dec. 24th, 1855.

My dear Friend,—You will be prepared by my last letter for the announcement which I am now to make to you, that I have taken, literally, the yoke upon me, and have turned, for some years at least to come, farmer.

The farm I have taken is at Hafod,... situated between Denbigh and St. Asaph in this vale. It consists, you will be suprised to hear, of one hundred and eighty acres, of *not* very good soil, being a stiff clay, which will require draining, and is susceptible of considerable and interesting improvements. There is a house upon it, which, with some alterations and additions, will do for us, though the rooms are small. It has until just now been occupied by the owner, Sir John Salisbury, who has got all the buildings, fences, &c., into excellent order, but says he is too poor to improve the land itself. This place I am to hold for three years, and for longer terms after-

wards if I wish, at the moderate rent of £200. Although this kind of employment has been the longing of my life, a passionate desire, yet while it appeared manifest that God and duty and qualification seemed to have called me to another mode of life, I never indulged, except as a dream and "vain desire," in the vision of a country life. But when necessity was laid upon me to give this up, when health and happiness came with the accomplishment of the sigh of my heart "to touch the ground," when not the faintest hope or belief was left in me that I could return to my old calling, with my nervous, anxious and unsatisfied temperament, without falling back in three months or as many weeks into my old weaknesses and illness, I have thankfully accepted this opening for continuing for a further period (making in all four years) a healthy occupation, which may perhaps help me a little in the support of my large household, or at any rate can scarcely prove worse than an interesting but unremunerative outward employment. We sacrifice everything in beauty of situation, but do not expect to leave off *residing* here until our term of two years is up. I must be a good deal at Hafod, where I shall have a bailiff. . . .

To the Same.

Hafod, St. Asaph, Aug. 14th, 1856.

. . . How Tayler *does* go on improving himself, growing and acquiring and gathering every year! . . . I think his example will even make me take up again, some time or other, the laid-down and despaired-of task of cultivating

my intellect. If I make this clay soil productive, what may I not hope for? Even my bog at Eyarth promises to become a "good property"; why, then, should I despair of the unfertile "indoles" of my mental soil, which never bore the slightest crop without heavy manuring and much tillage? . . . Last Sunday I preached at Chester. . . . I thought, if ever I was to try, there could not be a better opportunity; so, very much in opposition to the wishes of my wife, I promised to go. This was the pulpit in which I had preached my first sermon in England, twenty-five years ago last May. It was the pulpit of M. Henry, and in the congregation had worshipped members of my family for nearly two hundred years. . . . Though not over-tired with the service, I was with the journey. . . . My wife broke the small bone of her wrist on Sunday. . . . The fracture is simple, and I hope is healing, but painfully and slowly, by splinters. She gets up nevertheless every day, and tries to forget her discomforts in reading Macaulay's third volume. . . .

To the Same.

Hafod, St. Asaph, Aug. 19th, 1856.

I did not in my last thank you for mentioning Dr. Reynolds's intention of bringing you over some day here. I should like much to see his place and to compare notes with him, though except on farming subjects I am becoming a very shy man. It is with an effort I leave my own land. We have had Sir John Salisbury and his daughter spending three weeks at the Hall. . . . He has lunched with us several times, and we have

walked and talked over the farm. But his modes of cultivation belong to the order not so much of agriculture as of hedgiculture. I have fifteen acres of oats cut, and my wheat nearly ready. But this is poor harvest weather, though most of my oats are in sheaf and proof against weather for ten days to come. . . . Have you seen Dickens' Pictures of Italy lately? There happens to be a copy in the house, and I have been looking again at the description of the posting, couriers, &c. It is odd to seem to go to Italy to look at one's shoe-strings. His eyes *never* seem to penetrate beyond the surface, but nothing escapes him *there*.

To Matilda Lupton.

Hafod, St. Asaph, Jan. 1st, 1859.

A new year to you . . . as fresh and sunshiny as this day which commences it! And let this wish be extended to all the dear circle in whose midst you are so happy now. So great seems this wish, that I feel as if it were daring and presumptuous to fill it up with the usual phrase, "and many of them." Many of them! Exorbitant and insatiable desire! Let us have one first, if we may, and be thankful and satisfied with it. We went forth to meet its approach yesterday evening with our deferred festivity, which seemed, even when shorn of much of its last year's grandeur, to be very keenly enjoyed; for all bright and happy things were there as usual—the green branches of the fir-tree, the shining tapers, the pendant oranges and apples, and the gay almanacks (all painted), and pictures. Five mothers, with

the limited allowance of two children each (which each had to bring), and all our own household, filled the inside of the room, and the men circled as usual outside. The blowing out was "very jolly," and when we came to the last at the top, out of reach of every one, I proposed that all should join in a long puff, and a strong puff, and a puff altogether, our united efforts failing in everything but the mirth they caused, and at length Anne (the servant) bringing down thunders of applause by jumping in mid-air and blowing it out while at the highest point of her aerial career. Mr. Jones, the curate, came in when all was over, but, as he is fresh caught, Jane kindly lighted it up for him again, which gratified him much, and he petitioned to be considered under thirteen next year. At the close of the proceedings in the drawing-room, as we were wishing them good-bye, I said, "We were glad to see new faces, but more glad still to see old ones," when Edward Davies's wife (one of the new ones) said very prettily, "And the new faces, Mr. and Mrs. Wicksteed, hope to be old faces next year; and all, old and new, wish many happy new years to Mr. and Mrs. Wicksteed." There's a pretty extempore speech for you! What say you now to the rights of woman? Yesterday I had a visit from Mr. Salisbury,* who, with his lady, has left to-day. . . . He is a friend to agricultural improvement, and could not believe that what he saw in the stack-yard all came off Hafod. He said, "Well, I never saw such a stack-yard here before," and it is indeed about doubled. He would cut down

* Son of Sir John, who had died shortly before.

all the trees in Plas Newydd, except three or four; and there seems to be a prospect, indeed, of "a feller coming up against" all the trees of our forests. . . .

To the Rev. J. J. Tayler [on the death of his wife].

Hafod, St. Asaph, Feb. 23rd, 1862.

. . . And I suppose, indeed, that that life which had seemed for so many years to be a peaceful and happy gift from God, had come to be in its once grateful possessor a weight and trial, and to those who were around her and loved her a source of anxiety and care. Under such circumstances, I know you would yourself have wished you should be the one to continue to bear the burden that God had been laying on you both, and endure the anguish of separation. When the dreadful hour draws nigh, when two who had lived as one must be separated and disjoined from one another, the only comfort is, that the one who is released from the pains and sorrows of our mortal state, and risen into that second state which is far better, is the one we loved better than ourselves. Well may marriage indeed be called a holy estate, for it is the only relation in which the union of two souls is perfect. Brothers and sisters, parents and children, friend and friend, may diverge into two separate roads, and each have his own cares, tastes, pursuits, happiness, interest, apart and separate. But in a happy marriage the two lives, each retaining all its own elements of thought and happiness and good, fuse into one, higher, richer, and more blessed than any natural relation God has created. The communion and

sympathy between two beings thus bound together unites the special and peculiar blessings both of self-communion and of social communion. In no other relation of life do you speak so much to another as you would to yourself, or feel, on the other hand, the same security of sympathy. It is next, in the comfort, safety and undisguisedness of its communion, to communion with God; and the confidence and certainty of love and consideration and forgiveness, are only second to the assurance we feel we have of these in prayer to God.

To his Son Charles.

[Hafod, 1863?].

It is very kind indeed . . . and I am sure it will not be lost upon you. We can seldom return kindness in kind, or to the same person from whom we have received it. And by this arrangement and fact God intends to teach us, first of all to return it in some other way, by grateful acknowledgment and corresponding behaviour; and second, to remember, when *our* turn comes, to exercise a similar power, and to be kind to others. Thus God designs that beneficence and love shall not be backwards and forwards, from this person to that, and that again to this, which would be merely an enlarged form of selfishness, but shall flow from one creature to another in constant and ever-new succession, till, like his own fatherly bounty, it overflows all the face of human life.

To the Same.

Hafod, St. Asaph, Jan. 7th, 1865.

Your letter interested me very much. I remember

feeling just as you do when I used to come back to my lodgings after a pleasant visit away from them, especially when that visit had been home. But then I came back to utter solitude, and my duties were mainly indoors, so that I had not the advantage always of continued means of distraction of my thoughts. But, however, like you, after a day or two I usually got all right again. I often feel it now, going away, after my quarter of a century of family life, to my lodgings in Liverpool, with less vigour of body and elasticity of mind, and more topics for anxious meditation. But life is made up of day and night, of shade and sunshine. . . .

It pleased me much to hear that you are beginning to be fond of poetry. . . . After Annie is gone to bed I read Byron to your mother, in order that we may review together in sober maturity the enthusiastic judgment we formed of that poet when we were far nearer your age than our own present one. . . .

May 17th.

I feel quite with you what a happiness and benefit home feelings are, and what a sorrow and a loss the absence of such must be to every one. To carry these with us wherever we go in the world, is like the extension of a purifying atmosphere, which sustains us in life and health even at a distance from the centre which it immediately surrounds and to which it belongs.

To the Rev. J. H. Thom [on the Continent].

Hafod, St. Asaph, June 27th, 1865.

. . . I knew how many trying calls you had had on

your pen and on your sympathies from Liverpool, and felt very sorry that your heart-strings should not have some still and perfect rest while away. But it seems as if God, by the very advances of civilization and the very development of the means of communication, were binding us more nearly to life and to each other, and that every fresh facility by which men can be hurried away to great distances was met by some other which, in thought at least, made those distances nothing, and sometimes in a few hours drew them back thousands of miles to what they had left behind. The "O! for a lodge in some vast wilderness, where rumour of oppression and deceit (or sorrow and distress) should never reach us!" seems to be becoming an impossible wish, except to those who undertake to deliver a lot of sheep or cattle up country in Australia, and follow a daily task on foot, for four or five months together, themselves continually getting a-head of all possible sequence, so that the "post equitem sedet atra cura" even in this sense is defied. In fact, all leads to your own motto, "in cælo quies."...

To the Rev. James Martineau.

[On the projects which resulted in the establishment of the "Free Christian Union," and on the proposed resolution of the Rev. Samuel Bache to define the dogmatic basis of the Unitarian Association.]

Hafod, St. Asaph, Oct. 4th, 1865.

To enumerate all the positions in your letter with which I agree, would be to transcribe almost the whole

of it . . . I had better at once, therefore, state what my difficulties are.*

1. "The Church," you say, "is the society of those who seek harmony with God." I make no objection to this definition; but I presume you mean it to include not only the Christian—Calvinistic, Catholic, Unitarian —but the Mahometan and the Hindoo. "All who agree in the terms of that harmony, so as to seek it in the same way, belong to the same church." I make no objection to this; but I suppose you admit that the assertion contains within itself the principle on which varied churches arise, on which they are founded, and by which they become necessary. The terms differ to the Parsee and the Christian; to the Catholic, the Calvinist and the Unitarian among Christians. Hence their different churches.

You grant that certain terms must be agreed upon by or in each church. I understand you to propose such, as essentially "Christian," and to reject certain others as the separable accidents of Christian profession. Now no person regarding "the separable accidents" as essential, can be satisfied with the terms proposed by you. I presume, therefore, that you give up all idea of comprehending existing churches—except one—on the contemplated basis.

2. Your appeal, then, must be to individuals outside

* It is fair to state that Mr. Wicksteed's difficulties, urged in this and the following letter, were regarded by his correspondents as based, in part, upon a misconception—and therefore an unintentional misrepresentation—of their real purpose.

these churches, or only ostensibly belonging to them, much more in harmony in reality with the broader and sounder terms you propose. This is an intelligible and legitimate position. But I am not sure that it materially differs from that already held by us. If a comprehensive church is to be founded, the persons intended to be comprehended in it must be consulted. For this reason, therefore, I conclude that your consideration of the possible basis for a broad church is merely preliminary, that you wish to ascertain to what position our own body, or the most intelligent and influential part of it, would assent, and, that settled, would seek to hold conference with free-minded men of other churches and of no church, with a view to some common ground on which all could stand, a ground which might have to be materially though not essentially modified in obedience to the wishes of the other elements of the combination. You can hardly suppose that a little body like ours, feared and suspected too as it is, should effectively offer terms to the rest of the Christian world without some previous consultation with them. But if the step is only preliminary, and subject to the voice and opinion of now unknown parties, it should appear on the face of the plan.

3. If, however, you do not contemplate the incorporation of existing churches, or any important appeal to or extensive consultation with individuals outside our body, then it becomes simply a denominational movement towards a broader denominational basis.

This I grant to be an important object. But I am not

sure whether the better way of producing this is not by the gradual action of your own and other kindred minds on our body by the usual agencies, preserving our unity. A part of this action would of course be the resistance of such an attempt at defining our opinions as Mr. Bache proposes, and the expansion of the objects and the sympathies of our Association. To attempt exact definition (at a peculiarly inauspicious moment, too, when almost all theological thought is in a more or less fluid state) is no doubt a great mistake of Mr. Bache's. But to make this attempt a cause for founding a new church, to be based after all only on what you yourself declare to be the principles on which our existing church is founded, and before its members have repudiated those principles, seems to me a step of very doubtful policy. The Association will not pass the resolution. Let those who are dissatisfied with their not doing so secede, or attempt a new organization. Let us keep the ground we have, and, if we can, enlarge it. . . . On the whole, the proposal of a broad church, unless it be by mutual conference and consent, and that you and Rowland Williams and Jowett and Colenso, with a few Independent and Baptist ministers of standing, with laymen of all sorts, will unite, and devote the remainder of your lives to the establishment of it, must of necessity be a failure, and resolve itself into a little troublesome split, with a still more troublesome organization, especially troublesome to and unsuitable for the peculiar character of those engaged in it. I do not think, as I said before, that it will "march."

Ever, dear friend, yours affectionately,

CHARLES WICKSTEED.

To the Rev. J. J. Tayler [on the same subject].

Hafod, St. Asaph, Dec. 21st, 1865.

. . . As regards the extremely unfortunate nature of our honest friend Bache's proposed resolution, I am of course in cordial agreement with you. Such a movement would at any time be exceedingly distasteful and unsuitable to a body characterized as ours is. But at present, when opinion is in a fluid state, when evidence is almost every year altering in amount and character, when the points at issue are singularly subtle, and the actual differences existing among us difficult even of accurate statement or mutual communication and understanding, when, in fact, we are all as firmly united as possible on all great and essential principles, but tremblingly susceptible, like a barometer, on several questions of strictly theological and critical character, it is wonderful that an open-minded man, in such a morbidly excited, varying and susceptible state of denominational opinion, should think it his duty to rush in and insist on forcing his jury to a verdict, and anticipating, as it were, by external pressure the natural action of inquiry and the continued production and issue of evidence.

2. But, in the second place, if this is done, in fact, it must be met as yourself and others so well met the *threat* of it, and the proposal will be defeated.

3. If it were *not* defeated, then a question would immediately arise as to what steps must be taken to liberate dissentients from an apparent acquiescence in such a state of things.

4. And then, but not till then, would arise, as I conceive, the necessities that you and Mr. Martineau are anxious to provide for.

5. Practically to me the whole question of subsequent action drops on the defeat of Bache's motion.

No doubt, however, it is impossible to let the *mind* rest here, and the interesting and important questions considered by Mr. Martineau and yourself naturally arise for consideration, if not for action.

I have such a horror of denominational names, that I often realize the circumstances to my mind in which the designation *Christian* itself would become sectarian and exclusive; and when I would sink it, as an individuality (an individuality, indeed, of which I was proud and for which I was grateful), in the larger Church of the worshippers of God, and while retaining my special personal Christian convictions with the greatest earnestness and thankfulness, would nevertheless join most happily in a worship, by music and symbol (if language were found too logical and distracting for the subject), with all believers in God.

But looking at life as it is, I see that in a country where thought is active, and the interest in religious questions extended far beyond the power and opportunity of solving or even properly discussing them, the exacting curiosity and love of definition and of a supposed knowledge is so great, that men must say what they think and why they separate from others, and say it sharply and quickly by a descriptive name. They

have but one alternative—to do this and give themselves a name, or not to do this and receive a nickname.

Now, all things considered, if we must define our position by a word, that of Unitarian seems to me among the very most respectable and elevated. Surely it is better than the heathenish term Trinitarian, the Erastian term of the Established Church, the formalist term Baptist, the modal term Methodist, or (as far as theology is concerned) the meaningless terms Independent and Congregationalist. Had we to choose, perhaps the American "Christian," or the attempted English "Free-Christian," might have been better. But there is a great assumption in both. And we see, in fact, that those adopting them are practically regarded as sectaries as much as if they had taken or retained any other name. No doubt Presbyterian is a real name, because it is a historic and family name, but it has ceased to be descriptive in any other sense.

But suppose we thought of throwing off the name. There would be a following, no doubt. But there is no question that the "Unitarians" would have a following too—I think, on the whole, the more numerous and the more respectable, and the more reliably earnest and courageous. At any rate, we should have two little sects instead of one, and the division would be a source of weakness. Our broad church would be a narrow sect. . . .

Practically, such an attempt would be a miserable and a most *fatiguing* failure. . . .

To his Son Charles.

Hafod, St. Asaph, Jan. 11th, 1866.

The cattle plague does not seem to make much progress. There has been another farm attacked, Pen Ucha Roe, next to Glyn Llyn, and also close to Maes Elwy [one of his own farms]. But they both lie low, and I have had a theory for some weeks that low places, and those along the course of rivers, are more liable to the disease than higher localities, and I had my stock removed from the Elwy meadows some little time since. . . . The spread in the vale is so very slow, scarcely perceptible, that I am very sanguine that we may escape. But we are in the hands of God.

To Mrs. Madge.

Hafod, St. Asaph, Sept. 5th, 1866.

My dear Mrs. Madge,—Your kind congratulations on Clara's engagement were most welcome to us. . . . I have been spending five days in *our* dear Leeds. It was really an ovation. A crowded church of earnest old friends, and cordial greetings and hospitalities on all sides. Mill Hill is going on well, and all its members apparently prosperous and happy. . . .

A Birthday Letter.

—— 1866.

Dearest of Boys,—Long life, great prosperity, immortal happiness, and a rest which surpasseth all the activities, be with thee!

Your father, Ch. W.

To his Dauhgter Anne.

[Assisting and studying in a school in London.]

Hafod, St. Asaph, Jan. 30th, 1867.

My dear Nanny,—Enclosed is the first half of a "flimsy." Acknowledge it, and you shall have t'other. Show this to Miss —— as a sample of the elegant habits of composition prevailing at our "scholastic establishment" at Hafod. Twice have I asked, "Does not Annie want some money?" Twice have I asked, "Shall not I get Annie a Post-office order to-day?" An equal number of times has the reply been, "No!" But to-day I saw for myself, "P.O.O. required," and heard the remainder of your pathetic representation. I made myself immediately in consequence the happy possessor of a £5 Bank-of-England note, the half of which you now possess. On [my] mentioning my achievements, your Aunt M. became nervous, insisted on this being sent from *her*. I resenting, and saying, "But it is *due* to her from *me*;" she retaliating, and saying, "Bills at home —no use sending money backwards and forwards." I retreating (backwards), and saying, "It shall be as you like." So thank Aunt M. . . .

Whenever you want cash away from home, write to me at once. If I have a sovereign above the sod (would that I had all that are below it within reach!) it shall go to you. You are very economical, and so be comfortable, and if £1 extra between "you and I" will smooth your course, follow it, and confide in your affectionate father,

Ch. Wicksteed.

To the Rev. J. H. Thom.

Hafod, St. Asaph, April 28th, 1867.

. . . In one particular I admire more than I (candidly speaking) sympathize with your feelings, those of evident sorrow with which you lay down (for a time only, I trust) your office. I wish I could feel so. It seems to argue a deeper love for the work itself, and a deeper conviction of the importance of one's share in it, and therefore a more intimate sense of communion with God, and having a part in his work, than I fear from the contrast I have, or ever had, or ever shall have. On the contrary, rarely, I think, has a pang (I feel inclined to say, so intense was it) of greater pleasure struck through my heart than when, after writing and almost drenching in tears my farewell letter to my congregation in Leeds, I walked up that hill at Ilkley, and felt myself, for the first time in my life, a free man, not (in a sense) even the servant of Christ, but simply a child of God. No one was ever more reconciled to silence and obscurity, and no one more reluctant to leave them, than I have been. The weight and responsibility of such an office have always to me crushed out the joy of it. I have only felt that the work must be done by some one, and I have even clutched at the belief or hope, as it has arisen, that some one else would do it, and do it better. In this way, even in my liberty, I soon grew to be not quite happy, until Hincks was appointed my successor, and in the happiness of the conviction that he would do my work, I first felt steady comfort, and began to grow better in health.

To his Son Charles [engaged in steam-ploughing in Norfolk].

Hafod, St. Asaph, March 24th, 1868.

The weather has been sadly against you, as indeed it has been against us slower folk. Your greatest triumph is to come in the harrowing season. I do not know whether you have yourself seen any seed-harrowing by steam. But it is more gratifying and more convincing and converting than any other operation. It filled me with delight when I saw a sown field, instead of being poached and trampled on by horses, exquisitely raked by the steam harrow. You felt how comfortable and grateful the seed itself must be.

To his Son ——.

Hafod, St. Asaph, Sept. 29th, 1868.

I do not like the idea of your going out and working on Sundays. There is never any gain to any human being in giving up the God-appointed day of rest. They who think to gain, lose by it—lose their health, their brain or their principles. I think I have known men who have lost *all* of these by it; certainly one, if not more, is almost sure to be lost. Let me beg of you to give this up. There is no "utilizing" in the business; it is a pure loss. . . .

It is a hard and painful struggle to me to give up Maes Elwy, and the fond, vain hopes that have gathered round it. But all my friends assure me, and I "partly believe it," that the greatest of God's blessings to man is the gift of good, grateful and affectionate sons; and as

he has blessed me so greatly in this respect, I must bow to the great trials he has sent me in other directions.

Your loving father, CH. WICKSTEED.

TO HIS NEPHEW, EDWARD ARTHUR LUPTON.

Hafod, St. Asaph, June 14th, 1869.

My dear Edward Arthur,—Of all the vices, defects, faults and crimes (as we used always to begin our themes each week at Shrewsbury school, whatever might be the sin patronized by the master's selection for our contemplation and avoidance that particular Monday), that which most degrades, debases, corrupts and vilifies human nature, and injures and ruins society to the greatest degree, is the base sin of ingratitude. Of this sin, my dear nephew, you must have been not unnaturally, and yet unjustly, accusing your innocent uncle for some days past; but, believe me, I should have written to you sooner to acknowledge your prompt attention to my wants and wishes, but that I could not at the time reimburse you for the charges at which you had been on my account, having only stamps enough to provide me with the bare necessaries of life.

I now have the pleasure of enclosing four stamps, with many thanks. . . .

We had a remarkable week of hospitality. On Wednesday, our former clergyman, now rector of Llangau, near Corwen, and his lady and little boy, invited themselves to spend the day with us. The Rev. A—— S——, a pet clergyman of Miss Burdett Coutts, near Southamp-

ton, with his little boy and girl, joined us at tea, and, as odd fortune would have it, at the same time turned up Trevor Owen, to whom Sir Watkin Williams Wynne has just given a small living and a large house near Oswestry, accompanied by his sister. Thus we had three clergymen and their families . . . with us on the same day. Is it not an affecting mark of the uniting effect of Christian bread and butter? On Thursday came our friends from Liverpool, thirty strong, to pic-nic, and, with our own household and servants, we dined fifty. On Friday came a smaller . . . party from Liverpool; and on Saturday evening our curate, Mr. Jones, came to supper. I hope these things will improve me; indeed, I feel already better.

To his Son Philip Henry.

Hafod, St. Asaph, Dec. 23rd, 1869.

... On Monday week, Tudor Owen made a little drum party for me, and I took a bed at his house. Among other gentlemen he had invited to meet me was the Rev. Dr. Bullerton, late Head Master of Uppingham, and once for a short time, while I was there, head boy at Shrewsbury. On Sunday, Mr. Whishaw (lately a minor canon of Gloucester Cathedral, and now the clergyman at the Church for the Blind in Liverpool) was invited to meet me at dinner in Liverpool; and on Monday morning came out in the Church paper, the "Daily Courier" of Liverpool, a report of a sermon I had given on Sunday morning on Voysey, which contained this remark: "In fact, the clergy of *the* Church of England have no theo-

logical education. The little bit of cram they call 'reading for holy orders' would be regarded as a very moderate apparatus of learning for a student among us in the first year of his theological course. Hence, when they come to study for themselves, they make their discoveries with all the innocence and amazement of neophytes." Fancy my "convives" . . . reading this report. Tudor met me, shook his fist at me good-naturedly, said he'd a crow to pluck with me, but concluded, "I'm afraid there's much truth in it."

To the Rev. Richard A. Armstrong.

Hafod, St. Asaph, Jan. 8th, 1871.

. . . To take hold of too large a subject at once is the error of our youth, but the effect is often more sprightly than the greater detail and fulness of later years. Being once asked to give a lecture on the Atonement, I gave *six*, and so had some comfort in the treatment of so wide a subject. I often find what people *need* is information, or the means of forming an opinion, and the grounds on which they do so. What they *like* is the result put in a sparkling way, without the labour of getting at it, and yet with the satisfaction of supposing that they have formed and reached it. On this distinction rests the difference between an educated congregation, knowing the reason for the faith that is in them, and a congregation merely got together by the attractions of a preacher. No great number of people like fatigue of any kind, especially mental fatigue, and on a Sunday; and so they go in the greatest numbers where they can be, as they

think, taught and improved and instructed with the least effort of their own. A laborious series of lectures always breaks down in the number of attendants before it is half finished. And no doubt, as religious worship and instruction is a social matter, and there are two parties to it, the minister and the congregation, it must be the aim of the first to get upon that ground which can be made common to the other as well. Now you are choosing the course which is most suitable to yourself and to your love of study, thought and information, and which will (as you say you hope) eventually gather and keep around you a thoughtful, well-grounded set of believers. Spurgeon has a large congregation, but a less influential one, for its numbers, does not exist except among the Wesleyan Methodists. I am more and more convinced that our strength lies in quality more than in quantity, and the uneasy shriek after increased numbers only leads to the loss of the few without the gain of the many.

To his Wife.

Nottingham, Oct. 12 [1871].

We are really hard worked [at the Church Congress], the work occupying ten good hours a day.

Yesterday we had a most exciting debate on Church and State, the notes varying from the High-church key of absolute independence of all interference from Crown, Government or people, to a decided preference for lay influence, lay administration and lay courts of appeal, leaving to the clergy simply their religious duties. Also a very exciting debate on parochial councils, in the

course of which a speaker described an experimental effort on a small tentative scale in his own family, the domestic council consisting of the clergyman himself, his wife, two daughters, the butler, the cook and the housekeeper. Though they started well, the result was a failure!

To the Same.

Leeds [1872].

To-day we have had a most exciting sitting [of the Church Congress], nay fight, which I am sorry to say Mrs. Swaine, who went down with me, much enjoyed.... In fact, the Ritualists are getting each year stronger in this Evangelical meeting, and felt and showed their strength to-day. The burden of the debate was: In which direction is the Church's comprehension to be directed; towards the "other Churches" of Europe, east and west, or towards the Protestant communities? I never saw greater excitement; and I felt how vain it would be in me, from mere books and works, to attempt to be an interpreter of Church feeling, or the possibilities of Church reform, without being from day to day and year to year amongst them.

To the Same.

London, Nov. 6th, 1872.

Mr. and Mrs. Voysey received me with unbounded kindness, and seemed determined to crowd all conceivable possibilities of hospitality into the short space I had alone to stay with them. All the children (but Mary, the eldest girl, who was from home) dined with us; and after this we went to the dear beautiful Gallery

[Dulwich], and though twilight was beginning to steal on it, I saw enough to freshen up in my memory those images of beauty that we saw together thirty years ago. . . .

Mrs. Shaen will take me to call on Mrs. Warren. . . . They had planned for me to go to the Bethnal Green Exhibition, which I should much have enjoyed, but *that* I may be able to see again, and perhaps this may not be so certain with my old friends ; and so, as usual, the eternal delights and solaces of old friendships weigh down the temptations of sight and wonder seeing.

V.

[Written during the Ministry at Large and final retirement. See pp. 80—94.]

To his Daughter Clara [on the death of her eldest child].

London, April 12, 1874.

My dearest Child,—Yesterday, as I was leaving Hafod, your dear mother's letter came to hand, to tell us of the passing on of that sweet little angel spirit to her fitting home above, and of the tender shade of sorrow which was resting on the home she had left below. . . . I used to look on her as she lay in her little cot, sometimes (was it not?) in the drawing-room at Hafod, and as she lay, fair and delicate and frail, I felt assured that she was not long for a rough world. As years passed, I hoped I had been deceived, and that all the thoughtful and tender watchfulness your mother-heart had bestowed upon her had not been lost. But now the pensive pre-

vision is realized I am thankful for us all that it was so long deferred. We have all added by that little life to the treasure of our knowledge of the world of hearts and souls. She stood by herself, and had a being of her own, no copy but an original. I am so glad we have so many memorials of her thoughts in your letters. Her beautiful little frame, her delicate skin, the refined tinge of her colour, and the special, interesting and subtile light of her eye, always seeming as if it were looking from the depth of a home within, out into a world of which she did not feel that it was quite the same as her own . . . all these indicated, my dear child, that your little treasure was only lent you, was only paying her mother a visit upon earth, and that she would have at last to go away to the higher air, in which she could alone breathe freely and with entire happiness.

How thankful I am that you had the comfort of your own mother's presence with you in these trying days! Especially as . . . she could add her own parallel experience of the shade you were and are passing through. . . . Ah! I remember I was preaching the very evening my child was dying, and I went home from my service to count the ever one by one diminishing number of her last little sighs, till as the succession of that series dropped from nine to eight, and from eight to seven, when it came to two, I knew there was but one sigh more and all would be over, and so it was.

Your ever loving father, CHAS. WICKSTEED.

To his Wife.

Newchurch, Rossendale, May 4th, 1874.

There was some rain yesterday afternoon, and this morning is cold and wintry, something that looks like hail coming down, under dark and chilly skies. But "souls are ripened in these northern skies." At least I was again impressed yesterday with the immense energy of life around me. . . . The appearance of this people is something quite impressive. A great display of brain in the head, and still, quiet power in the countenance of the men; very cleanly and elegant dressiness in the wives and children. Music generally joined in. All alive. On these occasions, the wives, who apparently do all the work of their households, manage to get things "sided," and come forth, themselves and children dressed as if they had nothing else to do. The whole thing gives one the impression not only of intelligence, but worth, culture and conscientious industry. Certainly Unitarianism is a great power here, securing not only intelligence and thoughtfulness, but morality and industry, and independence of mind and conduct.

To the Same.

York, Jan. 16th, 1875.

I washed my hands and brushed my hair that I might appear lovely in the eyes of Mrs. Kenrick, and walked the short distance to Monkgate, where I was shown into the dining-room, the dear old gentleman (eighty-seven the 4th of next month) coming down after his nap

for his single cup of tea. I had timed my visit for this happy moment, knowing even younger men who rejoice more in the society of their friends after than in the middle of their nap. His hair is quite white, and his skull surmounted by a velvet cap. He has become very deaf, had been out (the first time for six weeks) a little walk in the morning, and, though glad to see me and very affectionate, was, I thought, tired. I left him in half-an-hour, promising to call again this morning. Mrs. Kenrick was wonderfully well and young, being not yet even eighty. Mr. Kenrick had been sending the leading events of his life to Mr. Hunter at Dr. Williams's Library, a thing I had thought it impossible to do; so he told me exactly what he had sent, explaining away my objection by saying, "Simple facts, you know; of course, nothing encomiastic. My works, but not articles or translations, such as grammars." "Not Matthiæ?" said I. "No; that was only a translation." And then he gave me the correct version of that interesting passage in his life. "The Bishop's brother, the Rev. Mr. Bloomfield, was bringing out a second edition of the Grammar, with some additions. Richard Taylor was the printer. Calling at the office, I saw some of the proofs as they went through the press. There were several mistakes and mistranslations. These I pointed out to Taylor." The Bishop, coming for the same purpose of revision, and hearing of it, requested Mr. Kenrick to draw up a list of these. He did so, and they were adopted in the new edition, and Mr. Kenrick's help acknowledged in the Preface. He afterwards said to Mr. Taylor he hoped

Mr. Kenrick would not be hurt that he had not spoken of him as the *Rev.* John Kenrick, for although he (innocent man!) would not have objected himself, yet *others*, he feared, might have done so. Some years afterwards a third edition was required. It was then in Murray's hands, who applied to Mr. Kenrick to carry it out. He made many additions and alterations from the subsequent German editions, and it came out under his editorship, two handsome octavo volumes. This is therefore the authentic version of a history I have often heard, though in less detail.

To the Same.

Portsmouth, Jan. 30th, 1875.

I had a pleasant, though hurried, walk through Oxford this morning, after writing to you. I saw again some of the same places which you and I went together to see some thirty (?) years ago. The Bodleian, the Radcliffe, the Martyrs' Memorial, and many of the colleges. The new features seen by me this morning were the Keble Memorial College and Chapel (handsome brick buildings), the Taylorian and Clarendon Museums, &c. The scientific element has come to the surface since we were there. On the table of the Radcliffe Library, too, I saw, besides the usual secular literary papers (such as "Academy," "Saturday Review," &c.) and the Church Reviews, all the Noncon. representative Reviews, as the "North British" (Scotch Presbyterian), the "British Quarterly" (Independent), the Baptist and Wesleyan

Reviews, and the "Theological." Here is a foretaste of the future and sign of a really national University.

To the Same.

Poole, Feb. 5th, 1875.

The lecture [at Ryde] was listened to with awful attention. Half the young men of the Young Men's Christian Association were there. I was told by an observer sitting near the door that they and their older friends came in looking very cheerful, and listened at first with a look of supercilious confidence in their faces, which then became graver, then rather earnest, then rather anxious; and at last Mrs. Timmins said she could not help feeling sorry for them—they looked pale and appalled as blow after blow was dealt their system of mythology. . . .

Last night, at Poole, we had . . . a very different audience from the previous one—attentive, but far less impressionable. The "magnetic fluid" did not flow much from them to me, or from me to them.

From Mrs. Wicksteed to her Son Philip Henry.

4, Brownlow Villas, St. Asaph, Nov. 29th, 1875.

. . . All is well that ends well, or else I should say we had almost a tragic scene last night in [your father's] study and bed-room (which you know are one), owing to his missing one of his lectures that has been advertized for this week.

I had been rather overdone with the extreme cold, so I had gone to bed early and had a little nap, from which

I was awakened by sounds as of a sudden removal—boxes dragged about, drawers emptied, and cupboards rummaged. I asked what was the matter, and was told one of the lectures was missing. It was last seen at Nottingham, and was believed to be in a black case. Could it be left at Nottingham? That seemed very unlikely. Could it have been lost in the removal [from Hafod to the St. Asaph lodgings]? That was impossible, for the things did not come from Nottingham till after the removal here. Could it be left in the portmanteau that came from Nottingham? No; every corner and pocket had been looked in, "and"—said my poor husband, who had gone about groaning at intervals as if in physical pain, and had looked over (amongst other things) all the sermons in the deep west-stand-cupboard you will remember, and had only groaned more sadly if I suggested any expedient or alleviation—"I *know* I put them all into this drawer."

This was the turning-point of the tragedy. *All*, I thought, into that little drawer; then perhaps it was too full, and it has slipped out behind. He pulled out the drawer—nothing! He pulled out the one below—nothing! He pulled out the third drawer—nothing! He pulled out the lowest drawer—there it was!

"Oh! thank God!" he exclaimed; "thank God! now I can sleep!"

He got into bed while the last flicker went out of the fire and the clock struck midnight, and, I am glad to say, slept peacefully till morning. This is soon told, but the two hours or more that were passed in this agitation

seemed very long at the time, and I was seriously afraid he would make himself ill, and not be able to give any of his lectures. However, as before said, "All's well that ends well."

Best love to all from your loving mother,

JANE WICKSTEED.

TO HIS WIFE.

—— 1875.

My dearest Wife,—I reached —— at two o'clock, after an almost entirely solitary journey, which grew darker and damper and colder after leaving Chester. . . . Here about five. A car awaited me at the station, which was promising; but there was no one in it, and in a very short time it stopped at the bottom of a field, and I found I had to make my way up steep steps about a quarter of a mile in the slippery dark to the new house of my host, to which no road is yet made. It reminded me of the *Salita* at Genoa, and our call on Colonel Radici. However, luckily two little boys were at hand (for the man could not leave his horse), and they carried up my rather heavy bag. I do not know what I should have done without this help, as I found it quite enough work to carry my panting and tired self up the hill. When I reached the house I went straight into bed, and at 6.30 got a good cup of tea, and started soon after, down the same hill, in a car to ——. By it also I came back before ten to supper, and sat up till twelve talking to my host, who is an entirely self-made man, beginning as a working man, getting £50 saved in a few years out

of his wages, and has—beginning business for himself as a drugget-printer — bought and paid for a mill (£3600) in six years, and is now, by industry, frugality and temperance, worth (he told me in confidence) £50,000, since he began for himself in 1858. It is impossible not to feel the justifiable pride of such a career. It involves many, though far from all, the virtues. And how few careers carry them all! He has unlocked his own mill every morning at six o'clock for sixteen years, and has done so this morning, the news reaching him as he rose of the death of his late wife's father, an old man of seventy-six, dying at three this morning of bronchitis. He went to see him last night instead of coming with me, and now both of us are glad that he did so. He is, however, gone as usual himself to the —— market, and all goes on as if this sigh in the breath of life had not occurred.

To his Son Philip Henry.

St. Asaph, March 29th, 1876.

. . . You are indeed busy. As for me, my present life is delightful, except when I have to *write*. Three large volumes of St. Augustine lie now ready to be returned to the London library, a large part of which I have read, for Latin (at least such Latin) is as easy to read as English, and much pleasanter, because an original always impresses itself more on the mind and memory than a translation. There are two forms that never make any permanent impression on me—translations of books and *reviews* of books. When I touch an *original*, a thrill

comes through my fingers. And then the dear Saint, writing in reply to the same or similar questions, and on the same or similar subjects, to different correspondents, who are not expected to see each other's letters, repeats himself with a Homeric iteration which enables one to pass over much as *bis, terve,* yea, *decemve repetitum.* Conceive of his being appointed coadjutor Bishop to old Valerius at Hippo, and their then both *discovering* that a canon had been passed at Nicæa some sixty or more years before, forbidding such an appointment during the life of the Antistes!

To his Son Thomas Stretton.

St. Asaph, May 22nd, 1876.

My dear Tom, . . . We were very sorry to hear of your illness. I was very ill too on my journey, and got out of bed, after twenty hours, to get into a car to take me four miles to my next lecture (I had one on each of five nights), and all the sustenance I had had for twenty-four hours before giving the lecture was a little lemon-juice and water. I wonder how I got through. . . .

We must, I suppose, be both thankful to be better; at least I feel it much more comfortable to be at home and well, and with your dear mother by me, than to be a wanderer in the wilds of North Lancashire. I lectured, among other places, on a week-night at Colne to 400 *men;* there was not one woman present—a thing I do not remember ever occurring to me before.

While in the neighbourhood, I took the opportunity of going over Stoneyhurst, where one of the Fathers

received me and spent an hour and a half showing me everything. Before leaving, I found that my old neighbour, Father Harper, Professor of Theology at St. Beuno's College, was residing there, and sent in my card. He was at the time engaged with the Superior, and also had two or three relays of people waiting to see him, so that my card did not get to his hand till I was gone. I found a most kind and beautifully written letter from him on my return home, reproaching me for going away so abruptly, and urging me to come and spend a night or two at the College with him. This humanity is very touching to me under all the circumstances, showing surely that there is a broader religion somewhere even than our broadest. You know he is a very distinguished preacher and writer, and has replied to and demolished Dr. Pusey.

To the Same.

St. Asaph, Nov. 6th, 1876.

. . . I went on to Edinburgh and . . . lectured at St. Mark's chapel, and at five other places in Scotland on following nights; preached and administered the Communion at Glasgow on the 29th. Saw the new building of my old University. . . . The library consists of three rooms, one over the other, each 130 feet by 70, the largest University library accommodation, I should think, in Europe. On my return I broke the journey at Keswick, and saw Derwentwater . . . and Southey's tomb, monument, house. Stood with uncovered head at the foot of his grave, because he worked hard, brought up his family respectably, and helped his nephews and nieces.

To Matilda Lupton.

Darlington, Feb. 7th, 1877.

I have got along very prosperously, had attentive and pleasant audiences, and delightful weather. But the great glory of my tour was a couple of hours spent yesterday morning in Durham Cathedral. I do not wonder at my dear father's ecstatic admiration of it. And it is more glorious than when he used to see it, because more like itself. The plaster and colouring have been, at infinite cost and labour, scraped off the stone, which now rises in pillar, arch and buttress, in its native and inviolate beauty. The vile wash and plaster was like so much paste and rouge upon a woman's face. I wandered and sat a long time within the ample folds of its beauty by myself, and then got hold of an intelligent verger. . . . Then I saw the library. Most luckily for me, I was on the spot one of the only two hours of the week it is open to the public. Oh, what a glorious place! Eight thousand selected volumes of the choicest editions of the Fathers, the Classics, works of Art and Science, Politics and History. The liberal modern Theology, if any, must have been relegated to the upper shelves. But as I passed along successive cases, looking at all the tempting titles, I thought how I should like to come and live in Durham a year, with no duty but to read and take notes. There were also not only amusing traditions, but interesting relics of St. Cuthbert; and to these, and to some altar-robes lately discovered, the attention of the only other party, two ladies and two gentlemen, seemed to be exclusively confined!

To his Wife.

Bishop Auckland, Feb. 8th, 1877.

I observe in my progresses how Unitarianism, education and teetotallism are banded together—and a good band too. Here the Temperance Hall had been secured for the lectures. But the vicar declared he would never attend a meeting in the hall again if it was so "desecrated." The Unitarians, being teetotallers too, did not like to injure the moral cause by insisting on the theological, especially as some heavy subscriptions were involved, which they could not afford to lose; and, much to their credit, forbore to insist on their rights, took the Town Hall (a far more important building), and I believe have at once shown their spirit, their determination and their judicious forbearance by this course. It is astonishing how so many people cannot see that no real progress in secure liberalism can be made until this secret bigotry is brought to the light and face to face with the public, by plain challenge of free speech. There is no use talking of a liberalism which means being quiet as long as nobody will say in public a word in derogation of the old traditions.

To his Son Joseph Hartley.

Croydon Grove, West Croydon, Oct. 20th, 1877.

My dear Hartley,—It is now a fortnight since you descended upon us here, and a fortnight all but a day since you left us. I think, therefore, you will like to hear what we have been about, and how we have been getting on in the interval.

In household matters, chiefly by the active exertions of Mary Jean and Hamilton, we have the study, drawing-room and our bed-room arranged finally and all comfortably. The study is of itself a study, and by the great ornament of the books, arranged so as to look incredibly such by Philip (for I have not spent a shilling a-year on binding for twenty-six years) and Hamilton's shelves, the School of Athens over the mirror, and the Colosseum opposite, Butler, Priestley and Channing in the recess between two of the shelves, the Transfiguration on the other side of the shelves (all opposite the window), Hamer Stansfeld bending forward over the door, Tennyson and Constantine on each side of the window, the old sofa and the old chair, bought by me at Kendell's forty-two years ago, Mill-Hill oak desk (Charlotte's present), on which I am now writing, Mill-Hill oak inkstand (Mr. Kitson's present) on the small table in the window, the pedestals in the recess farthest from door and window, lighted up at night not only by the fire and the gas, but by your dear mother's, Mary Jean's and Hamilton's, and one evening Lucy Wicksteed's presence, with tea on the table, comfort and gratitude filling every vacant space (to finish this long sentence, which began at the bottom of the last page but one), promises to be the scene of many a pure and sacred joy in the future, and of many a little gathering of loving, faithful, merry hearts.

The drawing-room, too, looks very charming, but we do not seem to have put up our Lar-shrine there yet, or inaugurated our worship of any household god, as

no fire has been lighted and no salt consumed in it yet.

We have had calls from the late tenant, . . . who left the house with great regret and would like to come back again, and from Mrs. John Hincks; . . . from Mr. and Mrs. George Harris, he the son of the late Rev. George Harris, of Newcastle; but, more gladdening than all, from Dr. and Mrs. Greenhow, who kindly came over from Clapham Park (leaving a fog there and finding sunshine here, by the way) on Thursday, and stayed an hour or two, looking over the house, and talking over many matters of interest, and pronouncing "the step we had taken a very wise one" (alas! that we ever took any other). They were both looking very well, the Dr. a perfect wonder. On Thursday the 11th and following days we had your goose, according to the favourite adverb of our day, "simply" splendid. I attended of course . . . the Church Congress a good deal, and was much pleased with the general tone, aiming at liberality and comprehension. By the way, the old Stansfeld and Brown French-grey damask curtains are up in the room, looking very well—a present of forty years ago. On Tuesday I took Mary Jean to hear Handel's Messiah, which I myself had never heard. Four thousand people present. We paid one shilling a-piece, and had a rush and crush for the gallery. . . . Hamilton off to town. I hope to write again in a fortnight; but if you have time to send a few lines in reply to my missive, write them to your mother, who sends her heart's love to you with your affectionate father,

CH. W.

To Miss Gertrude Swaine.

Dec. 31st, 1878.

My dear Gertrude,—You always write to me on my birthday, and I do not like this Christmas-tide to pass by without a word of affectionate good wishes. . . .

What have you been doing with yourself lately? We heard of you in Leeds, and your first Assembly there. But I fear there will not be so many gaieties for young people this winter as usual, from the fearful want that seems to be stalking over the land and oppressing all hearts. In London it is not so. I am happy to say, not only the people, but the lunatics, the paupers and the prisoners are all jolly with their dinners and balls. I see and hear of no distress in this neighbourhood. I have been twice this late autumn not far from you, visiting my friends the Joshua Fieldens at Nutfield Priory. . . . There are four sons and seven daughters, and when I go into the dining-room at breakfast or lunch, and I scarcely know where to sit, I say, "Anywhere; only don't let me displace an angel;" for Dr. Hook used to tell us at the parish church in Leeds that some pious people had found comfort in the thought that when they went into church before the congregation was assembled, the vacant places were occupied, *ad interim*, by angels. He did not say anything of the modesty of the people who displaced them. I am reminded of hearing this by his Life, in two thick volumes. . . . Parts of it would amuse and interest your father. Have you had Macleod of Dare at Brabœuf yet? It catches hold of me—a hard thing for a novel to do.

Mr. Voysey was here the other day, and he said he liked my handwriting. Blessings on him! It was, he said, so black, large and thick. But I cannot expect other persons to do so, and so think it my duty, though with great reluctance, to give now a farewell to my dear Gertrude, from her very affectionate old friend,

CHAS. WICKSTEED.

TO MATILDA LUPTON.

Croydon, Feb. 21st, 1880.

My dearest Mattye,—This is your birthday, and if the heavens look as brightly at St. Asaph as they do here, the day will truly reflect the joy of all our hearts, in sending you our loving greetings, and in congratulating ourselves on another annual return of its dear and happy associations.

The years, indeed, do not seem to get dimmer or sadder to any of us as their number increases. I suppose it is partly because there has always been a fund of power and will in the bosoms of part of us to increase the happiness and to diminish the sorrows of another part of us, by faithful, generous service. Give my dearest love and congratulations to dear Charlotte, . . . on the return of your birthday, with a hearty wish—indeed, looking at the face of such a cheerful probability, I may say a merry wish—for many of them.

The twilight that steals on your sunshine this birthday [in the declining health of their sister Harriet] is, as Roscoe said, a holy one. I am glad that it is so tenderly prolonged. I never liked the thought of living

in a country where the sun set suddenly; and I increasingly feel how beautiful the prolonged twilight of the day of life is, with its stillness and tenderness, and its gradual melting away into the night, which is to be followed so quickly by the brightest of all mornings.

Don't smile at such an association of ideas—but you remember that silver mustard-pot that dear Harriet gave us at our marriage. It has always been a handsome, solid, steady, useful piece of table furniture, capacious, hospitable, easy to fill, easy to empty, and easy to clean. I have always been an admirer of it; but now when I see it each day at table, I look at it with the eye of the soul, and take it into my hands with a conscious feeling mixed of tenderness and reverence, as though it were a sacred cup. . . .

I have turned from the seventy-five Theses of Erastus, in his work, "De Excommunicatione," which I ought to have been studying in preparation for my paper on the Nationalization of Voluntaryism at the ministers' meeting on Monday; and must now turn to them. The Manchester people have resolved on a meeting to celebrate the centenary of Channing's birth, and have invited me to give the address. It is the crowning honour of my life.

To his Wife.

Oakfield, near Bolton, June 17th, 1880.

My dearest Wife,—Arriving at Willesden Junction, I found that my train, according to the booking-clerk's information, would not reach Bolton till 7.15, the usual

Stockport, Manchester and Liverpool train's time not applying to Bolton. This of course I ought to have known, and probably did know and had forgotten. I telegraphed accordingly to my host, who had been expecting me to dinner at six, that I should dine on the road. I got into a carriage with father, mother, and nurse and two babies, with bottles, pots, pans, napkins, wrappers, bread, milk, luncheons of the future, umbrellas, walking-sticks, coats and cloaks, and hats and bonnets. For the first hour we were all smiles, the elder baby, a girl, soon establishing a marked flirtation with me, till, after climbing up and down her mother and bothering her life out, she accepted my offer, and came and sat on my knee, as quiet and happy as if she had already gone to paradise, turning round to me now and then, with little congratulating smiles and laughs, to exchange quiet jokes with me. She was probably two-and-a-half to three years old. But at length the scene changed; baby began to cry—the nurse, who had been much amused, turning serious; bribes of bottle and bread-and-butter administered in vain; papa, who wished to make himself useful, breaking a bottle, and effunding the milk on himself and neighbours, and then in his distress kicking over a wonderful institution which was lying under the seat, and which I had not hitherto observed, a saucepan without a lid, and full—but subsequently unhappily empty—of some pervasive liquid, that furnished our feet with a sudden, startling bath. This was too much for the mother, a nice-looking young woman, who then grew grave and miserable. At the next

station the useful and efficient husband found out another compartment, but it was a smoking-carriage. Into it, however, they all plunged. Porters rushed to and fro, now for a hood, now for a bottle, now to wipe up the floor.

This was exhilarating after all, but still I found it was a very long hour which had been spent. Three ladies also in the carriage, who had been dull before, became duller, and I soon found myself very melancholy indeed. But little Edith S——'s quick eyes had discovered me at Willesden; she, father and mother, hastening to the Withington wedding at Manchester. They filled a three-seated coupé. I had just time to inspect them and shake hands and get into my own second-class carriage. When we stopped at Rugby, a bright idea struck me, that I would get out and employ the five minutes' stay in varying the monotony of life by having some chat with them. Oh! how comfortable, quiet and dignified they looked—seats filled by themselves, ground with various comforting appurtenances, and nice table in front, with still the remains of sundry consolations of travel, in the shape of lunch, books, newspapers! Windows and mirrors made the front and sides of the coupé bright and cheerful. They looked so easy, comfortable, cool, uncrowded; no waste of life or energy or temper (apparent, at least). Encouraged by this vision, I went again, when next we stopped, asked S—— whether he would not get out and stretch his legs. He thought he would. Once out, the inspiration seized him that he would offer me his place and take mine. Mrs. S——'s

eyes, and perhaps Edith's, sparkled with pleasure. So, I dare say, did mine. The cheerful command, "Oh, do!" was as cheerfully obeyed by me, and we had a grand time of it for an hour and a half, to the end of their journey at Manchester. I once invited S—— to re-enter the bosom of his family; but he said, "I'm very happy as I am, Sir," and so I did not think it necessary to repeat my offer. Love to Tom and Alice. Your loving Husband.

To his Son Joseph Hartley.

Croydon, Feb. 12th, 1881.

. . . Yes! Time, as you say, takes its revenge upon us all, and Christianity is a slow coach, but one that makes the journey, and in one way or other is getting over the ground. Still . . . I think it should admit secular truth into partnership with it, and tack Proverbs to St. John. Indeed, I think its Founder meant this; otherwise whence the caution, "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves." Thus Christianity says, "Faith, Hope, Charity;" the ancients, "Prudence, Temperance (in the sense of moderation and self-command) and Fortitude;" and you, whether intentionally or not, echo this combination in your words, "It seems almost as if Prudence were more important than Faith, Temperance than Hope, and Fortitude than Charity." I have always felt that in this life weakness is more severely punished than most sin, and ignorance than knowingness. Still, as your dear mother says, granted that the higher Christian states of mind and character are to be aimed at, they must have the foundation virtues of the secular

order, or they fall to the ground, while the secular virtues hold their own and are certainly something as far as they go.

"Man is born to trouble," but also to happiness. In truth, life is not a unity of state, but a succession of states, high and low, cheerful and anxious, easy and laborious, happy and sad, sunny and cloudy, warm and cold. We have to conform ourselves to this succession, and give up the dream of absolute unity and homogeneity, only trying that the better, the higher and the happier shall have their due, and, if possible, their predominant space in the succession.

To Mrs. Madge.

Croydon, March 11th, 1881.

... I propose, therefore, to accept your kind hospitality in this form—to join you at dinner on Sunday, having attended a morning service either at Kentish Town or Little Portland Street before.

Then rest and lecture, returning to Highbury after evening service. The next morning I must return home, but on my way I shall hope to call on our dear old friend Mr. Sharpe, and sit at his learned feet for half-an-hour and inhale his latest ideas.

In the mean time, thank him that I shall not be an unexpected caller, and tell him that I have been at Cardiff, giving two Unitarian lectures in the Assembly Room, which was full, some two hundred to two hundred and fifty people, the largest audiences they have ever had, and full of zeal.

This week I have been at Bournemouth, lecturing twice in the Town Hall, both week-nights. Here (a very church and worldly place) the attendance was not so good, only about a hundred; ground had never been broken up there before, but it is time it was; one person calling out in the midst of my lecture the first night, "It's all lies;" and another going out in the course of the second, saying to a gentleman who reported it to me, "I hope he'll burn in hell for ever." The audience with these exceptions were with me.

To Miss Eva Boult.

Croydon, Aug. 21st, ——.

I agree with Mr. —— in a passionate persuasion that a man, or a woman either, should go to the death rather than yield to the compulsion that forces them publicly to assert their firm belief in the truth of what they themselves feel sure is a lie. The whole progress of the world depends on the existence of this spirit. But in the sense of Pope's, "For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight," &c., it may be doubted if many enthusiasts have not died for superstitions and trifles. This is the sense you mean it in. . . .

Your Homeric studies have indeed at length landed you in a grave question. . . . Homer is not describing a feast of Lucullus, but the hungry grabbing at their food by a set of half-barbarous soldiers (for I maintain that most of the higher qualities given by Homer to his heroes are Homer's, not theirs). And when Ajax returns, and Agamemnon wants to do him honour, while he has

the portions assigned to the guests *divided*, he gives Ajax a *whole back*, analogous to our baron of beef, though probably not exactly the same, as the modes of the Homeric butchers were not quite the same as ours. Whether he took it to his tent and his larder, I do not know, or ate it all up at the feast. If the latter, I hope it was with the aid of his young companions in arms, as did Æneas in the parallel passage (Æn. viii. 182):

> Vescitur Aeneas *simul et Trojana juventus*
> *Perpetui tergo bovis*, &c.

I know how your father would feel at the death of Mr. ——. We old men are now every year—nay, sometimes in successive months—destined to lose our old friends. This is one thing that makes me anxious to keep up my friendships with the young, that I may not some day find myself high and dry (*very* dry) without any. And I am sorry that you are not coming this way this summer.

To his Sister-in-law Charlotte Lupton.

Croydon, April 21st, 1882.

My dear Charlotte,—Yesterday morning I got up at half-past six, went downstairs, lighted the breakfast-room fire (which our efficient Emily had nicely laid the night before), put the kettle on to boil, opened shutters, drew up blinds and curtains, letting in the light of day into our little dwelling, began collecting tea-caddy, tea-pots, sugar, plates, cups, saucers, knives, forks, spoons, butter, bread, &c. &c.; the several articles requiring

apparently about two distinct journeys a-piece, the required presence of each in its turn being a fresh surprise to me; then made tea, furnished dear Jane's breakfast-tray, took it up to her, and was just preparing Emily's cup of tea for her own room, when that dear sprightly spirit herself appeared on the scene, and relieved me of further duties. I got my own breakfast, went up into my own room to shave, dress and prepare for my visit to Windsor Castle. At a quarter before nine I was on my way to the railway-station for London. Arrived there, I drove . . . to Dr. Williams's Library, where the deputation of English Presbyterian Ministers of the cities of London and Westminster and the neighbourhood were to assemble, previously to starting for Windsor. . . .

We proceeded by first-class railway to Windsor. I had long wished for an opportunity of joining in an address to the Queen, for my feelings of loyalty and respect for her have not diminished as I have got older (and I shall be seventy-two in a few weeks). The opportunity offered itself, as so many opportunities do, at a most inconvenient time. My dear wife confined to bed by rheumatic gout; Tom of course in his usual disabled condition; our single servant gone to the hospital in London with scarlet fever; all our usual charwomen and helps frightened away. . . . But though I have shrunk the last eight months from all public duty, this seemed to me to be an almost religious occasion, in entire harmony with the gravity of my own feelings, in which I could freely indulge in the course of my journey,

having no responsibility of any kind, either in act or speech, devolving on me.

We reached Windsor soon after one o'clock, and . . . went, about a ten-minutes' walk, up to the Castle. And here, when my powers of description are most needed, they most fail me.

It was a lovely day; the quiet, orderly groups of inhabitants and visitors lining the streets, and watching the passing of the various deputations with a pleased, courteous interest.

The noble Castle itself looked worthy of the English nation and its Sovereign, in its commanding and lovely position; taking in all your Tuilleries, Versailles, Quirinals and Vaticans—the, to me, grandest palace I have ever seen—grand in its simplicity, grand in its vastness, grand in its stability, grand in its unarmed security. At the lodges, entrances and everywhere, we were received by various attendants in various costumes, all clearly and quietly indicating the direction we should follow. At length we came into the great gallery, where were already assembled the Common Councillors in their blue robes, the Aldermen in their scarlet and ermine, the Queen's Lieutenants of London in military dress, the Lord Mayor with his sword and mace bearers, the Mayors and deputations of the Edinburgh and Dublin Town Councils. In entering this gallery, we were received and addressed in a pleasant and courtly manner by some official, who concluded his inquiries and remarks by telling us we should be received third in order, but that before we were presented there would be some lunch.

At each step of our progress so far we had been received by an increase of dignity and quality in our receivers. The scene was a really brilliant one. At first I had seen two or three blue-robed dignitaries among the guests, whom I took for perhaps Armenian priests, till I found the main gallery half-full of them, and learnt that they were the Common Councillors of London. After a time we were summoned to lunch, and stood up to well-supplied tables; but belonging only to the Order of Modest Merit, I did not secure myself standing-room at the tables, but remained in a kind of second file of aspirant-expectants, listening, however, to the conversation of a magnificent-looking man in some court-military costume, saying, "No wine, thank you; I'm a teetotaller" (subdued murmur of interlocutor). "Oh, a dangerous character, you think, capable of any insanity; well, it *may* be a temporary insanity, but in the mean time I feel none the worse, but I think the better for it." Then turning round and seeing me, he politely vacated his place and offered it to me. It did not take me above a minute or two to go through the form of luncheon; but then, turning round to see if there was any one to whom I could hand on the politeness, I discovered Dr. Martineau and Dr. Sadler standing humbly behind me. Said Dr. Martineau in a droll tone of piqued pride (to my address, "Oh! What, *you* here!"), "Yes, Wicksteed, *we* haven't had the Home Secretary, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, to attend to us, and give up his place to us!"

Lunch over, again we advanced a step, this time to a

large drawing-room. After long waiting, about half-past three the door was opened to us, and we entered the apartment where the Queen was holding her court. When we got in about three yards, we all stopped and made low bows, the Queen acknowledging our presence by a gracious courtesy. When about half-way up the room, we all stopped and bowed again. By this time I was too much engaged with my own lowly gaze to observe whether this second obeisance was met by a second courtesy or not. Then we walked boldly up to the Queen, handed, through Dr. Martineau, our address of felicitation on her escape from assassination to her, who, receiving it, handed it over to my now intimate friend the Home Secretary, who then handed in return to the Queen her "gracious" reply, she giving it herself to Dr. Martineau. The addresses and replies are not read now, not read since the Prince Consort's death, or perhaps before. Then Dr. Sadler knelt down, and the Queen extended her hand for him to kiss. Dr. Sadler, as Secretary, mentioned Dr. Martineau's name; the Queen extended her hand, and Dr. Martineau knelt and kissed it. It had been arranged at first that I should do the same (only three were to be presented); but I was really afraid that I should perhaps not be able easily to get up again, with my sprained wrist and ankle, and general obese unpliancy of limb, with nothing to lay hold of and rest upon. Besides, I had an idea of backing down throne-steps, so I persistently declined. I am never very fond of obtrusion on great people, besides. So I made one man happy—as well as myself, perhaps, from

a sense of relief—and Mr. Panton Ham had this honour. The truth was, the Queen stood but slightly elevated above the floor of the room, and there was no walking backwards *down steps*. So perhaps I might have managed it. She looked exactly as I had expected, except that I was not prepared for so bright, happy and amiable a look and smile, directed at each separate step of this little ceremony, which took less time, as the novels say, to pass than "it has taken us to describe." We then all bowed, backing, or rather *siding* towards a side door, bowing ourselves out, and then joined the outer world and the common air. As for details, my dear sister, I must refer you to the "Court Journal," in which, I suspect the first time in its life, the name of your brother-in-law, the Rev. *G.* Wicksteed (at least so says the "Daily News") appears.

When I thought of writing the description to you, I had no idea it would prove so long, or I should scarcely have liked to inflict it upon you.

Jane is still keeping her bed, but is better. We have got a good charwoman for two or three days, and Emily is wonderful.

Love to Matilda, and all. Your affectionate brother,

CHARLES WICKSTEED.

TO THE SAME.

Croydon, Nov. 11th, 1882.

My dear Charlotte,—Thanks for your short but very interesting letter received this morning. I, too, often wish we could hold friendly conference on matters of

theological, literary and general interest as they arise. But, as Mrs. Barbauld reminds us in her essay, we cannot, unfortunately, combine inconsistent advantages; and as Jane and I, before the arrival of the post, were enumerating the various advantages which have accrued to ourselves and our children by our fortunate (or as I prefer to call it, in the old-fashioned phrase, though not necessarily perhaps in its old-fashioned meaning, providential) settlement in this place and house, so we often reflect with gratitude and pleasure what a centre you and Matilda, by remaining where you are, make of enjoyment and interest to so large a circle of friends and relations. . . .

The articles in the "Modern" are *not* paid for, or at least I know used not to be in Richard's time, nor the editor's labour either. This I do not think right or just. But certainly, I agree with you, it shows "what admirable writing is to be had gratis"—contrary to the humorous dictum of your old friend Blanco White: "Those who write for nothing know the value of their own articles."

Dr. Abbott, as you say, is "full of learning," and I fear proves his point of the later origin of John's Gospel. Dr. Drummond is fond of evidence proving that Justin knew it. Dear Mr. Tayler, however, adopted the negative position strongly. I used to tell him he only partially convinced me, for I felt sure the original recorder of the conversations given towards the end was present at them, and that therefore *they* at least had a contemporaneous origin. They are so full of refractions as well

as reflections—so much incidental and allusive matter—so much interrupted and re-commenced and abrupt narrative—so much symbol, sign, silence—so genuinely conversational, in fact—that no one could have invented them. . . .

On my way to Hampstead last week, I spent nearly an hour with Dr. Martineau, who, you may remember, most affectionately invited me to spend a week or ten days with him in Scotland, to meet Mr. Thom.

He was looking robust, though he said he had only been able this summer to ascend two out of his usual three mountains.

To his Wife.

Beaulieu, Cannes, France, Jan. 22nd, 1883.

I am here, as you see. Safe, sound, well and entirely untired, at least quite recovered from all the fatigue I brought with me. . . .

The bed [on the journey from Paris to Cannes] was as comfortable as could be, and quite roomy. I wound up my watch; for what could I have done without it? It was my only speaking companion. Well, I was not like Mark Tapley. I did not feel jolly under the circumstances. I simply lay down wondering at the wilful and gratuitous infatuation of humanity. . . . On getting out at Avignon, I went to the door of Mrs. Fielden's saloon carriage to exchange notes. I could not pretend to be otherwise than I was. I should have looked it if I had. For, to add insult to injury, they have little mirrors in the carriages, as if those in the lavatories were not enough. Mrs. Fielden: "A miserable night!

But you know, Mr. Wicksteed, it's over!" I thought, "What a sensible remark! So it is!" and it and the coffee made me feel comfortable and then happy. Now it was cheerful work, because we could see. . . . Then came Toulon and twenty minutes' stop. Then came the beautiful ride among miles and miles of olive-trees, interspersed with stately young cypress-trees, almond-trees, vineyards, young green corn and anemonies. . . . Then came Le Luc, Fréjus (which you remember), the sight of Cannes—looking bright and happy, extending itself along the Bay, and reminding me much of Naples and its Bay,—and then came Cannes itself, exchange of waving signals as we passed Beaulieu, and exchange of far more affectionate greetings . . . at the station.

. . . Mrs. Fielden wished me to [dine] upstairs, and not get up for a day or two! But the truth is, *she* had all the fatigue, and was so prompt and so thoughtful and energetic throughout, that the natural result was, that while we all retired last night at ten, I quite comfortable, she went to bed with a headache, and is . . . keeping her bed to-day.

Jan. 23rd.—This house . . . is in the midst of beautiful grounds, not extensive, but well occupied with lovely trees and plants. It is curious, on going to some of the terraces, to find oneself walking up marble steps, a neighbouring stone—you remember Carrara even is not so very far off. . . . Out of one of my windows I see each sunny morning that I rise, a sweet pampas-grass, on the side of the drive, holding up its white flowery arms in silent beauty, almost reproaching one with the . . . con-

sciousness that it has been doing so almost unobserved under the moonlight. Each night a lovely moon. Yesterday afternoon I sat an hour looking at it. . . .

Jan. 24th.—Your welcome letter of the 21st arrived yesterday afternoon about six o'clock. I, too, had felt a little "dim" now and then, amidst all this sunshine, and so was much cheered by the coming in of one more ray, sunnier than all the others. . . .

Feb. 10th.—This morning . . . we started to Peggamor, a real French village, about five miles off, through olive-trees, &c., up a beautiful wild gorge, on the summit of which is the rustic residence of Mrs. Hollond. . . . She is a lady of large property. . . . [Here] she grows olives and makes oil, grows vines and makes wine, which last we tasted. . . . She was the lady from whom Ary Scheffer took his St. Monica in the Augustine picture, and who supplied him with the ideal of his female forms. . . . Further, I feel sure she is the lady of whom I have heard Dr. Martineau and Mr. Thom speak, and who reads their writings. . . . It was altogether the pleasantest and most exciting visit I have made here—to strangers, that is.

To Charlotte Lupton.

Croydon, March 27th, 1883.

. . . I never thought of Cannes except as French, or Nice either; but directly I passed there I felt myself in Italy.

By way of beginning conversation, many of the visitors and callers at Beaulieu used to say, "This is your first visit to Cannes?" and I to reply, "No; I was here about

thirty years ago." This remark, I observed, always raised me in their estimation, and gave me a kind of rank above their own. In the familiarity of the domestic circle, I used to say, "Yes; I always visit Cannes every thirty years," and this, applied to my next visit, used to cause some laughter.

To the Rev. J. H. Thom.

Croydon, July 13th, 1883.

My dear Friend,—I have been spending a week at St. Asaph, in lodgings, to be near my sisters-in-law, who are like myself in requiring their own home for meals and rest. . . . I went two or three times every day, sitting an hour or more on each occasion, and enjoying a great deal of pleasant intercourse and conversation. . . . The only alteration I found in the "littel citie" was in the roads and distances, which were decidedly longer and requiring more time to traverse than they were and did six years ago. Everybody, young and old, rich and poor, clerical and laic, recollected me, and gave me, wherever I met them, hearty greeting. . . . I took with me your letter of June 7th, intending to answer it while there. But I was almost daily occupied, something as you have been, correcting proofs. For at the earnest request of many of his young friends and relatives, we are printing for private circulation extracts from Hamilton's letters and journals. Janet, by her own desire, undertook the selection, finding, however, the omissions (a necessary thing) very trying to her, as they were to his mother. Hartley then made more. I wished them, as being of his generation, and

therefore more in sympathy with the style, to undertake this duty, if it was to be undertaken at all; for the whole tone was too bright for my dimmed eyes, too merry for my heavy heart, and too jocose for my grave soul. However, I found they looked for safety to me, after all, and so I exercised some further discretion in omissions, and superintended the printing. . . . With my wife's and my own love to you, I remain, my dear friend, ever most affectionately yours, CH. WICKSTEED.

To CHARLOTTE LUPTON.

Croydon, Dec. 19th, 1883.

. . . I am seventy-three and a half. . . . I now look with somewhat altered feelings on this prolonged age. I am grateful and surprised to find that, as the world moves on and time grows, I look with more gladness, satisfaction and hope on the life of our race. I remember going into the Vale of Clwyd and feeling that the progress of the world had come to a stand. Politics seemed to have reached a stage of finality. Theology was (outside our own little body) stagnant. But one day there broke over that Clwydian range of hills the "Essays and Reviews;" and though some little scintillations of a dawn had reached me before, in preceding and unnoticed volumes of "Essays," these so laid hold of the world as to fill me with bright hopes.

Now I am delighted at the progress in the right direction of social reforms and social questions. Seeley's lectures on the "Expansion of England," our Arnold's

first lecture,* and perhaps the second, and just now the burst of hope and true knowledge on the condition of the London and other poor, all combine to make me wish to live, and to be grateful that one has been allowed to live to see so brightening and hopeful a present. May you and dear Mattye be long spared for the same, and to see some of the effects of your own good influence and lives upon the larger circle of the public, as well as on the nearer and dearer circle of your attached and reverencing nephews and nieces! Believe me, dear Charlotte, yours and Matilda's loving brother,

CH. WICKSTEED.

TO HIS SON PHILIP HENRY.

Croydon, Jan. 11th, 1884.

... You know how strongly I feel, and have long felt, that the old tenure of land (the only practical one eight hundred years ago) has become obsolete, and if remaining unchanged would become, or is becoming, infamous, and that a great change and reform in accordance with wide principles of justice is needed and will certainly come. The form in which this is to come is the question; and I have too great confidence in the preponderance in numbers and influence of the wiser element in the English legislative power over the more blind and rash, to fear the issue. In the mean time, "God," I still think, "is over all, blessed for ever;" and society will eventually become better and happier, in spite of the mixture of

* "Our Inheritance in the Earth," by Arnold Lupton. Leeds, 1883.

wild talk and wild theories with its graver efforts after progress.

To R. C. Hall, Esq.

Croydon, Jan. 21st, 1884.

My dear Mr. Hall,—I have not yet thanked you for your letter of Oct. 15th, nor for your very true and pleasant account of your and Mrs. Hall's impressions of the "Memorials." It was only by degrees that we sent them to our friends. It was only also by degrees that we decided on printing (not "publishing") them. And when we resolved to do so, we at first thought of his friends, relatives and coevals, and Hartley undertook to send them. But we soon found there were many others (*my* coevals) to whom I wished to send them, and who we knew, if they did not personally know him, would like to become acquainted with him, and would the more sympathize with us in seeing more distinctly what we had lost. At first I sent them in the most impersonal form possible, for I shrank from challenging a fresh expression of a sympathy which in so many cases had already been so fully and kindly made. But in such a result I was mistaken; for almost more letters reached me than at first, and I would not that it had been otherwise. For in the second case they knew my boy. This has caused me some delay, as in your case, in making the proper acknowledgments, as I have had so many to make, and as each letter I write is a great exertion.... There are sorrows that, coming on one in middle life, one must subdue, in order to do the duty of the present, and to those who still survive, but which coming in later

life, when the necessity and power to resist them are both less, become crushing and disabling.

To Matilda Lupton.

Croydon, Feb. 20th, 1884.

My dearest Mattye,—In my laborious days, some thirty or forty years ago, I used to sigh for the time when I should be sixty years old, and sit (the work of life done) with my feet on the fender, reading a pile of Spectator newspapers [recording the course of movements in which he had taken part or felt special interest] which I was saving up. I am now close on seventy-four; my feet are rarely on the fender; and my pile of old newspapers is in a book-closet upstairs, and the reading of them is not yet commenced.

So "man proposes and God disposes," and "the future (is) all to us unknown." To-morrow you will be sixty. Did you ever look forward to this as your moderate old age? If you did not, as I suppose you often did not, may you live many years yet, to falsify your own expectations! . . . In spite of your "infirmities often," this life has a great deal of enjoyment in it to you (as *I* believe to be continued to far more, with fewer drawbacks and troubles), for your letters teem with living and affectionate interest for others, with a love for "boon nature," the plants and flowers . . . the books . . . as well as many other features in this wonderful universe of space and souls. . . .

This time last year, dear Mattye, I was gathering in Mr. Fielden's gardens at Cannes thirty specimens of

semi-tropical plants and flowers, blooming out in the open air (their *con*vivors, alas! scarcely their *sur*vivors, to be cut off very soon by the bitter weather that even in Cannes followed). This year I send you a far more humble, yet in a sense as fair an offering of plant and flower, growing in our own garden here, as no doubt in your own at Minafon and in many gardens—snowdrops, primroses, yellow jasmine (the last two in bloom all winter), a bud of currant-tree—and remain your and Charlotte's affectionate brother,

CHAS. WICKSTEED.

To J. H. GENN, Esq., Secretary of the Hope Street Church, Liverpool.

[On occasion of the settlement of the Rev. R. A. Armstrong].

Croydon, April 23rd, 1884.

. . . Speaking as an old man, and contrasting the present with the earlier part of this century, I may truly say that I believe there has never been a brighter outlook for us, for our country and our people, than there is now.

I believe in the world's progress. I believe in the generation succeeding my own. Good men are feeling, and will go on feeling, after Good, if haply they may find it. Certainly they will not find it unless they feel after it.

In the *process*, mistakes in suggested modes may be made (I believe there are some absurd ones made now), but there are usually, in this country, and by the slowness and patience of our methods, by our free and

thorough siftings of thought and opinion, by the combined help of various experience, knowledge and ages, achieved results, which are *not* mistakes.

I believe in God. I believe in Truth. I believe in my Country. I believe in my Countrymen. Go on, then, in the ways of Thought and Good you have partly inherited and partly made for yourselves, in still-continuing Faith and Hope, for without these the battle of life can never be fought.

I remain your ever remembering, ever grateful and ever affectionate old minister,

CHARLES WICKSTEED.

III.

DISCOURSES.

[In the Ancient Chapel, Toxteth Park, April 8th, 1877.]

Again, O God, the doors of thy house are opened to us. Again the light of day streams out from thy throne upon us. Again the air in vigorous freshness stirreth round us.

And we meet in the home of many memories, where the loved and venerated have worshipped, near the tombs which enshrine their ashes, near the haunts that once were dear to them on earth, to pray that while one generation succeedeth to another, the earth, which remaineth for ever, may still be the abode of the ever-living God, and that the God of our fathers may still be the God of their succeeding race.

Yet lift up now our hearts even from these dear thoughts and memories. Carry us up where those we remember and those we loved are gone; carry us into the felt presence of our Father and theirs. Enlighten us with the same and even brighter faith. Feed us with the same and even dearer hopes. Comfort us with the same and even holier consolations. Let to us, as to them, the angel-band of thy messengers gird us round, and encompass us with every heavenly thought of righteousness, with growing and strengthening sense of duty, with ever broadening and deepening love and charity, that thus we may make thy earth our heaven, and our heaven our home with thee. Amen.

III.

DISCOURSES.

I.

THE SYMPATHETIC NECESSITIES OF THE RELIGIOUS LIFE.

Isaiah xli. 6:
"They helped every one his neighbour; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage."

Acts ii. 1:
"They were all with one accord in one place."

In a very celebrated poem of our age, we have brought before us in the opening scenes a student, a spiritual searcher, one who had placed himself on the boundless sea of human thought, steered his course in many directions, seeking a full acquaintance with the old and known, and stretching out in search of the new and unknown, but finding still no home for his spirit, no resting-place on the broad waters of thought for him. Regardless of the hopes and pursuits in which his fellow-men around him are engaged, buried in his own thoughts, torn by the doubts and desires which rack his own bosom, unwitting even of the circuit of the year and the progress

of the days in the calendar of Christ, he finds himself, in his thoughtful solitude, on the eve of the day of Easter. The night is spent in his usual experiment and meditation; the instruments of his toil are lying around him; another is added to the number of the days and nights which he has dedicated to a rewardless and hopeless search; the dawn of a new morning rests upon the pale brow of the student,—when the chime of sacred bells is heard, the voice of a world's best hopes is raised; he is awakened to the consciousness that while he is pursuing a homeless, endless voyage on life's waters, encountering rocks and quicksands, and black skies and moonless nights, his fellow-creatures around him are in a course that is defined, under a Pilot that may be trusted, moving towards a Home that shall give them rest and joy; and that they are going thither in company, cheered by the same hopes, buoyed up by the same assurance, helping each other on the way, and hoping to be happy together in the end.

For the Easter hymn strikes upon his ear; and though he had heard it sung on each anniversary since he was born, it now sounds to him as something new and strange, and goes to his soul as the music of heaven rather than the voice of man, telling the pale, sleepless, joyless, hopeless student,

> Christ ist erstanden
> Freude dem Sterblichen.

He hurries forth into the open light of the sun, on to the bosom of God's earth, amidst the walk of his fellow-creatures, within the sight of their countenances, the

hearing of their voices, the influence of their happiness, the sense of their trials—desiring to be restored to fellowship with the great human family and to be once more one of them—seeking to share in the same faith and hope which gladden them, that he may no more be "a jarring and a dissonant thing amidst this general dance and minstrelsy."

Yes, my friends, God speaks to us, Christ speaks to us, through the voice of our fellow-creatures, through the influence of human sympathies. Yes; by our very voice or presence we may help and strengthen each other, and each may say to his neighbour, "Be of good courage." When *we* are cold and weak, others may be warm and strong; when, in turn, the fire of *their* power burns down, and the light of *their* lamp flickers, *we* may be able to give them of our oil, and fan the smoking flax that doubt and fear were quenching.

It was in this communion of faith and hope that Christ especially sought to bind us. He seemed to think that the soul in absolute solitude could wing no steady flight. He seemed to think that the light of individual thought might fail, the purpose of individual will turn faint, the strength of individual faith decay; that men needed each the other to sustain each the one in the full possession and enjoyment of those hopes and duties and beliefs which appertained to their race and were common to them all.

Thus, mark how, in the very beginning of the God-directed course of the Christian faith, provision was

made for this mutual support. Our Lord himself needed an earthly encourager and strengthener, and was provided with such a one in the friend of his childhood and his manhood, his announcer and forerunner, the Baptist John. Among the very first deeds of his own special ministry is his selection of companions, associates, witnesses. When he sends forth these again to the world, he sends them forth by two and two. He binds them together by special ties. He binds them together by the tie of love to each other and to himself when he washes their feet, by the tie of a common remembrance of him when he institutes the Lord's Supper. He makes union the subject of one of his concluding prayers to God, praying for it as binding together his disciples, himself, and their Father. He provides for their meeting together after he is gone, saying that when two or three of them are gathered together in his name, there will he be in the midst of them. The proof of Peter's love to him is to be that he feed his lambs, and that (when he is converted) he strengthen the brethren.

In fact, except in some rare, heroic breasts, a faith which is left solitary and unaided by human sympathies is sure to die away. Very few convictions can bear the absence of all reflection from the hearts of others. When we forsake the assemblings of our fellow-creatures for any purpose, when we cease "all to be found with one accord in one place" and ready to help our neighbour, our interest in those causes, ideas or objects, to which those assemblings are consecrated, becomes almost invariably weaker and weaker, till at length it seems to perish altogether.

We have only to observe the course of our own or other people's lives, to find out that when men, designedly and consciously, or by simple negligence and almost unconsciously, begin to dispense with this agency, begin to live as unto themselves, trimming indeed, it may or may not be, their own lamps, but allowing the light therefrom to stand in its own solitude, commingling with no others, and multiplied and brightened by no others,—whatever the object in reference to which men cease to meet and think and talk, or work or pray together,—the strength of their interest in those ideas or objects begins to grow less, and at length will die out. It may continue as an abstraction, but not as a reality. A man may even suppose it to be there within him still; but some day when he calls for it, it shall not answer him. It has ceased to be.

Our Lord, who knew the heart of man, made the whole of his religion gather around this feeling. The prayers he taught were social; the duties he enjoined were largely social; the hopes he inspired were common and universal. He sought no one alone. When he planted any seed of doctrine in the human heart, he set two or three, or he set multitudes, to watch it and to nurture it.

I do not mean that the individual soul was not the one object of his spiritual care; I do not mean to say that the salvation that is by the gospel of Jesus Christ can exist at all, except as the salvation of individual souls. But I mean that human sympathy is the nutriment on which God has ordained that religious faith

shall largely depend for continued life, and that it is only by the communion of saints that there can, for the most part, be any saints at all.

When our Lord speaks of his own death, what is it that gives it to him its importance and its character? That all men by it shall be drawn unto him. When he speaks of heaven, it is as a Father's home where there are dwellings for many, where he himself goes, but, as it were, that he may prepare places for others; as the kingdom in which they shall come from the east and the west, from the north and the south, and sit down together. His last acts on earth were to celebrate a feast with his disciples, to take a walk and sing a hymn together. He cannot go to heaven alone, but as he gazes on the thief upon the cross, unites, in his infinite tenderness and humanity, that penitent wrong-doer with him in his passage to the home of spirits. "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." And even when it is all over, and he is gone, he comes back again to say, "Go to my brethren and tell them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, unto my God and your God."

And how sweetly, and how gradually and growingly, had he been weaving the tender links of an everlasting chain that was to bind them and us all together! They had been disciples and followers, later on even friends, but at last he calls them brethren; and so he binds himself to us all by a relation, not of accident, but of nature —an indissoluble relation. He is our brother, and therefore his brethren are our brethren; his God, our God; his home, our home; his heaven, our heaven.

No doubt each man must build upon his own foundation. No doubt the dealing with our own souls, and the culture of our own powers, and the nurture of our own dispositions, is the essential and indispensable task of each one of us. No doubt we are and shall remain nothing, unless we make ourselves something.

But it is the characteristic of Christian hopes and Christian graces that, individually received, they are collectively maintained—that their existence in one man is meant to fortify and strengthen and extend their existence in another; that in these spiritual possessions Christians must have all things in common; and that the rich in spiritual hopes and treasures must contribute of his abundance, and even the poor of his poverty; that that something which belongs to each shall help and augment that something that belongs to others. The individual man is not complete of himself, and never was meant to be.

He is born, for instance, gifted with the power of speech; but place him from the first away from all intercourse with his fellows, and he is dumb. He is born gifted with the power of reason, but place him in the solitude of the desert from his infancy, and the very germ of that power will be blighted, and, ten chances to one, he turns out an idiot. He is gifted, in like manner, with religious affections and the hopes of an immortal nature; but place him out of the reach of that intercourse, and those sympathies, and those supports, by which such hopes and affections are, by mutual confirmation and encouragement, strengthened and fostered, and

they in like manner will decay and wither, and become at length extinct.

God has intended our individual spiritual life to depend very much on our united spiritual life. Religion is not a growth simply of the individual mind, a result of a balance of arguments and considerations for and against. It is a spirit permeating human life; it is a light whose greatest intensity is produced by the infinite number of its reflections; it is an influence, living by exchange.

Tell me not that you can, in the isolation of your own heart and the solitude of your own thoughts, drive down the sense of religion, the conscious belief in God, and the hope of an immortal life, into something that is so poor and tame and lifeless as to be nearly indistinguishable from extinction. Alas! I know it. I know that we can do these as well as many other perverse and unhappy things for ourselves. I know that we can, if we will, turn on one side all the blessings, of whatever sort, God, with kind and lavish hand, would otherwise, and if we came with open arms to receive them, shower upon us. I know that we may live so long near the North Pole, that thirty degrees of frost shall be warm to us, and a Greenland city-home so close and suffocating to us, that we prefer for comfort to lie out all night under the open sky in the street. We may live so much alone that at length the very sight of man becomes almost hateful to us. We may neglect the use of our limbs till we cannot stir them; of our intellect, till we are incapable of any effort of thought or acquirement;

and we may separate ourselves from the exercise, and the expression, and the exchange of the higher hopes and desires of our religious nature, till at length they too lie torpid and almost dead within us.

It is of the greatest possible importance, then, to us never to forget that, in addition to those considerations of reason, of analogy, of history, and of the inner feelings, on which we are wont to found our individual faith, and very properly and very frequently to dwell, that faith must receive its God-designed support from the reflected faith and emotion of our fellow-worshippers and fellow-believers, before it can know its own full power or behold its completed work.

When we want to promote commerce, we meet on the exchange; when we want to promote production, we meet in the mill or on the farm; when we want to promote music, we meet in the hall or the church; when we want to heal human suffering, we gather to the hospital; when we want to promote some great political improvement, we go to our town's meeting; when we want to strike off manacles of servitude from the slave, the shades of darkness from the ignorant, the misery of their sin from the intemperate, the selfish and the vicious, we meet together to cheer each other, and thus cheer ourselves on in the good course we seek to run. Therefore, when the purposes to be served are, not the wants of a special class of men, but of the whole human race; not a charity in this direction or a charity in that, a grace, a pleasure, a pursuit, an amusement, but the nurture of those universal sympathies and that all-uniting love and charity

which lie at the basis of all these, and out of whose vitality all these spring, as rivulets from the same fountain; when the object is not a provision for the wants of the body or the order of our present social life, but a provision for wants that are imperishable and for a society that is eternal; when the sins to be driven away are so sad, the sorrows to be soothed so tender and so deep, the errors to be corrected so misleading and weakening, and the laws to be observed and the habits to be formed of so infinite a moment, we should be more than ever anxious to seek and to give the support of human sympathy, to be "all found with one accord together," never allowing an absence that can be avoided to maim the integrity of the body, or a single human heart to languish in any great work or object for want of hearing the words, "Be of good courage, my brother."

The lessons of Scripture, the words of prayer, the uprising sounds of holy song, receive a new meaning and a new power when "all are found with one accord in one place;" and the needs of society and our duty to great truths appeal with fresh force to our consciences, when we see how earnestly our fellow-creatures are working for them. For the sympathetic power is one of the very greatest powers in human life; and he knows nothing of his own power to help and aid, or of the highest possibilities of his spiritual nature, who does not know of the hand to hand, and the eye to eye, and the foot to foot, and the voice to voice, and the heart to heart, which God, who made us, has ordained to be the multiplying power of all our other powers, and the revivifier of all our life.

II.

FAITH AND DOUBT.

MARK ix. 24:

"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

THESE words were really spoken. The seemingly irreconcilable and contradictory nature of the two statements they contain could not have been imagined; nothing but the real action and the positive experience of the human heart could have created such a sentence as this.

These words were really spoken. They are too true in spirit to be false in fact, have their origin too deeply down in the heart to have merely fallen from the pen. They cannot have been invented. They are too clearly the result of actual feelings under life's actual experiences. They form one of that long and as yet unexhausted array of coincidences with the probable, or coincidences with human nature, or coincidences with circumstances, or coincidences with themselves, (if I may so describe consistency,) which have been rightly designated "undesigned."

It is the glory of the Gospel history, and the chiefest

evidence of its ethical fidelity, that it has a perpetual evidence in our own breasts. So many of its thoughts and statements are brought home to our hearts and instantaneously claimed by them as their own. The narratives, events, external circumstances, in the midst of which they appear, are of course the subjects of external evidence, and are to be received or rejected according to its laws. But the law of evidence which regulates our reception or rejection of these thoughts and utterances, these *moral* facts, is very near us and easily discerned.

The heart recognizes them as her own, as parents are said to recognize their offspring, not so much by the array of register and evidence, as by the indelible tokens and the irresistible feelings of consanguinity.

We look upon these truths and love them. We look upon them and know them. We look upon them and know that they are ours. Our nature speaks in, and our nature rises up to meet, the words of our text this day; and compared with this fact, the fact of a father in Galilee having uttered them sinks into comparative insignificance, because we know that a thousand fathers and a thousand mothers, and tens of thousands of human souls, have felt and uttered them a thousand times in all the ages and all the climes in which a belief in God and his holy providence has prevailed.

"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." The interest of the Transfiguration scene itself almost pales before the deep colours and passions of this contemporaneous human scene; and in the memorial of his genius,

called the Transfiguration, which the great painter of Italy has left us, it has always seemed to me that he felt it so, and threw the greatest energy of his force and sympathy into the scene below. Or else it was from the pressure of a modesty, or a consciousness of inadequacy, which shrank from the delineation of the mystic scene upon the Mount, that he flung his intenser power and his most discerning skill into the portrayal of that scene below, that human scene, that scene of earth's sorrows, earth's helplessness, earth's cares and doubts, its fears and hopes.

The poor maniac boy, with his body braced to the utmost tension of rigidity, his firm, outstretched arms, with every muscle in full and frightful expansion, while his eyes seem prompt to start from their very sockets; that mother's anxious countenance, bending in tears over her child's distorted form, and gazing anxiously at the stare of his glazed eye; the younger figure of sisterly affection, striving, but in vain, to soothe this frightful malady and charm the evil spirit from the playmate that she loved; the father restraining with firm grasp the vehemence of the possessed, though at the same time raising the look and voice of earnest supplication to those who were supposed to have the power to heal; and the apostles, challenged, urged, implored to the exercise of this power, longing, doubting, timorous, perplexed;—all form a scene which thrillingly prepares us for the descent of Jesus from the Mount, and for the prayer of the father, "If thou canst do anything, have compassion on us and help us." Jesus said unto him,

"If thou canst *believe*, all things are possible to him that believeth." And straightway the father of the child cried out and said with tears, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

Does not the feeling of our own hearts in many of our own moments of suspense and care, burst out, my brethren, with that poor father's in these very words?

Which of the many proofs that this is so shall I select?

This exclamation is the truthful expression of our mental and spiritual condition in many questions of opinion and of judgment, on many occasions of strong hope and desire, in many seasons of grief and trial, in many seasons of anxiety and earnest social action.

In the first place, then, in the more serious debates of our judgment and the conscientious formation of our opinions.

You know how hardly and how roughly the world handles the subject of religious belief. You know that while it allows time and deliberation, and even the fluctuation of conviction or of bias, on almost every other topic of thought, on that of Religion—the most delicate, the most difficult, the most important of all subjects of thought—it is inflexible in its demand for prompt and decisive faith. A matter of feeling it will leave to the fitful gusts of circumstance; to the wayward fancies of caprice; to the strange and complicated and almost opposing currents of emotion that career without clue or guidance through the labyrinthine passages of the

human heart; to the events of time or the accidents of place; to the thousand influences that will not be commanded and cannot be foreseen. A matter of taste it will in like manner leave to the gradual or the quick promptings of discernment, according to the moulding of the soul. Sorrow it attempts not to measure in duration or to calculate in weight. Joy, it feels, it were vain to leave to other than its own impulses, and meddles not with the ebbing or flowing of its tides. A matter of historical evidence it leaves to the result of historical inquiry, and would no more ask for the definite decision of a definite time, than it would prescribe the number of volumes that the inquirer should peruse. A question of scientific fact it leaves, without limit of time and place, to be decided by the continuance of scientific observation. But in affairs of religion it reverses its whole style of feeling, of judgment and of action. You must be in haste, lest you perish; you must decide now, lest the destined hour do pass; you must rush in, lest the door be closed; you must be certain, if you would be saved; you must not doubt, lest perchance in the interim you are damned.

Wherefore this change? Wherefore this necessity for instantaneous and positive decision, when the soul itself is not in any way prepared for it?

Does human nature, with its feelings and powers of thought—does human nature, with its laws of reasoning and liability to error, with its doubts and difficulties and uncertainties and delays, all change when it touches on religion?

If this be not the case, it will arise, in questions of religious belief and sentiment, that we may not be prepared to pronounce positively at a given time; it may arise that, when we think we have learnt to believe, a doubt crosses our mind, and we have to raise the prayer, "Lord, help thou mine unbelief"; it may arise that there is within ourselves a want of determinedness and resolution in searching for, so as to find, the hidden jewel of the truth, which we may lament, but cannot at the moment control, and which is a fact at least of the time.

But from whatever cause the uncertainty arise, whether from the defect of our own purpose and effort, or from the insufficient character of the evidence before us, the state of partial belief and partial doubt, the state of incertitude and unfixedness, however undesirable, however painful, is for the time being the real, honest, true state of our souls; and to compel us to profession of certainty while in that state, is to compel us to untruth.

Doubt is the appropriate state of our souls in such circumstances. Doubt is our faith. The state of uncertainty is our moral truth, and a correct representation of the fact.

While the lambent lights of faith, and the fitful shades of doubt—while the scale of evidence, preponderating at one time on one side, and then rising again perhaps to equilibrium, are ours—the truthful language of our souls is found in these everlasting words, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." This is

often and often the language of our souls in strong desire and hope.

Light and darkness alternate in our human as in our earthly life. Fear succeeds to hope, and doubt to certainty, as we walk our course of discipline, eyeing the future, and full of plans and hopes and wishes.

Sometimes the good we long or labour for is so great, so essential, as we think, to our happiness, so completing in its perfection, did we attain it, that we can scarcely believe it is to be ours. In the very midst of satisfactory progress, in the very midst of promises of attainment, in the very midst of the sunshine and the light, which force us to say, "Lord, I believe," there will often—when we consider the value of what we aim at, the greatness of the good whereto we struggle to attain, how happy we should be were the dear life spared us, were bright health restored, were the wanderer back again, were the success achieved, were the truth attained and doubt no more darkened over us—trespass a prevailing or a succeeding feeling of terror and of insecurity, and our language is, "Help thou mine unbelief."

The two states of mind will follow each other almost as rapidly as their several enunciations, so as nearly to blend and mingle together, and form a kind of composite order of feeling. But who, I ask, but the careful analyzer of the bosom's subtlest emotions could detect this quick, light, passage of feeling,—who but the truthful, and the fearless in his truth could have ventured on declaring it?

The anxious father *did* believe in Jesus' power to aid

him, and he prayed the Lord to help his unbelief. He desired intensely and ardently the blessing he petitioned; he looked on his suffering boy, and his very soul yearned to witness his relief; it was misery to see that form, from which but now had shone the ruddy glow of childhood's happiness, torn and lacerated, rigid and deformed. He believed all things; he would trust in Jesus' power to do for him exceeding abundantly; but the very intenseness of his anxiety brought along with it an undefinable chill of sickening doubt. He believed—but he prayed the Lord to help his unbelief; he was certain —but he hoped he should be forgiven for doubting.

He looked at Jesus, with his mild, commanding brow, the very throne of power, the very sanctuary to which doubting souls would have recourse and drink in certainty, and he believed; but he looked on his child, he pictured him restored to a sound mind and a sound body, and so overpowering a change was inconceivable to him; he felt the chilly touch of incredulity.

"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." These words are the truthful expression of our mental and spiritual condition in many seasons of disappointment and trial.

Brethren, we receive that great doctrine that a wise Providence superintendeth all things. Whatever an event appeareth, we know what it is; it is well. Though no chastening seemeth for the present joyous, but rather grievous, nevertheless we know that it shall afterwards yield the fruits of righteousness to them that are exer-

cised thereby. Though we appear to be grieved for God's arbitrary delight, we know that it is not so, but that it is for our good. The doctrine of an all-good, all-wise, all-powerful superintending Providence changes the aspect of all sublunary things, and gives a stability and a hope to life. Into the depth of darkness it flings the penetrating beam of light; into the fiercest wounds of anguish it pours the soothing balm of comfort. It stands at the opening of the tomb, and bids angels roll the rock away. It turns all the history that the world calls profane into sacred, and shows that the kingdoms of this earth are the kingdoms of God. The very undulations of progress it makes accelerators of speed; and the fiery furnace of a nation's punishment, the purifier of its life. The tortuous path of the politician it makes tortuous only to himself and his wily coadjutors; its sinuosities are lost when they are blended into the long course of the Divine order. The harvest springs up rich and luxuriant under the blood-stained steps of conquerors, and the mighty sway of the universal Spirit moulds all elements, however incongruous, all characters, however diversified, all events, however untoward, all circumstances, however strange, into one bright harmony of result,—its own high will.

Yes, we believe; we have no choice but to believe. By the constant declarations of the sacred page, by the clear conclusions of our reason, by the stern necessity of fact, we are driven into the faith that God is over all, blessed for ever.

But I ask you, my brethren, when this belief is to be

exercised on the individual events of our life; when faith is to credit the good that cannot be discerned by sight; when light is to be believed in, though darkness alone is to be seen; when smiles are gleaming in the distance, though nought but tears are falling near us; when reunion is to be our trust, though bereavement is our lot; when the soul is to rise to health, though the restoring waters are so bitter;—I ask, do we then entirely feel and know that all is well; and when we wring out the words, "Lord, I believe," can we dispense, to be truthful to ourselves, with the added, "help thou mine unbelief"?

No; I am sure we cannot. Wearied with its sorrow, the spirit sinks at night into its troubled rest and thinks itself resigned; but at the early light of morning it wakes, and it wakes to the consciousness of woe. At early dawn it wakes, and familiarity with its trouble has to be re-formed, and it has to become re-acquainted with its grief, so as to understand only too well those subduing words of that fine English poet,

"Wherefore, mourner, sleep not."

The sense of sorrow comes fresh upon us; we wish we had not parted with it; we almost wish we had not had the respite; we almost wish that the gnawing had not ceased, that it might not have to begin all again.

The ruined had faced his own altered fortunes and the world's altered looks; he had resigned the splendour and the grace of life, and in imagination walked contentedly in its humbler path. The rebellious blood of his pride no longer mantled on his brow; it flowed subdued within;

he had taken up his cross and resolved to bear his Maker's will, to trust for happier days, and to put forth greater and wiser efforts to secure them; he had learnt to say, "I believe;" but vanquished foes return in former strength. Man's frown looks more terrific in the light of day than it had done in the silent watches of the night; misfortune is more appalling in its many-visaged sad reality than in the thought of its hypothetic presence; the soul bursts forth in the grief of its unreconciled weakness, and the prayer comes murmuring forth, "Help thou mine unbelief."

The bereaved had by the mingled indulgence of his grief and prayer worn down the roughness of his anguish and sweetened the bitterness of his lot; and looking on the brighter side of his afflictions, and discerning good to the lost at least, if not to the left, said, "I believe." But the temporary oblivion gave fresh vigour to the reviving sorrow, and the flood-gates of feeling opened again with the doors of memory; he called back his woe, and it was there to answer him; it had been out of sight, but now it had returned.

The dying had made a home in heaven and friends above, and looked to the future world and its mansions of love and blessedness, its tearlessness, its painlessness, its untroubled peace, and said, "I believe." But daylight brought again to each of these the homes of earth, and the friends below, and the locking of human hearts, and the clasped hand of affection, and they could not repeat the prayer. Yes; they repeated it perhaps; but each added, "Help thou mine unbelief."

In all the waywardness of our soul, then, in all the fluctuations of our fortunes, in all the mind's uncertainties and perplexities, let us thank God that we have one (who knows and reflects them all) to guide and comfort us and rectify the balance of the soul; thank God that we have one, the elder Brother of our souls, who himself prayed, "Let this cup pass from me;" thank God that we have one who was so much one of us that he reflects our weaknesses to turn them into his own strength, reflects our doubts to turn them into his own blessed assurance, reflects our death to turn it into life, and who, even as we say to him, "Lord, I believe," looks into our eyes and into our hearts, and at the very same moment helps our unbelief. Amen.

III.

THE TWO BLESSINGS.

GEN. xxvii. 38:

"Hast thou but one blessing, my father? Bless me, even me also, O my father!"

WERE the Scriptures simply an ancient literature, a collection of ancient historical traditions, incidents of early patriarchal life, and narratives of a nation's fortunes, instead of placing them on our table to be consulted every day, we should place them on our shelves with other venerable works of antiquity, to be referred to from time to time for intellectual invigoration and refreshment.

But they hold a far higher place and a far higher value. The tone ringing from their pages is one of unparalleled solemnity and depth; their lessons are of world-wide moment; their instructions of daily, hourly application; and their wisdom undying and eternal.

Thus in those deep, suggestive, throbbing words of our text to-day. Were they uttered, think you, and preserved and handed down to us, merely as once spoken

in an emir's tent in Palestine? Are they not echoed in every land, in every home, in every heart, upon this earth? And do they not convey a world-wide, soul-touching lesson, the suggestion of a great helpful truth, to all the ages and to our whole humanity?

"Hast thou but one blessing, my father? Bless me, even me, O my father!" Thus lifted up his voice the unblessed son. The father had given the only blessing he supposed he had, the only blessing estimated by the family as a blessing at all. The son wept; the old man thought; at length he sees that all is not gone; there is something left, after all, for this poor lad. He had said to the one, "God give thee of the dew of heaven, and the fatness of earth, and plenty of corn and wine; let peoples serve thee, and nations bow down to thee, and be lord over thy brethren, and let thy mother's sons bow down to thee." What had he more to give? He laid his hand on his poor boy's head and slowly said, "Lo, thy dwelling shall indeed be without the fatness of the earth, and without the dew of heaven from above; and by thy sword thou shalt live, and shalt serve thy brother. But a time shall come when thou shalt have dominion, and break his yoke from off thy neck."

And so it is, all through, with us. A man is deprived of or denied what is to him, or appears to him at the moment, the one blessing of this earth, the one wish of his heart, the object around which gather his hope, his pride, his honour, his affections, his happiness. He hears the fatal words, "It is gone; before thou camest, it was given away." He cries with a great and exceeding

bitter cry, and implores that it be not so, that it may yet be given him.

But it is vain. The voice says, "Thy blessing has been taken away." The sorrowing one remonstrates, "Hast thou not it yet reserved for me?" "No; I have given it away, and it *is* given away; and what is left me now to do to thee?"

At length the prostrate spirit rises again, and says, "Hast thou but one blessing?" The one valued one, the one only one (as it appeared), is gone; but perhaps in that deep heart of a father's love there is another. "Hast thou but one blessing, my father? Bless me, even me, O my father!"

The father had given away the blessing, but he had not given away all his love, and now he gives a love that is greater than his blessing. He has given the corn and wine of his providence, fertile fields and fruitful vineyards and shining skies. He has given power and command and title away; but he has not given the earth away, he has not given industry away, he has not given the power of achieving independence away. Position, headship, the already cultured land, the already garnered wealth, he may indeed have given absolutely away. But he has yet a blessing left. He says to his sorrowing and despondent son, "Take the sword of industry and go forth in hope; and the dew of heaven, now for the present denied thee, shall descend on thee, at last, as on thy brother; and the soil, from its native barrenness, shall spring forth beneath the foot of toil and reward thee with its fatness; the mountain-wood

shall be thine, and the spoils of the chase, and thou shalt at length break the yoke of inferiority and servitude, and rise, by thine own strong arm and will, to the independence of a man."

And is not all this so throughout our lives also? Has the All-bountiful but one blessing for his children? Has he no gracious and tender answer even to the very Esaus of his providence? How often does it happen that the particular kind of success we desired is denied us—the particular kind of toil or of life we loved, not allotted to us, or is discontinued to us! How often the particular kind of happiness we desired for ourselves is not given us—the plans we most wished to succeed, failing, and the hopes on whose fulfilment we had so long been building, blighted! And how often does it happen that if we go to our Father, and ask him if he has only this one blessing, he tells us of another—not the one we wanted, but the one that perhaps is better for us, better for mankind, better for our own ultimate and best happiness, better for our character and soul!

We have nothing to say against Jacob's blessing. If well and wisely used, it is a great one. But we know very well that it is not God's only one.

For see how it is with us. Here God seems to have given away all his gift of wealth to your neighbour, and reserved none for you; he has sent all the food to another man's house, and all the mouths to yours. You are full of cares and anxieties and efforts, struggling through the long early years to feed and clothe and house and educate your children, and finding, when all

this is done, it is nothing compared with the difficulty, involving many a sleepless night, of maintaining and preparing them for a calling in life or settling them in it. God had a blessing of wealth and competence, and he has given it away. But afterwards you find he had another blessing, and he had kept that in store for you.

Your children grow up hardy, self-denying, industrious, a blessing and a comfort to you, a usefulness and helpfulness to the world, and perhaps bring you up to the Egypt of their abundance, to spend your old age in peace and honour with them; and you find that God had one blessing more, the blessing of good children.

For, behold! another man comes before you who has none of these cares, for he has no children. And yet for long years perhaps his cry to God was for this one blessing, and God has denied it to him. At length he says, "Hast thou no other blessing, O my Father?" And in many sorrows and losses saved him; in bitter bereavements and bitterer disappointments spared him; in competence and freedom from worldly cares secured him; in a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize, and thus to become the light of other homes, and to carry help and comfort and instruction into regions needing them, regions both blessed and tried in a different way from his; in opportunities for benefiting the world, of enjoying the friendship of coevals, and the society of the wise and good,—how surely shall he find at last, if he will listen to the voice of God in his destiny, that God has in truth reserved another blessing for him, and blessed even him also!

"Hast thou but one blessing, O my Father?" And the child of sickness looks on the joyous possessor of health, looks upon activity from a couch of perhaps nearly life-long confinement; and God presently shows him that he has a blessing also reserved for him. For while health and energy are doing God's will, sickness and patience are bearing it. While health and energy go forth among God's works in Nature, sickness and patience hear God's words in the chamber; and that sick chamber perhaps becomes the centre of an outflowing influence so refined, so gracious, so encouraging, so instructive, so promotive of good feelings to all around, and of a peace within that passeth understanding, that at length the sufferers themselves, and all their world about them, say with conviction and surprise that God had had another blessing, of which they and we beforehand knew not, reserved even for these, and hath blessed them, even them also, his children.

And so, brethren, throughout this human life and all its strange, mysterious inequalities and apparent unjustnesses of lot—the poor looking in the face of the rich, the sick in the face of the sound, the ill-favoured in the face of the comely, the slow in the face of the clever, the weak in the face of the strong, the tried and the deprived in the face of the prosperous and abounding, and men everywhere forced against their wills into some unwelcome toil, or self-denial, or unattractive path of duty—the Almighty Father is watching over us; and if he withholds from each of us (as from each of us, at one time or other, he most surely does) the blessing on

which we had set our hearts, the blessing for which we had supplicated, the blessing the taking away or withholding of which we had bewailed with a great and exceeding bitter cry, yet for each one of us, if we will look around us, we shall most surely find there is reserved by this kind Hand that other blessing with which he will bless us, even us also.

And at the last there are those eternal beatitudes which nothing can take away from any one of us at any time—comfort for the mourner, satisfying for them who hunger and thirst after righteousness, mercy for the merciful, peace for the peace-makers, the sight of God for the pure in heart. Amen.

IV.

FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS.

JOHN xvii. 19:

"And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth."

THERE is a doctrine of the Real Presence against which the Protestant would not protest, and it is this: that when his friends and followers gather around the table of him who said, "Do this in remembrance of me," he is really present with them in spirit and in truth.

There is a doctrine of Incarnation which the Rationalist himself would not be eager to gainsay, and it is this: that the great Creator may and does dwell among his creatures; that the power of the Most High may and does overshadow the sons and the daughters of men; and the very Spirit of God, the good and the tender, may and does reside in human breasts and in human life.

Finally, there is a doctrine of Sacrifice which is no stumbling-block even to the Unitarian, and it is this: that Jesus Christ subjected his spirit to the martyrdoms of earth, spent his days in the anxieties of spiritual toil and teaching, and laid down his dear life in silent death,

that he might be a saving help and guide to man, and a quiet comforter to all who are in trouble.

"For your sakes." I do not want, and I cannot and I never did receive, that dreader and yet poorer, that more startling but less true, that more popular yet less divine meaning, which the technical and the professional interpreters of Christianity, to whom the mind and soul of man have been under a too long subjection, have attached to these noble words. For they say the first of our race transgressed a divine commandment, and for this the whole of our race will suffer for eternity, until and unless the Son come, take their sins and their penalties upon his own shoulders, suffer the punishment supposed to be due for the original misdemeanour, and die in our stead, —the just suffering, not for, but instead of, the unjust, and the innocent suffering, not for, but instead of, the guilty. In the prosecution of this mistaken interpretation, Calvin, with that stern logical consistency which characterizes the man, but which was after all insufficient for the emergency, maintained that Christ did really descend into hell and suffer the pains of the damned.

But when we ask how the sufferings of thirty-six hours, or even of a short life, can in any sense be the suffering of eternity, we see that the idea arises, as the whole of this singular conception does, from a supposed theological necessity, from an imaginary case and precedent, so to speak, in the heavenly courts, and not from any eternal necessity of truth or of God.

No, brethren; believe me—I say it seriously and I

say it sadly—this is mythology, not Christianity; the mercy, the justice, the logic, of divines, not of the Divine.

This artificial and transmitted sin, this artificial and transferred punishment, this parody on the judicature even of earthly courts, so far from penetrating, does not even approach to comprehending, the deep, the serious, the tender, the heart-stirring and life-moving meaning of the words of the holy and the beautiful One, "For your sakes."

His weary march through the world's unysmpathizing hardness—his conflict with the ignorance that could not understand him, and with the infidelity that sought only to entrap him—his mental isolation and his spiritual solitude—a refined and sensitive frame and nature, buffeted by vulgarity, spit upon by coarseness, scourged and dragged and nailed and insulted and crucified by brutality—gentle, patient, firm, forgiving, throughout it all—teaching wise lessons for our daily life, lifting up our souls to the lofty and the good, comforting those of us who were in sorrow, healing those of us who were sick, and converting those who were in sin—bearing his Father's will for us, that we might learn obedience—dying for us, that we might know with what weakness as well as with what strength we might meet our own final hour—the immortal having death, and the dying yet alive, that we might know that death is not the end-all of us here—turning upon us still an eye of pensive affection, and showing by the mysterious and impalpable influences of spiritual intercourse that he is

in communion with us still,—when we consider that he was all this, and did all this, for no isolated being and no solitary age and no single country—that he was all this and did all this, in order that every fainting spirit in every far-off age, in every far-off land, in every variety of lot, in every variety of duty, might look up to him and take fresh courage in his work by that sight, might, weary and heavy-laden, go to him for rest,—when we consider how, as a matter of fact, this aim has been accomplished, and how many million souls have, as a fact, gone through their walk of life, sitting at his feet for daily counsel, reading his words for daily strength, and looking to his example for holy guidance,—when we reflect how many million souls have remembered his agony in the garden, and taken comfort from the words of weakness, "Father, let this cup pass from me," and from the words of returning strength, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt;" how many million souls have met the otherwise dark approach of death, saying in the confidence of a like faith, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit;" how many million souls have risen to their futurity, happily and triumphantly, because of the words, "In my Father's house are many mansions,"—we can surely understand what a motive, stretching almost into infinity, and what an object, embracing the highest welfare of the universal race, must have filled and animated the soul of Jesus as he said in his prayer to God, looking upon his disciples, and through them on all coming generations and all coming time, "For their sakes I sanctify myself."

And do we suppose for an instant that Jesus stood, or was intended to stand, alone in the world, a something to be simply gazed at and admired? He shared our nature, and we share his. He shared our strengths and weaknesses, our joys and griefs, our falls and triumphs, our hopes and fears, our death and immortality, and we share his.

Did this great motive and this great object, to act and live for the sake of others, first live with him or then die with him? Have they not lived, in more or less strength, in the former ages, and do they not now live among ourselves, and ought they not to do so? In every human breast the same great passion may glow, and in every breast of man the same enthusiasm of humanity. And every good man now, in his life and in his love, is a branch of that fruitful Vine, and forms part of the evidences of Christianity.

It is not that the life of Christ is to be or can be lived over again by any other. God does not repeat himself. England is different from Galilee; the nineteenth century differs from the first; manners, customs, duties, social conditions and social requirements, all differ. We ourselves differ in a thousand ways (though sharing the same general nature with him) from Jesus Christ; and the office and duties we have to fulfil, as well as the powers and gifts with which we have to fulfil them, are different —ah! how different! It is the spirit of the gospel, not the letter, that is to animate us; it is the soul and heart and ready hand of sympathy in Jesus Christ that are to quicken us by the touch of their cordial influence. He

thus, as it were, gathers to and incorporates in himself the beautiful spirit of the past and the glorious hopes of the future.

"For the sake of others." Time will never allow to die the memory of that beautiful tale of the two young Pythagorean co-religionists, which relates how the one, Pythias, offered his life that his friend might be allowed to go free for a brief while, and the other, Damon, returned at the appointed moment to give back in honour the offering made by generosity; and the tyrant himself, smitten by their fidelity, asked, instead of the lives, for the friendship of those two men. The Greek tragedian drew the warm tears of tenderest admiration from his Athenian audience when he showed them a woman bravely descending into the tomb, that her not too-deserving husband might still be permitted to continue in life. The whole cultivated mind of antiquity collected round the base of that rock on which lay chained the Prometheus who had snatched from heaven the gift of light and knowledge for man, and listened to the groans of his suffering soul with an almost religious veneration.

In turning from the world of Heathenism, but still of human nature, to the world of Scripture, which is also that of human nature, though of human nature surveyed by the light of a diviner wisdom and disciplined by the processes of a holier faith, we see the young Moses turning from the pomp and luxury of the court, from the learning and refinement of the temple, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, and

esteeming the reproach of the anointed greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. There, too, we see that Ruth who will not go back, but will face the uncertain path of an uncertain future, rather than leave the widowed mother desolate; and young Jonathan, for the sake of David, his friend, braving even to the risk of life the wrath of the jealous and half-maddened monarch.

These things stand out in the world's history, to be gazed at with ever new admiration. Generation rises up after generation and bows before the same images. Children, turning over the same pages which their fathers turned over, pick out the same points and single out the same narratives. And this happens because these things are symbols of what is in the inner man, because they give expression to the ever-recurring realities of our nature, and are to the soul the mirror of its own tenderest affections and purest respects; and from the beginning of time the world has ever stood up in love and jubilee around the image of him who has done the great deed or undergone the great sorrow for the world's or for another's sake.

In truth, the motives that spring from the will of solitary selfishness are not only confessedly poor and low, but are very commonly found also to be feeble and inadequate. His own wants and his own wishes furnish a man with a comparatively weak armoury of resolves, and a still more meagre catalogue of performances.

You will often find that he grows indifferent to them; and as supplying motives to action, they cease to operate upon him with any energy and force. He would rather,

it appears at length, submit to the annoyance, than make the exertion necessary to remove it—continue in the unbefitting indulgence, rather than gird himself up to say, "This is my infirmity"—suffer indignity and want, rather than earnestly betake himself to the course that should put an end to them—and yield to the vice that is destroying him, rather than put himself to the extreme trouble of resisting it. But the thought of others will often alter all this, and send forth a breath of reviving air to the feeble flame that, without it, was dying in the embers.

"For the sake of others." When this idea has entered into a human soul, that soul is invested with a new power, an altered life. Things around seem to have changed their nature. The piece of self-denial, in itself so unalluring—the effort of action, in itself so irksome—come at last to have something actually joyous and welcome in them, when sanctified by the thought accompanying them that they are done, that they are borne, for others.

Watch that man; look at his glazed and leaden eye; look at his dispirited and downcast countenance—the knit brow, the lines on the anxious cheek, the drooping hands, the feeble and paralyzed frame. Why, one short hour after, do I see all this changed? Why do I see a light in the languid eye, a ray of manly hope on the contracted forehead, a right foot moved firmly forward, and the hands grasping in a determined hold the task of the day, the work that shall be done? It is because the thought of another has shot through his bosom.

The absent boy has thought of the mother that is at home, and for *her* sake, though not at the moment for his own,—in compassion for *her* tears, in answer to *her* prayers, (that, as St. Augustine so beautifully records concerning himself and his mother, "the child of so many tears and prayers may not be lost,") he seizes the clinging serpent of the temptation to sloth or to vice that was assailing him, strangles the power that, ungrappled with, would have destroyed him, and moves on, in the newly-discovered power of a young Hercules, to the glorious labours that await him.

The husband has bethought him of his wife, the father of his little ones, the brother of his brother. This man begins to think of some suffering fellow-creature, and turns out at length the Philanthropist; and that looks at the struggles of the free-inquirer and the oppressions of the lover of truth, and becomes the Confessor.

Each one, but an hour before, looking at the course of painful duty that lay outstretched before him, had whispered to his fainting heart, "There is a lion in the path;" but stood up, in fresh and strengthened courage, when his better soul replied, "For the sake of others."

If I go not now, that poor man, whom no one in the whole world, out of his own street, knows but I, will be waiting for me in cheerlessness and giving up hope.

If I do not this, that child that runs about the courts and streets, picking up, it is almost a compliment to say, the knowledge of good and evil, (for it is nearly exclu-

sively evil that he is learning,) will grow up a pest to our society, and a poison to the atmosphere of earth.

If I do not this, that great evil that is under the sun, by the destroying car of which men are perishing by thousands, will go on unchecked, and one hand less will be engaged in its removal.

If I do not, bear not, this, the battle of Truth will be prolonged, its martyrs multiplied, its victory deferred.

If I do not, bear not, this, some heart that beats with mine must be distressed, some lives that lean on mine be soiled or troubled.

And this thought, "For the sake of others," I say, not only causes that the effort shall be made, the trial borne, the sacrifice rendered; but the consciousness for whom and for what—for those we love on earth, for those we love in heaven, for brethren and family and friends, for Jesus and good men, for God and the whole world—the thing is to be done, changes it from a dull and laborious task into a holy and joyous duty; and the lights of affection, of piety, of the noble consciousness of a victory over oneself, and a prospect of some good to be done to man and to the world, gather around and sanctify and bless it.

The general, who leaps from his horse to march at the head of his dispirited troops, and share with them in all the fatigues and deprivations of the road, while he warms his own blood, puts fresh life into the bosoms of his men. And Alexander the Great, when he poured out upon the ground before his thirsting army the goblet of precious water that was brought for his own re-

freshment, struck, as it were, water from the rock of those disastrous circumstances, and visited every fainting soul with the dew of a fresh courage.

Yes; and, thank God! this spirit of heroism has not died out of the world yet. As God, who spake in the olden time, has not ceased to speak yet, so speaks still the human heart that once said, "For your sakes."

I have been told that some years since, on occasion of a rapid and destructive fire in London, one at least of the firemen perished in his gallant efforts to check the flames. The Prince of Wales, who at that time, with a young nobleman belonging to a family distinguished for its goodness as well as its rank, was often out with the fire-brigade, and was out with it then, made inquiries about the widow and children, with a view to a provision for the one and the education of the others, and he asked what the boys would like to be brought up to. The answer of the lads, with their father's scorched corpse before them, was, "Firemen."

But I need not go so far back. This very April [1877] the heart of all Britain thrilled for the heroes that toiled night and day in the Ty-newydd mine at Pont-y-pridd, to rescue their brothers from the jaws of a hideous death.

Oh! could I but unwrap to you too, in far more common life than all of these, the disguises under which many a man that walks along our streets unnoticed, holds within his bosom the spirit of a hero, how well should I be able to persuade you of the fertile power of the thought, "For the sake of others"! With what conscious joy he goes on practising the little or the great

efforts and self-denials, of which the world around him is all unconscious, (and which would appear trifling and unimportant to that world, perhaps, if it were conscious of them,) but which spread within the man's own heart a sense of happiness sweeter than he never knew before! So that at length you can penetrate into the beautiful mystery, the strange meaning of his smile, as he looks into the countenances of those for whom, in his own family or the families of others, he is bearing or doing or suffering, and his heart whispers to him one of the great interpreting motives of his life, in the words, "For your sakes."

Yes; we have all around us, and always around us, those who will take courage from our example if we do right, and sorrow and perhaps ruin from our example if we fall. We have all around us, and always around us, those who in some way or other either cannot or will not help themselves, and from whose very souls comes up the appealing cry, "For our sakes."

Our private life, our public life, our neglected populations, our sick, our insane, our crippled, our ignorant, our wicked, our fallen and our falling ones, the children in our streets, the children in our schools,—all unite in a cry that will reach the ears of Heaven if it reach not the heart of man, "For our sakes."

V.

THE LIFE WITHIN AND THE LIFE WITHOUT.

DANIEL v. 10:

"Let not thy thoughts trouble thee, nor let thy countenance be changed."

WE walk up and down this earth, we erect dwellings, feed ourselves, clothe ourselves, expend stores for the day and lay up stores for the morrow, and yet we do not *live* in these things. Our life is not in any or in all of them.

We lay the hand of labour on the dark soil; we carry its produce from the field and garner it. Our brows throw out the heavy drops of sweat as we toil at the anvil or the forge. We follow with nice hand the running shuttle, and apply the exact eye to the fabric when completed. We drag and build and sell and buy; and all these things are material, and yet our life is not material.

Every moment that we consciously exist, we are calling into exercise some sense. We are moving, seeing, tasting, touching or hearing; and yet our life is not a thing of limb or motion, of sound or taste or sight. It

is, in spite of all these surroundings, to all of us a spiritual thing, and we cannot make it other. For our life is in our thoughts; and whatever may be outside us, we do not *live* except by what is within us.

Overcome with weariness, you shall fall asleep at the seat of your daily toil. The tools and instruments of your calling are all about you; the materials of your fabric, half-executed orders and articles, finished or unfinished, are piled up close around you. Or if the seat of your toil shall be a table or a desk, your plans and schemes, your speculations and reasonings, your persuasive arguments and your moral forces, your books, your opened letters, or your unfinished manuscripts, pictures, work, are all around you as before. But *you* are not there. Your outward life is the same, but *you* are not the same. In fact, you are not *you* at all. The senses convey no more impressions; the intellect is not acting; you might be anywhere or nowhere—it would be the same as far as your consciousness is concerned. For the clock of your thoughts has stopped. You are alive, but you are not living, because you can only live in your thoughts, and now you have none.

You shall arrive a few hours after dark in a gorgeous scene of Nature. The Alp shall rear itself above you; the torrent shall dash by your feet; the air shall be clear and cool around you, and the breathing machine of the body shall preserve its ordinary functions; but none of these things exist to *you;* you are lying in the midst of them, but not living among them; for our life is in our thoughts, and your thoughts are drugged in sleep.

Thus also in our waking world. Things may be around us that are fair and lovely, and yet they may impart to us no consciousness of beauty; things may be around us that are harsh and painful in their own nature, and yet touch us with no sense of pain; and things may be around us that are in themselves desirable and good, and yet give us no happiness or delight. For the outward thing is nothing in itself, except in so far as it becomes an inward thing. There is no joy or pain, no feeling in the things themselves; the joy or the pain is in us.

Notwithstanding all our environment, then, notwithstanding all our panting and struggling for the things that can be seen and felt, our life is, after all, in our thoughts; and even our sorrows and happinesses, even our wealth and want, even our health and sickness, are all, wholly or in great part, of the heart within.

It was well said to the perplexed and frightened king, "Let not thy thoughts trouble thee." For though there was an outward writing on the wall, it was not *that* that troubled him; it was the inward writing in his heart that was the scroll of fear and caused his countenance to be changed.

In a drunken revel he sent for the sacred vessels, and would have them touched by every profane and sensual lip around him. The sacrilege gave piquancy to the feast. These cups had been used in the worship of the High God, and mortal hand was not to touch them for any earthly purpose. The frantic monarch, then, snatched a fearful joy; and when the joy vanished, the fear remained. The writing on the wall was not compre-

hended by him. To the good man, therefore, there was no reason why it should not be a token of joy, a harbinger of peace. Why was it not to the monarch? Why were the joints of his loins loosed, and why smote his knees one against another? Not because the hand wrote upon the wall, but because another hand had written something also in his heart; because he could alone live the life of his thoughts, and his thoughts troubled him.

And so with us. There is doubtless an outward life to all of us not without its influence upon us, a handwriting on the wall of our material chamber not without its awakening, its alarming or its cheering interpretation and effect. I am not here to say with the stoic, "The thing that is outside us matters not; I am king, whatever happens." I am not here to say that penury and competence, disease and health, weariness and rest, captivity and liberty, are the same thing; but more with the apostle, "If thou mayst be free (and so with other advantages), choose it rather."

For I think it one of the worst of the hypocrisies men practise, to make it a rule to say on a given day and in a given place, "Earth is nothing; this life is worthless; gold is dross; pleasure and ease and comfort and competence are not entitled to a moment's thought, or worthy of even a passing wish;" and then all the rest of our time to seek after every one of these things with a diligence as great and a perseverance as anxious as if they were the very kingdom of heaven.

These things *are* realities, as much as this earth and

this world, this body and this sense, are realities, and universal human nature has proclaimed them so from the beginning of time; and in spite of the denunciation of preacher and prophet, men go away and seek after these very things until they find them. They prefer health to sickness; they prefer abundance to want; they prefer honour to dishonour; and the outward lot of course, whether as cause or as effect, or partly both, has an influence, and a great influence, on the character of the inward life.

In the truth which I am now endeavouring to bring home, then, I do not mean to deny or question these facts of our nature and of Providence. What I mean to say is, that there are sources of joy and peace quite apart from and independent of these sources of discomfort, not arising from their absence—sources of delight not arising from their presence; that there is not only a modifying and mingling, but a transmuting power within us, that can so differentiate and infuse itself into the waters of life, that the bitterness in them shall be less and less present to the taste—ay, alas! or the sweetness in them either. And hence actually (more than from without) comes the life we lead.

All our mental and all our moral and all our spiritual and religious culture are directed to the creation and the strengthening of this power. This day, this hour, this institution of worship and of the higher growth, are devoted to procure the victory of this power, and the erection of its shining throne within our hearts.

We are not here now to promote the external blessings

and ornaments of life; we are not here to promote what are called the arts of life. We acknowledge the reality and influence of these things. But we already give much time to them. We have perhaps been busy about them the week through. Many who are not among us are busy about them now; and some perhaps who are among us are busy with them still in their secret thoughts.

We are not, however, come together for this. We are come, not indeed to supplant or suppress, but to supplement them; to hallow, uplift, enrich our every-day life by a breath from the higher world of the higher and purer thought.

For, I say, our life is in our thoughts, and our life is as our thoughts. And be we where we may, or be we, externally, what we may, every man has the power within him to build as he likes, and furnish as he likes, a palace for his soul to dwell in, and that crystal dwelling is his home, and there he lives.

We never know how much that is in outward contact with a man is in inward contact with him; we never know how much actually reaches the seat of his feelings and his soul. We do not know how much or how little the wealth and splendour which decorate one man really move him, or the absence of these things in another affect him with any, even the slightest, pain. We all of us probably know persons surrounded by every external means of happiness who are not happy. One day they encounter some one else who has something which they have not, or, if they have it, have it

better or finer than they. Another day they have been crossed in some self-glorifying purpose. On other days they suffer from some slight, or their hearts have been laden with some ill-will. Are they happy in the midst of what are generally believed to be, and sometimes are, and always ought to be, happiness-producing advantages? They are not, because they, as all of us must do, live in their thoughts, and their thoughts are their misery.

But a man once came and stayed with me in Yorkshire who came from a quiet home and garden in America, from a very simple outward life. He was surrounded with nothing. He was altogether in very little compass. He had nothing, to all appearance, but himself, and what he almost carried in his hands. And yet his countenance was serene, affectionate and noble. It was Emerson.

There was not much about him, I say. He seemed, as it were, to work his passage. But within his bosom was the wealth of a great humanity, lifting him up to the stature of noble spiritual independence; high thoughts filled his soul, and sometimes burst out in words. He was living with the best thoughts of the best men of all ages, and with the kindest thoughts of the kindest men to the men that were around him—seeking to enrich himself with the wisdom of the wise, to refine himself with the purity of the pure, and bless himself and others with the benevolence of the good. He lived in his thoughts.

And so do we all; and, what is more, wherever God may place our bodies, or whatever be our outward lot,

(not always within our own power of choosing,) we can choose our inner lot, we can choose what kind of life we will live in our thoughts.

You know, my friends, these are not mere words; you know and feel a power within you telling you they are true. You know we can choose whether we will spend our hearts on little silly cares that weaken and degrade us, or fill them with the cares of a loftier cheer that strengthen us and raise us. You know we can choose whether we will fill our breasts with little flashes of anger, with hot coals of jealousy, with mean feelings of ill-will and paltry triumph, or whether we will walk the common road of life with a ray of sunlight round our brow, cherishing the kind and generous thought towards our companions in it, and enjoying the radiant presence of that greatest heart's-ease, good-will to others. We can choose whether we will spend each day some minutes or some hours in the great society of the thinkers, or tread the beaten level of our daily life without a thought to lift us. We can choose whether we will have no better life and faith than the animals that crawl or the devils that tremble, or whether we will uplift the silent thought to God, the Infinite and the All-pure, think of his majesty in the distant star, his brightness in the face of Christ, his goodness in the green earth around, and call him "Abba, Father!"

You know that we feel a sudden growth of nature when we have resolutely expelled some unworthy feeling, some poor care, some doubt, some fear, some thought of unrighteousness, from our bosom, and introduced the

lifting and gladdening power of some right and benevolent ambition, some dignified and worthy study, some purpose of kindness or thought of love.

Especially those who have their habits yet to form should remember that man's life is in his thoughts; that these thoughts are the things, and these alone, which make us mean or noble, happy or miserable, kind or malignant, impious or devout; and if they do not take possession of their thoughts, their thoughts will one day take possession of them.

Let us, then, watch carefully over the temple of our own souls. Let us beware what things gain admission there. If, in its emptiness, demons have got an entrance, let us cast them out, and let the place be filled with the schekinah of a Divine Presence.

How many an unworthy thought, how many little murky clouds of misunderstanding and ill-will, how many paltry crossings and obstructions of design, how many small anxieties or impure troublings, the good man avoids—nay, how many weights of real trouble and affliction does he make lighter—by merely walking each day up to the Mount of God, and breathing there, if only for a few minutes, the transfiguring air of that pure height!

May that journey to the Mount be daily ours, and it will be ours if we are wise!

No handwriting on the wall will then distress us, for we shall have no conscious and unworthy fear. No impious grasping at the vessels of gold and silver for bad and selfish objects, sacred to a higher consecration, will

then be ours, or cause the joints of our loins to be loosed; and our outward blessings shall not be all blurred and spoiled by the trouble of the inner thought. Serene and self-possessed, envious of none, of none afraid, we shall walk the path of life as the outward necessities of the road compel us; but knowing all that time that there is a life beyond that life, a walk beside that walk, an empire in our thoughts, where we may reign triumphant; and that to every one of his followers struggling with the burdens of this earthly life, the Lord Jesus Christ hath said with encouraging assurance, "Fear not; for if ye fight the good fight of faith, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Amen.

VI.

"NO MORE STRANGERS AND FOREIGNERS."

EPHESIANS ii. 19:

"Now, therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God."

THERE is a natural craving in men's minds, even when called unsocial and misanthropical, to be united by bonds and ties of a common interest and sympathy to their fellow-creatures. We all like to belong to some place, some nation, some community, some family. Even if there be a charm at certain periods of life in freedom and a species of vagrancy, the desire in most minds at length arises—and it is seldom a happy thing for the individual if it does not arise—to draw closer around us the ties of friendship, of kindred, of home, of city, of country. We desire to have and to know our place, and for our place to know us. We are wearied of belonging to nobody and to nowhere. We wish to know and to be known, to serve and to be served, to love and to be loved. We desire to have duties and obligations and regards. We wish for others to be bound by such to us, and for ourselves to be bound by such to them.

The foreigner moves from country to country, a spectator, but not a participator, of the affairs of their inhabitants. He looks at them all with a curious interest, rather than with a tender or anxious care. He gazes on their attire, he marks their motions, he observes their daily life, he witnesses their meetings and partings, their feuds and reconciliations, their arts and inventions; but he pulls not a single string himself, he affects not a single movement. He has less to do with the whole scene than the least of themselves. The sun arises, but it calls him to no duties and reveals to him no responsibilities. Nothing depends upon him. With the evil and the good, with the peace and the tumult, the wealth and the want, the laws or the disorders he witnesses around him, he has no power of interference, no personal concern, perhaps scarcely a personal understanding of them, and he passes on to another exhibition and another land, to experience the same feelings of interest, of amusement or of sorrow, and to find out his own nothingness and unrelation to the whole. So even if he at length pitch his tent and sink his well on one of those strange lands himself, if he be a foreigner he has no sense of home or country still. Though among the people, he is not of them. His principles and his prejudices are not theirs. He witnesses good, and has little power to promote it—evil, and has little power to check it. If he attempt it, in the majority of cases he only shows his own inadequate knowledge of the conditions and his own incompetence for the task.

But with the citizen all is different. He has planted

his foot upon the soil with a tenacity of pressure, and feels his whole frame drawn and bound to it with a force of gravitation, that the other knows not of. His interests are bound up with its interests, his happiness with its well-being. It is the land of himself, his fathers and his children, and he rejoices in its prosperity and mourns for its calamities, in some measure, as he would do for his own. He is anxious that its laws shall rest upon a good foundation, and desires to give strength to its institutions and authority to its State. He will undergo labour and reproach and loss to strengthen what is feeble in them, redress what is wrong, promote whatever is sound and true. He is part of a whole. He feels a personal responsibility in each one of his public acts. Every day he awakes to duties, and will ponder on the common weal before he will exercise any privilege of public influence which his country grants to him. The sounds of its language are dear to him. He tolerates its very faults. He loves its green fields, or its flat plains, or its lofty mountains, or whatever be its characteristic, though opposing, features. His heart beats high when he hears the stranger speak well of it. He loves and prizes its peace; but if there must be war or conflict, he cannot help rejoicing when the victory has fallen to the lot of his own country. If new lands are to be colonized, he hails with pleasure the settlement of his own race and stock upon the distant shore. He is glad that its merchantmen should ride the seas, and its merchants be honoured. When men of foreign climes study and admire his native literature, he feels as if a compliment

were paid to himself, and is bound to them by a new tie of sympathy.

These are the feeliugs—and how contrasted are they!—that occupy respectively the bosoms of the foreigner and the citizen; and notwithstanding many narrownesses and prejudices, it may be, who does not feel how immeasurably preferable are the glowing pride and earnestness and exertion and affection of the one, to the carelessness and indifference, the lack of duty, the lack of love and the lack of service, appertaining to the other?

But, happily for us, there has grown up with the centuries another citizenship, which overrides and, as it were, comprehends all these diversities.

Not that the great basis and attribute of our humanity—a love of and perhaps pride in the place and country of our birth—is destroyed or even distributed, but that we recognize with sympathy and respect the existence of the same feeling in others; enlarge, as it were, the boundaries of our own country, so as to embrace theirs; enter into, besides our own beloved and immediate one, a larger citizenship, of which other peoples form a part; make with each other a virtual alliance, which, without weakening or deserting any one member of it, strengthens and embraces all.

What I mean is exemplified in a national form by the earnest and sometimes hot and impetuous manner in which we step out of the protected and privileged sanctuary of our own city walls, to vindicate on the great plain of the world the rights of other and perhaps distant peoples,—the way in which our voice rises to

say, "In our own State the laws of justice and humanity are honoured, and the happiness and righteousness of our people at least sought after and attempted; and we are determined to make our own happy citizenship the lever by which to lift all other races to something at least of the same condition, and so to fly west and liberate the slave, and east to lift up the down-trodden and oppressed."

And what I mean is exemplified in a personal form by the life and labours of such a man as the American Ticknor. At a comparatively early period of life, he exiles himself from his country and devotes four years to the study of European literatures, European politics and European morals, longing throughout to be back again in his own country and among his own kindred and friends; and again comes to Europe at sixty-five years of age, a voluntary servant of his native town, self-commissioned to gather together the first really great library of the United States, staying behind in Europe to complete his self-imposed task, though in an agony of anxiety for a sick daughter at home, and separated from a wife who had left him to attend upon her.

This is what I call a form of thorough citizen-like patriotism, enlarged into that wider citizenship which is spoken of in our text, which is a main characteristic of Christianity, and which embraces and comprehends into one world-wide citizenship all the minor citizenships of humanity. And this is the great city of God into which Christ has invited our whole race, and into

which St. Paul, in harmony with the spirit of his Master, told these Ephesians of our text they were now admitted.

These Ionians of Ephesus had been originally a colony from Greece, then joined a confederacy of neighbouring states for mutual protection, then fell under the sway of Crœsus, then were restored to liberty by their mother-country, then joined Xerxes against that country, then were released from the Persian yoke by Alexander, were then subjugated by Sylla and remained tributary to Rome. They might well be called foreigners and strangers, and be described as without a city or a country of their own. And rejoiced many of them no doubt were to be admitted as citizens into a wide and already rapidly-spreading spiritual communion—a grand naturalization for them, nay, for any one of us now—to be introduced into that enduring company of wise and holy men, who in the midst of all earthly changes were to continue a strengthening and conquering power; the men of the past who have honoured the truth and laboured for us; the men of the past who have handed down rich legacies of freedom and virtue; the men of the present who hold fast the moorings of society, who love and obey whatsoever things are just, holy, true and of good report. Yes; it is a grand naturalization for any one of us to be a fellow-citizen with these honoured citizens of Christ's everlasting and unconquerable kingdom, and heirs with them of the promises.

Let me, when I see, even in far less high and holy forms of this communion, the Roman Catholic rejoicing, under whatever skies or whatever government he may

be, to belong to his wide-spreading Church,—when I see similar joy in the English Episcopalian or Methodist,—I say, let me not be a wanderer or stranger on this earth of faith, but let me too have a place within those strong walls which surround the city of God, and protect it from the ravages of every foe to my spiritual peace. Let me no longer be a stranger and a wanderer among unknown gods and unknown powers, and guideless passions and unfixed principles, thinking all faiths and perhaps all practices alike. But let me enter a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. Let me feel my citizenship in the Gospel to be a very precious thing, offering me strength and guidance and support and comfort, telling me clearly of my duties, reminding me joyfully of my privileges, that I may feel myself, wherever I am, a fellow-citizen with that great multitude of strong and mighty ones who have from first to last upheld the unity of virtue, have worshipped in spirit and purity, and have succumbed to no base thing.

But there is a relation nearer even than this, to which the apostle said were now admitted these homeless Ionians, and on which I must say a few words. They were no more strangers; they were of a *household*, the household of faith.

For here, again, how great is the difference between the stranger and the member of a household!

The stranger comes to our door and is greeted with distant and uncertain looks. The hand of welcome is kept back and the kindly cares of hospitality withheld

until we know whence he is and wherefore he is come. And even when that stranger has become a guest, though a place is provided for him at our board and kindness is alive to anticipate his every want, yet we are not dependent on him nor he on us. All our inner and nearer affections are complete perhaps without him, and his too find their centre far away from us. He comes to us and takes not his own place, but we make place for him. He rises with the morning, and no duties await performance at his hand, no offices divide for him the allotted hours of the day. He goes away from us, and though perhaps we miss and mourn him for a time, yet the circle of our home is complete without him. He belongs not to us; he belongs to others who claim him back again, among whom it may be he has a place, a duty, an honour and an affection, that show him to be theirs, not ours.

Thus comes and stays and passes away the stranger-guest—the object of our care, our interest and regard—but not fixed in the very centre of our homes, nor loved as the apple of our eye. He is an accident, not a necessity; a breeze of the summer, not the all-pervading atmosphere of the continuing year.

But mark how different it is with even the humblest of our own household. Mark the fearless step and voice of the very child, who looks as if he had as much right to his place and his surroundings there as an emperor to his throne. There are no symptoms of departure or entreaties to stay with him, no hesitations of courtesies and kindnesses. He has his place in that household;

he has his privileges, his possessions, his duties, secured for him as by an unquestionable law; and he is going to stay there as long as you are; he is going to stay there for ever. Even the domestic moves about with an assured and confident step, going direct, without hesitancy or questioning, towards an habitual, understood and well-defined object, which hour by hour brings round, and day by day repeats.

Thus is it throughout. All are parts and have parts to perform in the machine, and the animating spirit of all is the consciousness of this fact, the knowledge that they are *at home*. One great design pervades the whole; the central consciousness of responsibility breathes around all the same atmosphere. Many an incident that occupies the thoughts of the household is concealed from the stranger-guest; many an exertion is made and many an office fulfilled in which he is invited to take no part, and joys and sorrows in their turn arise with which he cannot intermeddle; a sacred sense of duty and a love that beareth all things make of all the household, more or less, people of one heart and soul; and the changed circumstances of calamity, the weary watches of sickness, the solemn shadow of death, alike with the increase of honours and prosperity, the return of health and the joy of new life, convince them, in lesser or greater degrees, that there is a profound feeling of sympathy and mutual understanding in every home of man, which reveals to all who belong to it that they are indeed of one household.

So it is, my brethren, with him that is a guest merely

or a stranger in the world of God, and him that is of his household. The first may be the object of his Maker's welcome and the subject of his favour. The warm sun may shine and the kindly rain may descend upon him. He may see the stars spread out as a canopy over his head, and the flowers may rise up from the green earth beneath his feet. Yea, a seat shall be daily placed for him at the Creator's all-bounteous table, and his cup shall be made to run over. And yet he shall perhaps be a stranger, in the midst of all, to the infinite wisdom, to the benign goodness, to the merciful ends, by and for which all these things are ordained. He shall not recognize the Omniscient Hand that daily guideth the affairs of this great household. He shall not understand the sweet and solemn voices with which all these things should come laden to his soul. He shall be as one that cometh into the world, gazeth round upon it, enjoyeth it for some brief while, and then, girding his loins, passeth out of it as though he belonged not to it. Whereas the man who is of the household of God, who hath daily communion with him, who heareth his voice in all events, and saith continually, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," who loveth all that God loves, who searcheth out his ways and ascertaineth his will to do it, who worketh ever with God for his people, for good,—he is one in that great home and household where all kindreds and nations and tongues and peoples are gathered together, the home and the household of God.

O let me never be the stranger, let me not even be the transient guest that sitteth down at the table which

that Almighty bounty hath prepared for me, and then riseth and goeth away; but let me be of the very household of my Maker, with my own daily duty in it, with my own allotted place in it, with my heart of reverent love, understanding all his ways of mercy and open to all his commands of wisdom!

Yes, my friends, to be denizens of the city of God, to be fellow-citizens in it of the good and just, the saints of God, to be consciously admitted into the family, to be of the household of God—to have, in fact, what all this means, a Christian heart in a Christian home, a Christian home in a Christian church and land—this is the choicest, noblest privilege that God in his mercy hath bestowed on man.

VII.

THE BOOK OF PSALMS.

PSALM cxxxvii. 3:

"Sing us one of the songs of Zion."

WHAT is called "The Book of Psalms" is regarded in the light of modern criticism as a collection of poems by different authors, and by the prevalent tendency of ignorant, it may be, but popular preference, as the work of one wonderful heart.

I say, the latter is the prevalent tendency. The Rabbis and the ancient Fathers believed this, and the simplest signs I can give of the continued popular prevalence of this belief are just these four:

If you go into a well-trained Sunday-school belonging to church or chapel of the popular order in this country, and ask the children of the highest class who wrote the Book of Psalms, they will probably at once answer, King David.

In the Church of England, the new version of Tate and Brady, as (I believe) the one it has superseded by Sternhold and Hopkins, is headed, "The Psalms of David."

If you look to the version of the Psalms published by the authority of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, you will observe the title to be, "The Psalms of David."

If you examine Dr. Watts' version of the Book of Psalms, until the beginning and middle of this century almost exclusively used among Dissenters, you will find it headed, "The Psalms of David."

But what are the historical facts of the case?

From an early period of Jewish history, there was a class of public men and scholars in the nation called Prophets, and so called not only from being persons who, according to the exact meaning of the word, "spoke out" their thoughts, but who uttered them with a certain skill and arrangement, dignity and elegance and measured cadence, singing them to the harp or the lyre. In our own country the bards of the Britons were something of an analogous order.

These scholars, orators, musicians and poets, gathered themselves into bodies which were called "Colleges" or "Schools" of the Prophets.

Over one of these Samuel presided, and in his desire that the young king Saul, whom he was obliged to anoint, should add this higher qualification to his royalty, he obliges him to join a school of the prophets. And how, indeed, the spirit of music penetrated the soul of that unhappy young man, all will remember from the touching narrative of his after days, that "an evil spirit from God troubled him;" and how that the sufferer said, "Provide me now a man that can play well, and bring

him to me;" and how that, when the evil spirit was on Saul, David took a harp and played with his hand; and so Saul was refreshed and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him.

And again, in the still later days when the monarch and the young musician were foes, and when Saul sends messengers to Ramah, where, in the buildings in which Samuel had collected his scholars and was teaching them, David had taken refuge, these messengers, when they heard the company of prophets singing their sacred hymns, were themselves seized with an extraordinary influence, and joined in the holy harmony.

Again and again, sent by the angry and determined monarch, they go; but again and again, subdued by the holy and peaceful thoughts and the breathing melody of the sacred college, they desist from their wicked purpose, till Saul in his anger goes himself, and with a like result, for the touching and glorious harmony again drives the evil spirit out of him, and he himself joins in the chorus of the song of praise.

In all nations the early civilization and instruction appear to have been by verse and music.

Among the wandering tribes of Greece, fixed habitations and an improved mode of life arose at the touch of poetry; and thus Orpheus was said by his music to have drawn the stones into orderly building, and, as Horace says of him, "Sacred expounder of the will of the gods, he drew rude men off from slaughter and a savage life," and gave laws to society.

On the Hebrew nation, untaught and uncultivated,

only a few generations even removed from the condition of slaves, this influence was early brought to bear, and Samuel, if he did not found, at least perpetuated those schools of the prophets, in which were taught to the chosen youth that were to be the future ministers and teachers and prophets of the nation, the arts of life, the knowledge of divine things, and the utterance of the praises of Almighty God.

Now out of the vast mass of materials which would thus in the course of generations accrue among a people so taught and so practised, (Solomon alone being said, among the wonders of his fertile genius, to have written 1005, or, as others read it, 5000 songs,) there have come down to us (and these of mixed and unequal merit and of various date and authorship) only 150 little hymns—a small volume indeed, not half the size of many a hymn-book which separate congregations now often appropriate to their own use, and yet so exquisite, so beautiful, so rich, that this little garland, this small string of pearls, the title of which (Sepher Tehillim) some have translated "the Book of Irradiations," has been for more than 2000 years of the past, and will, I believe, be for thousands of years to come, the friend, the solace, the echo of humanity, in all its possible diversities of experience, from that of the French princes who rode to the chase, singing, "As the hart panteth after the water-brook, so thirsteth my soul after thee, O God," to "the mourner in Zion" who sings, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me?"

"May not indeed," as Professor Jowett has well asked, "almost the whole book be described as a sort of rapture of the love of good and hatred of evil, accompanied by an intense consciousness that, amid all appearances to the contrary, God is ever on the side of right?"

In the light of this blaze of glory from the little cabinet of gems, snatched and preserved from the large bulk that must have been produced in such a nation so circumstanced, the question of the individual authorship sinks, in my mind, into insignificance.

It is no cause of wonder that one-half of this small remaining number should be attributed to David; for David, it must be remembered, was not only a poet and a musician and a great patron and encourager of the service of song, but was a king; and the flattery of nations is apt to multiply rather than to diminish the claims of royalty, and to heap up rather than to pull down its titles to honour, whether as men after God's own heart or as fine poets and sweet psalmists of Israel; and it is rather a relief to my mind than otherwise to be able to dispense with the personality of David too exclusively obtruding itself on my thoughts when I dwell on this holy treasury, and to find that evidence bears me out in the belief that we have in the Book of Psalms the experience, not only of one, but of several personalities, and that in that little collection we have preserved to us the devout thoughts of many a holy man handed down to us through the ages.

And, indeed, with what wonderful variety of adaptation, almost confirming in itself the supposition of

variety of authorship, do these sacred utterances fit themselves to nations in their crises and to individuals in their experiences! Who can call to mind the struggle of the seventeenth century of our own country, for example, without remembering at the same time the courage and faith breathed into the souls of the Puritans, while they battled for a purer morality and a wider freedom, by many a verse and many a Psalm in this wonderful collection? "O God, who hast cast us off and scattered us, and art displeased against us, O turn thyself to us again. Deliver us out of the hand of the wicked, out of the hand of unrighteous and cruel men. Let them melt away as waters that run continually, so that a man shall say, Verily there is a reward for the righteous, there is a God that judgeth in the earth."

And as I trust we at least are not of the number of those who in great civic strifes judge that all is unmixedly right and wise upon the one side, and unmixedly wrong and foolish upon the other, let us also rejoice even to find how those who bewailed the devastations of our cathedrals by Cromwell's troopers, and their fanatical hatred of prayers and services endeared by their solemn march and holy spirit to large portions of our nation, found their consolation and support too in this same little roll of sacred song; and let us feel with what directness of application and suitability of comfort and special emotion the outcast member of the overthrown Church, as he held the forbidden Prayer-book in his hand, and chanted in low strains in the upper chamber of some retired mansion in the country the Psalms of the day,

would come upon the words, which in the Service of the fourteenth evening of the month are still said or sung from the 74th Psalm: "O God, wherefore are thou absent from us so long? Think upon thy congregation, and the Mount Zion wherein thou hast dwelt. For thine adversaries roar in the midst of them, and set up their banners for tokens. He that hewed timber afore out of the thick trees was known to bring it to an excellent work. But now they break down all the carved work thereof with axes and hammers. Yea, they have said in their hearts, Let us make havoc of them altogether. Thus have they burnt up all the houses of God in the land."

But it is not only for nations, or for great parties in nations, that is thus provided the voice of sympathy and support for that portion of truth and holiness which they have in their hearts, and for the preservation of which they struggle. God speaks also, through this same marvellously varied and adaptative agency, to the souls of the world's great leaders of progress and of truth; and many and many a one of those whom we call the strong men of humanity have found the source of their strength in the words of this little roll.

Thus Savonarola, the Luther of Italy, the impassioned preacher, with his crowds about him, the friend and yet the rebuker of Lorenzo de Medici, the bold prophet of reformation in the doctrine and the manners of the Papacy and the Church—the persecuted, the excommu-

nicated, the strangled, and the burnt Savonarola also found a Psalm made for him, a Psalm of petitioning weakness and yet of triumphant hope, and, if I remember right, it was the 35th: "Plead my cause, O Lord, with them that strive against me. Take hold of shield and buckler, and stand up for my help. For they have digged a pit for my soul and hid their net in it. False witnesses did rise up; they laid to my charge things I knew not. In my adversity they rejoiced, and with hypocritical mockers in feasts they gnashed upon me with their teeth. Let them not say in their hearts, Ah! so would we have it; let them not say, We have swallowed him up. Stir thyself up and awake to my judgment, even unto my cause, my God and my Lord. Let them that favour my righteous cause shout for joy and be glad, and say continually, Let the Lord be magnified."

Luther carried on to victory the cause in which Savonarola perished. His course, though marked by danger and sorrow, was yet triumphant, and he lived to see the fruit of the travail of his soul. He had his favourite Psalm; it was the 118th: "O give thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endureth for ever. I called upon the Lord in my distress, and he answered me, and set me in a large place. He is on my side, and I fear not what man can do unto me. All nations compass me about, but in the name of the Lord will I destroy them. The stone which the builders refused is become the headstone of the corner. It is the day the Lord hath made; we will be glad and rejoice in it." And so on through-

out, in a strain of extraordinary adaptation to his fortunes. It might have been written for him. It *was* written for him.

But, again, it is not only for great men labouring in great causes that God provides his consolations and supports. To each humblest subject of his parental discipline on earth the Father of our spirits speaks directly in these Psalms.

I once knew of a man, firm in his sense of right and stalwart in his integrity, but grieved in his inner heart at every violation of public liberty and every base infliction of personal wrong. He lived in the frightened and the frightening days of Liverpool and Castlereagh; and as he could go where he listed, he fled from their dominion and sought civil and religious liberty in America. But he found an unreasoning and oppressive sovereign there, he thought, the Sovereign People. He came home and went to France, thinking that she had profited by her ordeal (alas! how many has she had to profit by since!), and was freer from insular prejudices and narrownesses than his own land; but found that in the interval of his absences that that old land of his own, though slower, was perhaps surer in her progress; and obtaining no satisfaction for the yearning of his soul on earth, he laid his weary body down at last in the cemetery of Père la Chaise. He had his favourite Psalm; it was the 37th: "Fret not thyself because of evil-doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity, for

they shall soon be cut down like the grass and wither as the green herb. Trust in the Lord and do good, for the steps of the good man are ordered by the Lord; though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down. I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay-tree. Yet he passed away and he was not. But mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Such words were the constant echo and solace to his troubled heart. The Psalm might have been written for him. It *was* written for him.

Finally, I knew one who had suffered much from bodily sickness, from mental anxieties and toils, and from his full share of worldly losses. But hope buoyed him up, and religious faith sustained him. He rarely doubted and never despaired. He trusted to be spared to see his work done, his sicknesses healed, his tears dried, his children rising up to call him blessed, and he trusted not in vain. Through all those years when the sky was oftener dark upon his path than bright, he had a favourite Psalm, which more than any other comforted and sustained him; it was the 34th, and it ran: "I sought the Lord and he heard me, and delivered me out of all my fears. This poor man cried, and the Lord heard, and saved him out of all his troubles. Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all. The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servant, and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate. I will bless the Lord at all times, and my soul

shall make her boast of him." The Psalm, he thought, might have been written for him. It *was* written for him.

Thus are these Psalms, age after age and century after century, in all the varied circumstances of nations and of individuals, spiritual echoes of the feelings, spiritual bread to the hunger of our hearts, from the man who in his perfect gladness sings, from the 103rd Psalm, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits," to the far less happy man who, because of some wrong-doing that presses upon his heart and conscience, cannot echo any strain of gladness or even of trust, but finds no relief in language to his burdened conscience so welcome as the touching wail of a sinning yet a sorrowing nature, in the 51st: "Have mercy upon me, O God, in whose sight I have done this evil. Wash me from mine iniquity; cleanse me from my sin. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy holy spirit from me. Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Thus make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice. Thy sacrifices, O my God, are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart thou wilt not despise."

And I am inclined to think that each man and woman here, that each one of us who has had some special experiences and known the passage of some solemn thoughts, has a Psalm of his own that God has already sent, or which he holds still in his holy keeping, ready for him when he comes to ask it.

Whether we are living under the broad heavens of God in sloth or activity, in selfishness or some thought for others, in sin or in the struggles of holiness, in bereavement or in company with those we love, in wealth or in want, in sickness or in health,—all the time and at every time of these experiences there has been some Psalm or verse of that little volume containing the exact statement of our case, and the exact spiritual prescription for our needs, that has had for its title, "I have a message of God unto thee."

VIII.

"HAVE PITY UPON ME."

A Sermon for a Hospital.

Job xix. 21:

"Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends; for the hand of God hath touched me."

There may be some here, the lamp of whose worldly lot, though it have varied in its degrees of brightness, has never flickered into the darkness of extinction. There may be some here whose heads have never bowed under that shame which in their presumption and self-assertion they called their misfortune, nor under that misfortune which in the undue depth of their self-reproach they would not consent to distinguish from their shame. There may be some here, unworn by listlessness or discontent, on the bliss of whose existence no murmurings from their own, no moroseness from others' spirits, have ever long together trespassed, on whom sin has laid no sad remorse, and injury no grieved remembrance. There may be some here who have not known of crushed affections or shivered household gods, of hearts grown cold or old-accustomed looks become strange and

unfamiliar, and who number still the friends and circle of their youth among the friends and circle of their age. There may be some here who have not had death for their inmate, or seen their loved one borne from the chamber they once called his, to the long home where they are now to lay him.

But there are none here to whom sickness is an unknown thing, who have not felt or seen the weakness that required the unwonted aid, or the suffering that asked the removal of its pain. There are none here who have not known of the pallid brow, of the prostrate form, of the "Would to God it were morning!" and the "Would to God it were night!" There are none here whose question has not been at some period of their lives, as the morn returned, of the night-watches o'er the sick, or whose hand has not some time caught with eagerness the letter that told of the absent invalid, and whose eye has not glanced instantaneously on the sure omen of a seal.

In whatsoever other respects our lots and our lives may have differed, we are all assuredly brethren in this. As sure as death to the individual is sickness to the circle. As sure as that the thread of life shall be broken of all of us, is it that the course of health shall be interrupted to some.

Though mankind have never conceded much credence to Bishop Berkeley's ingenious hypothesis that the material world around us really is but a collection of impressions made upon our own minds—that there are *no* world, *no* matter, *no* beings, further than the imagination

on the mind doth frame them—yet there is a sense in which this singular theory becomes a solid truth. There scarcely *is* a world, there scarcely *is* matter, there scarcely *are* beings, other than those the mind fashioneth for itself. God himself differs to us as our own conceptions differ in us. He is himself, no doubt, inconceivable, illimitable, the animating Power of a universe itself too vast and various for us to examine more than the fringe of it, the one great Certainty of all existence, because whatever else exists, *thought* certainly does and must. And yet even this God himself, is *to us* as we are to him. He is the Being of the unutterable Name to one, the subject of a full knowledge and an easy familiarity to another; an Abstraction if we are only metaphysicians, a Demon if we are savages or fools, an infinite and marvellous Power if we have reverence, and a Father if we have affections.

So is it with the world and things around us and with life. The earth, the bleakest of wildernesses to one, a sun-lit landscape to another. Life, a region scattered with green spots to some, is a desert without oases to others. Man, a creature of imperfection, yet marked to you or to me by many a sweet deed of kindness and starry act of virtue, is to the misanthropist a simple mixture of the animal and the fiend.

And so it is with a place and a scene on which we are especially to gaze this morning, the chamber of sickness.

In one chamber I look in and see a beam of light (subdued it may be, but holy) striking athwart the darkness, a ministering hand, a kindly voice, a patient spirit.

In another I see every ray of light and love carefully barricaded out; the voices those of blame and murmur, and service demanded peevishly and yielded sullenly. These things ought not so to be. It is the same fountain; it ought not to bring forth sweet water and bitter.

Disease and pain are evils. Call them by no other name than their own. Disease and pain are evils in the physical world, as sin and sorrow are in the spiritual. *I don't want any of them.* They are for the most part the result of ignorance and mistake and a wrong bias. They are diminishable and remediable, if not removable.

And those good and wise men who point out and explain the laws of Nature that we may obey them, and palliate and, as far as they can, remove the circumstances that lead to their violation—those good and wise men who point out and make engaging the way of right, and remove, as far as they can, temptation from the path of life—are equalled only by those other benefactors of their race who, when the evils are there in all their crushing power, strive to alleviate the suffering and to correct the guilt that spring from them, and lead their fellow-creatures back to something nearer the unviolated type of their original, and restore the integrity of their nature.

But here to-day we have to do with the evils that exist, with the inheritance of many generations, with sufferings that we might, but quite as likely might not, individually have been able to avoid. Here they are. What are we to do with them?

I look, I say, into the chamber of sickness and there

behold forms, that once were buoyant in their health, outstretched in helplessness, perhaps in pain. The hue has faded from the brow and the sunken eye is closed. There is a voice rising from all around upon the stillness, "Have pity on me, O ye my friends, have pity on me, for the hand of God hath touched me!"

Yes; the hand of God has touched him; but has it touched none but him? Has it, while touching his heart, left other hearts unmoved? Are there no other forms but his to be beheld within that room? Is there no hand to smooth his pillow, no silent step to curtain off the light or tender the reviving draught? Is there no anxious eye resting upon him, no low and whispering voice asking after him, no muffled tread of some usually boisterous boy as he passes his sick sister's or sick parent's door? Look within the hearts thus touched, and see if there be no spark of heavenly flame in them. See if there be not a tenderness of pity they had not known existed in themselves before, a spirit of self-sacrifice they could not have foretold, a diligence of attendance that they would have called beforehand an immurement and a death? And look how they all greet the arrival of the physician! How their eyes rest upon him and seem to say, "We lean upon you and trust you; we are yours; heal his sickness and bind up our hearts"!

And who that has observed, when the crisis is over and the danger passed, the cheering farewell visits come on, and watched the mild and grateful look of the sufferer, the glad faces of his friends, the quiet words of satisfaction and confidence that escape their lips, and

their united readiness to acknowledge the greatness and the benignity of that power to heal, even when possessed in all its human defectiveness and ignorance, who that has seen, as each day remitted more and more of its anguish, and the deadly hue passed off, and the smile came out to pay back the debt of gratitude, and the proffered hand merrily helped to the willing walk, and Nature had new charms to the sufferer, and, as Gray says in his "Ode to Vicissitude,"

> "The common sun, the air, the skies,
> To him are opening Paradise,"—

who that has seen all this, has not detected also the new and elevating and purifying and softening and interpreting sense of the words, "The hand of God had touched him;" yea, and asked, has it touched no other?

Yes, surely, God touches us when he touches others.

Has the blessing of health struck none more forcibly, and been felt by none more gratefully, after watching over the bed of another's sickness, and witnessing sufferings from which we ourselves were exempt? Has such experience passed over any soul, and not at least for some moments softened and refined it? The peevishness that would have been resented if exhibited by health, how quietly we bear it when the utterer is ill! The changeful wishes and the morbid fancies we might have rebuked or despised in the robust, how ready is our apology for them when they hover with their drooping wings over the tired nerves and brain of the invalid! We hear the appeal to have pity on him. For we know the hand of God hath touched him.

But if diseases are God's messengers, there must be a message in them to the sufferer. For though the sick to tend, and the blind to guide, and the sorrowing to console, be occupations that should amend and touch ourselves, yet these suffering ones cannot be victims to our good, or chastened for our profit only.

In the world's busy scenes there is often not an hour exempt from its many calls or at liberty for any serious thought. But when sickness lays its hand upon us, the heart will often be driven into itself—the inactivity of the present almost force us to think of the nature of the activity of the past, and what should be its nature in the time that may yet be spared us. There will be periods when the bed-side will be without its watcher, the chamber without its guest, when the tired eye shall turn from the printed page, and, though closed, not close itself in sleep. Human life and human conduct are apt to appear differently then from what they would do in the full sweep of their usual and uninterrupted course. And supposing even that there be no great weight upon the conscience, the physical change in our condition creates some corresponding change in our spiritual condition, alters our estimates of persons and our judgments of things, throws some different hues upon the earth, and makes us feel, as the sun sets beyond the horizon, there is something beyond that horizon to us as well as to him; and though that next stage, now rather nearer us perhaps than we had ever felt it before, may not be so greatly different from this as we had been sometimes told, and though we can scarcely believe that

any life that shall be the continuance to us of this can be entirely free from the tears and defects and struggles we had become so familiar with here, yet we may well feel that, after all we have gone through, it will scarcely be the same, and we may feel that our sickness has brought us more within sight of a stage of being in which low things shall not have quite so much hold of us, and high things shall be more perceived to be the high things they are, our tears shall be somewhat purer, our sorrows not so mean, and our pains and desires and struggles something richer and nobler.

There will, moreover, perhaps, among these our more solemn thoughts, mingle (if our dear friends and nurses and companions are gone away from our room for a time) a calling up of kindness and attention paid us, with a desire to repay it better, a desire to check the murmur and repress the rising discontent, more carefully; and when the hours bring back the cheerers of our solitude and the alleviators of our trial, the time of quiet thought over everything may cause us to greet them with more thankfulness and receive from them with more acknowledgment. It is good in such cases to have been alone, good for the sick ones, good for those who watch them.

But the sicknesses I have now been exclusively considering, manifold as the trials be attending them, are yet those which many a friend is ready to soothe, and which life's comforts gather round in full abundance to relieve, which prompt attention and considerate skill seek by all means conceivable to heal.

Is there no other kind of sickness? Is there any

sufferer to whom disease is but one of many miseries? Are there any whose throbbing temples would be sustained, but that the hand that would sustain them must go forth to labour? Are there any whose weakness would be nourished, but that the money that would nourish it must be exchanged for bread? Is there any chill that would demand some bedding for the sick, but that the means that would procure it must bring clothing for the strong? Is there any suffering that goes on from day to day increasing, yet hoping that Nature (the poor man's physician) will work a cure, but the cure of which never comes? Do such things exist? Have pity on them, O ye my friends, have pity on them, for the hand of God hath touched them!

There is no one here who feels more strongly than I do how imperative is the duty, how desirable the inculcation, of such providence and carefulness as shall render each man able to meet out of his own independent means those trials which his lot may bring upon him. But in the mean time there are sufferings not otherwise provided for than by these inestimable blessings of our time, the public hospitals. Those throbs of anguish must be softened, those beings must not perish.

If there are any here who, should they this day be smitten by the heavy hand of sickness, look with security to a couch of comfort, to kindred that will be near to help, to skill that will in a moment come to their relief, let them remember those for whom none of these things are prepared, who are of themselves destitute of all of them, and have pity on them, O ye my friends, for the hand of God hath touched them! Amen.

IX.

"LET IT ALONE THIS YEAR ALSO."

A New-Year's Sermon.

Luke xiii. 8:

"Lord, let it alone this year also."

The work of human life is divided between God and man. There is a part which God does and man cannot do. There is a part which man does or ought to do, and which, I would say it with reverence, God will not do. We shall never understand the character of human life and the nature of human duty, until we learn to define the limits and to distinguish the departments, as it were, of this co-operation or working together.

That we are justified in adopting this phraseology by the exigencies and the deficiencies of language, for the purpose of realizing divine truths, and that there is no irreverence in thus speaking of a conjoint work between God and man, the very words of the Scriptures, suggesting the idea to us, distinctly show. For in them we find continually the Almighty God spoken of as

working. Nay, the great system of things in the midst of which we are placed is pre-eminently spoken of as his work, and its several constituent portions as his works. And St. Paul speaks of himself as a "worker together with God" (2 Cor. vi. 1).

I say, then, that the work of human life is a joint work, is divided between God and man, and that it is peculiarly necessary for us to know and to distinguish the part that is God's and will be done by him, and the part that is ours and will not be done by him, and which, unless done by ourselves therefore, will not be done at all.

In this division of labour, it has, in the first place, to be confessed that there are times and directions where the Almighty alone worketh, where there is no place, no call, no possibility of man doing anything, where everything is done and must be done by God, where nothing is done or can be done by man. And there are other directions in which, on the contrary, all that God designs to do is already done, where he will do no more, where the sphere of the work of the future is man's and must be filled by him, where he is waited for by God, and where all stands still till he appears with willing hand and ready heart.

In the preparation of this earth and its several parts for the abode of man, how long does God work by himself? How long has man no vocation, no place, no duty, no existence even?

The good and munificent Creator worketh hitherto in the bowels of the earth, and coal and ore and stone lie

ready but unused, existing but unseen, laden with unapplied utilities, till the mattock is stuck into the soil, and the shaft sunk, and man advances to do his part. Nay, sometimes the great Creator, while willing to continue his own apparently slow processes and to wait some time longer for man, yet allows, as it were, (benignly contemplating the energy of his earnest action and his free will,) allows, as it were, man to step in before his time, and to undertake to expedite and complete the unfinished processes of nature.

Thus, putting yourself back into the remote ages, what can you do, for instance, with that little rocky island which rises up into the midst of the Mediterranean Sea, stony, barren, without soil and without verdure, incapable of yielding sustenance to man or beast? What can you do with it in the long ages during which it is forming and rearing itself from the depths? What can you do with it while its limestone surface is crumbling itself away, by the influence of sun and air and rain, into at length a something of a substitute for a soil?

Nature, or the Power that directs nature, is working all this time. Man approaches not, for there is no duty, no place, no existence, and no possibility of existence, for him there.

At length the thing seems to be possible. With eager energy man steps in, almost before the Creator is ready for him—in anticipation, as it were, of his own proper time—to take into the hands of his own hearty determination the completion of the Creator's work. He breaks the surface of the soft rock into small fragments,

cherishes, collects, builds up into terraces this crumbled limestone, actually carrying from the little neighbouring island of Gozzo, and the larger contiguous island of Sicily, the earth and mould which is to mingle with the white natural dust; and henceforth the island of Malta rises in its beauty, becomes an abode for man, a place of refuge for the shipwrecked apostle, a seat of the Order of the Knights of St. John, the fertile native soil of the cotton-plant, the corn, the fig, the orange, the depôt of merchandize and the rendezvous of Eastern and Western commerce. There was a time, indeed, when man could do nothing there; but it would have remained to this day little more than a place for the insect and the lichen, the subject only of the Creator's everlasting provision of air and rain and sunshine, had not man stepped in, almost in this instance hastily and prematurely, to labour, to carry, to cultivate and to make fertile, to expedite and complete the otherwise unfinished processes of the Creator.

But although not so many years ago this ancient primæval working of the Creator seemed so distant, these far-off periods have become dwarfed and comparatively almost close upon us, when we discover that there was a time when spreading foliage abounded in what is now an arctic circle, and the green valleys of England were masses of icebergs, and that these things shall even be again, and that our own England has been and shall be again at one time arctic, and at another perhaps almost tropical.

In these his awful processes the Almighty works

alone, man often not by even to observe. But a time continually comes round when the creature is made to appear to work with the Creator, and then, if he refuses his share in the divine labours, he must be crushed and shattered beneath the rolling wheel of the world.

But God labours not in matter merely; he labours in mind and soul. There is a world at least as wonderful here, in which through long time he seems to labour by himself, but in which at length also, as inevitably, he summons us to work with him.

I think it must certainly be allowed by every one that there is not only in material, but also in spiritual directions, a period of preparation when human efforts can avail little. There is certainly a time when the great preliminary work both of divine creation and divine providence is unfinished, and when we should work in vain. There is, (I think it must be allowed,) as in the material, so in the mental world, such a thing as an unprepared state of the general mind and conscience, unfit for the fine seed of the higher spiritual harvest, and when such seed, if sown, would seem destined simply to rot and disappear.

Thus, I have sometimes thought, it seemed to be with him who was called "the Morning Star of the Reformation," our fellow-countryman John Wycliffe. His was a light shining in a dark place, and for a long time the darkness comprehended it not. His labours seemed to be without any result proportionate to their earnestness and their value, his truth without any acknowledgment equal to its importance; and the general preparation of

mankind and the general work of Providence had to go on—the further spread of the newly-awakened spirit of inquiry and love of learning, the invention of printing, the great arousing discoveries of navigation—all this work of a general preparation had apparently to go on for two hundred years longer, ere the soil of the European mind was made ready for the seed and prepared to bring forth fruit abundantly. The Reformer had, as it were, to stand by till the preliminary work of Providence was completed; the Pope summoned him to his presence at Rome; the Council of Constance condemned his heresies and ordered his very bones to be dug up and burnt; his dust was flung into the Swift; and he himself may have witnessed, from the seat of his empyrean glory, his earthly remains in their rapid transit to the ocean.

In vain, apparently, he inveighed against luxurious convents and idle mendicant friars and the legacy of submission inherited from a craven, Rome-bound monarch. In vain, apparently, he translated the whole Bible, the Old Testament remaining to this day unprinted. The preliminary work of Divine Providence in the mind of Europe was not completed, the soil was not yet prepared for the seed; he rushed into an unready world before his toil could be successfully bestowed.

But even this sublime and lofty haste, as it were, this enthusiastic speed to work with God, it must not be forgotten, though carrying with it its disappointment, is a motive and an argument for trust and patience, and not for inaction. For Wycliffe himself was, after all, an element in that very preparation which we acknow-

ledge must precede success; and the very rays of light flung by himself on the unprepared soil were indirectly instrumental, with other great independent influences, in mellowing and preparing that soil, and formed one at least of the great succession of attestations which were to liberate mankind and to open the gates of the temple of God.

And it may be that the first settlements in the new country may wither away and be quoted as failures; it may be that the extended swamp or the barren rock proclaim that God's work is not yet done; it may be that the first efforts in that great cause of freedom, or light, or goodness, may be apparently fruitless, and may be referred to as premature and made in vain, and yet may be, after all, only the early deposits of human labour, as there have been early deposits of divine, so that they are the very basis and support of the culminating and glorious results.

Yes, my brethren, whatever appearances may be, I believe that when we hear the call within our hearts to go forth and take our share in that great joint work in which our Maker extends to us the privilege and binds upon us the duty of uniting with himself, his share of the joint condition has been fulfilled, and all that remains is for us to fulfil ours. To help and aid us in this great co-operation, the Almighty and the All-good extendeth to us time, summoneth us again and once again, reneweth his voice each morning, giveth us his awful charge again each year.

Since last this congregation met within these walls,

we have entered on another period of those warnings; another stroke from the bell that numbers the succession of our years has boomed across our world.

We look up and see God waiting for us. He asks us, and asks us again to-day, at the beginning of another year, whether we have done or are doing our share of the conjoint work.

The soil is prepared, the sun of opportunity is shining, the rain of nutriment is falling, the air that braces or invites is breathing round us. What are we doing? Is the spade of industry under our feet—are we digging? Is the knife in our hand—are we pruning? Is the warm manure of encouragement laid around the roots of our purpose—are we restoring by toil, or skill, or industry, or temperance, or knowledge, or conduct, to the soil of this life, the elements we are always by the bounty of God taking from it, and preparing for the increment of the future, as well as availing ourselves of the productions of the past?

Over the tree of life and opportunity of how many of us may the spirit of a kind and gracious and patient Master be saying to the Father, "Lord, let it alone this year also, that I may dig about and dung it; if it bear fruit, well; but if not, after that thou shalt cut it down." It must not ask another year. Why should it further cumber the ground?

God hath preserved the lives of all of us here assembled through the past year. Many have fallen around us. Infancy has dropped like the bud; youth has fallen like the shed lily before the wind; maturity has laid down

its strength in the grave; age has sunk into its expected rest; the good and the gentle have left us alone. And we are here. The plague has come near our shores, but has not stepped upon them. The earthquake and the hurricane have visited other lands, but made no fatal pause with us. We have crossed seas within six inches of destruction, but were preserved. We have travelled almost with the speed of sound, and by the terrible power of the compelling and resistless vapour which has rolled down to death in the fatal crash of a minute hundreds of our fellow-creatures, and we have been put down—how often!—at our own doors in safety.

We are here. "Lord," shall we ask and pray, "let us alone this year also."

What shall we do and be this year if God grant the prayer? Shall we do more for our own minds, nurture them in the highest culture we can command, and avail ourselves more diligently of the opportunities of self-improvement God puts within our reach? Shall we do more for each other? Shall we be kindlier, juster, more forbearing, more loving? Shall we feel more for each other's sorrows, trying to lessen their number and their weight? Shall we rejoice more in each other's joys, trying to increase their multitude and their gladness? And shall we thus do more for our own immortal souls, making them fitter and fitter for heaven and Christ? If these be really the purposes with which we enter upon this year, perhaps we may dare to pray, "Lord, let us alone this year also."

But if we are entering upon it without any strength-

ened purpose of good, without any renewed covenant with our Master, without any serious, solemn desire to be better or to do better, and to be more worthy of living if we are permitted to live, we had better not utter the prayer at all. The once-again repeated opportunity is the once-again renewed responsibility. We had better not ask for another year, only to be lost and neglected. It were better we were cut down at once. What good is there in our cumbering the ground?

Lord, we believe and hope that now that thou hast once again renewed our being to us, we shall be more worthy of the continued gift. Help thou our unbelief.

"Lord, let us alone this year also." We shall be one year longer upon earth. May we be one year nearer to heaven! We shall be one year longer enjoying the means and opportunities of serving, loving, blessing each other, of worshipping, obeying and working with thee, of nurturing, disciplining, cultivating our hearts and lives.

"Let us alone this year also." We are not ready to go. There are many things undone we should like to do before we go away and are no more seen. There are some things we have done we would fain, by better deeds for the future, as far as is now possible, see undone.

"Lord, let us alone another year." We will not let it pass fruitless away. While there is a future for us, there is hope for us. We have much in our own power; we have much that we may do better than we have done. We fear, we know, we cumber the ground. Yet for that very reason, good Lord, cut us not down.

"Let us alone this year also." Hallow our penitence and make it real. Sanctify our resolutions and make them strong. Forgive us our trespasses and let them not be repeated. Save us from the evil of hard or thoughtless or wicked lives; and when the gates are open, and the light of that day streameth forth where there is no setting sun or waning moon or closing years, may we, our work accomplished and our task performed, enter with glad, confiding step into our dear Father's presence, and feel that we are at length at home! Amen.

We have been made by thee, O God! We come to our Creator. We have been sustained by thee. We come to our Preserver. We have been blessed by thee. We come to our Benefactor. Thou hast tried us. We come to our Chastener. We have sinned against thee. We come to thee for pardon. O God! we are thy children. We come unto our Father.

Have we, then, nothing to say to thee? nothing to ask for from thee? nothing to pray for from thee? nothing to praise and bless thee for?

Yes! all-merciful Father. We rejoice with awe once more to be here. We know that thou hast a purpose in permitting us to tread again thy well-known courts, to unite again in hymns and prayers; for some of us are weak from sorrow, and some of us are weak from sin, and some of us are weak from sickness, and some of us are weak from fear, and some of us are weak from doubt; and we are all come here, O God, to cast our hearts together at thy footstool, that thou mayest mercifully turn all our weakness into strength, and enable us to leave our burdens at the foot of the cross, and take a song away in our hearts with us from this place.

Send us forth from the service of thy church this day a strong army of men and women and children, set to do thy will and bear thy will, and thus make us, in the great strife and struggle of this earthly battle, worthy of that great name whereby we are called, and meet inheritors of that blessed life and immortality which thou hast mercifully made known unto us through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

SIN.

A Fragment.

Sin is the great sorrow and the great evil of the world. It is not only "the sting of death;" it is the sting of life. All other sorrows have their alleviation. Friends can share them, medicines can relieve them, a good conscience may lighten them, amusement may disperse them, employment may keep them down. But for remorse there is no remedy. It eats into the soul. It is with you all day; it watches by your bed-side all night. If you suddenly awake, its form is the first you see. From the open wound in the heart of a child who has told an untruth or taken what was not its own, up to the open wound in the heart of a man who has robbed the fatherless and the widow, or blasted the peace and happiness of one that trusted in him, sin inflicts the most acute and perennial of all our anguishes, and is the only wound that refuses to be closed, the only sorrow that cannot be soothed. Because, though you may leave off doing, you never can undo. The past is gone beyond recall. You cannot live it over again and in another manner, so as to erase the traces of the first manner. Life may

indeed be made a palimpsest, and (contrary to the usual order of palimpsests) you may over-write the original letters with words of a better omen and significance; but memory refuses to part with one iota of its possessions, and its subtle process and chemistry will wash away the later superinduced type, and bring out into its old relief the ineffaceable letters of the first impression.

For this reason, mankind, in all ages of the world, have sought for some atonement for sin. Each has said, "I can repent of the past, but I cannot undo it. I can refashion the future, but I cannot annihilate and then re-create in a better image what is gone. Besides, I shall sin again. Can sin be atoned for and thus obliterated—obliterated again and again?"

But, you observe, before you arrive at this stage of feeling and of want, you must have arrived at the consciousness of sin, and at the stage not only of occasional consciousness, but of a besetting consciousness. And against this there is in the human soul a great recalcitration. We all of us by our very nature shrink from sorrow and suffering. And I say that sin is the greatest evil of the world, and the consciousness of it its greatest sorrow; and we naturally shrink from admitting this consciousness, and resist its approaches to the utmost. If the evil is done and cannot be undone, then we hold off as long as we possibly can the consciousness of it. The stain is there, but we try not to see it. The burden is on the soul, but we try not to feel it. We have not yet begun to long to atone, because we will not yet acknowledge that we need atonement.

And thus you observe two processes going on in the world and two machineries at work. The sinner struggling against the consciousness of his sin, and the devout struggling as earnestly to awaken him to it. The one seeking to pooh-pooh it, to make as little as possible of it, to laugh at it, to forget it, to put it out of mind, by distractions, by amusements, by employment, by society, or by that last and most fatal of all the methods which could be resorted to, and which has been metaphorically, but, alas! too literally, designated, "drowning it"—burying it in the stupor of daily debauch. The other seeking, by visions of what ought to have been the life led, by depicting the exceeding misery and the exceeding sinfulness of sin, by alarming the fears, by harrowing the feelings and agitating the conscience into a distressing activity, by introducing the sinner into that sulphurous atmosphere which lies between the horrors of the past and the greater horrors of the future, to stir up to and induce the very state of mind from which the other is sedulously fleeing, the consciousness of sin.

It is at this stage, when reached, whether by the natural and God-designed action of the heaven-implanted conscience, by the serious, tearful voice of friendship, or by the active alarmist efforts of the preacher and the divine,—it is at this stage that the man, on whose soul sin now lies heavy, cries out, How shall I undo the past and wash out my guilt for ever?

And then steps in the Comforter to tell him that an atonement is provided for him if he will only heartily and gratefully accept it. The burden has become too

intolerable, the anguish of the wound too piercing, for him to think one moment of rejecting the proffered consolation. He rushes to the Rock that is higher than he; he drinks thirstily of the waters that flow from its smitten front; he washes in the blood that has been outpoured for him; he flings himself at the foot of the Cross and is saved.

Now am I here to-night to make light of sin; to say that it requires no atonement; to take away from the longing, sighing soul of man the only refuge ever truly offered it from the punishment and pangs of guilt? God forbid! I should abhor myself if it were so, and you would do right to doubt me and to blame me if it were so.

But I am *not* here for so unholy a purpose, and you know that I am not. I am here to assert the reality and misery of sin; that it is so real that it cannot be transferred, so miserable that its misery can only cease with itself. I believe, nevertheless, there is comfort, because there is God who made us, and therefore knows our frame and remembers we are dust. But many mischievous and mistaken teachings about the nature of sin, its punishment and its remedy, fill the air of our religious life; and from these I am anxious—for no false thing can do anything but harm—to relieve your minds.

What, then, are we told about sin, and what are we told about its origin?

We are told that man was created perfect and sinless.

And there can be no doubt that he was sinless till he sinned. But that he was ever perfect is impossible, from the nature of things and from fact. There is and there can be none perfect but God. Everything short of the Infinite, the All-knowing, the All-powerful and the All-good, must of necessity be just so far removed from perfection. All created beings must, as the very condition of their existence, be in this sense imperfect. But if you choose to give up this sense and say, by perfect, you mean sound, whole, good, according to the capacity of his nature, free from vain desires and foolish purposes, obedient to law and desirous pre-eminently of holiness, still it is not the fact that man was perfect, because, according to the very theory on which your assertion rests, he fell before the first temptation, and sinned in his imperfectness on the very first opportunity offered him.

Then it is said, sin is infinite because committed against an infinite Being. But this is false logic. Infinite things can only proceed from infinite, and finite things alone can come from finite. Nothing infinite can proceed from the finite, because this is a contradiction in terms. Can anything come out of a thing if it never was in it? The finite cannot be the cause of the infinite, though of course the infinite can produce the finite, since it contains it, and a great deal more than it, within itself. Therefore this assertion that sin is infinite because committed against an infinite Being is a mere ring upon words, and has not only no truth, but no meaning in it.

Again, we are told that the first sin was not only individual but corporate; that not only did Adam sin,

but all the future generations of men sinned in his loins; that they sinned before they existed, and were subject to the penalty before they had fallen into the transgression.

How so silly a dream, and of so baseless a fabric, can really have possessed waking men so long, is one of the greatest psychological wonders of the world. There is no foundation for it in real things. No reason can support it for a minute. No candidly interpreted words of Scripture can sanction it. There is no mercy, no justice, no sense in it. We must dismiss it as a figment of theologians, as the logic of the schools.

But, more astounding still, we are told that this lapse of one poor man or woman, ages ago, involved the countless myriads of human beings, then unborn and still unborn, not only in the transgression, but in the penalty, and that penalty not such as we should inflict for a similar transgression on a recreant boy, but everlasting torture; that He who sits on the throne of the universe called into being, and still goes on every day cruelly calling into being, creatures whom he invests with an immortal nature apparently only that he may immortally torment them. Is it possible that under the name of Religion mankind should have so long subjected themselves to this nightmare of an unwholesome theological diet and a diseased condition of the soul? If we have to dismiss the other statements I have mentioned from our minds as simply foolish and irrational, this we should reject as a blasphemy against God and a huge impiety. No swearing in the streets is equal to it in

wickedness; no doubt of God's goodness, no murmur against his providence, so sins against faith and trust and religion and love, as this unfilial charge against our Maker.

But—having thus, as the theologians tell us, sinned by substitute, and carried the spiritual virus of this substitute's sin deep down, for ever inseparable, in our nature, and having inevitably inherited also, what he is said to have incurred, the penalty of eternal life in torture—what is this wretched, cruelly-created and cruelly-treated race of ours to do? Where is it to turn for refuge and repose? Who shall deliver it from the body of this loathsome and agonizing death?

The same theologians answer, "A substitute again." God himself, in the person of his eternal Son, descends from heaven, takes this sin and its penalty on his own shoulders, invests us once again with the righteousness which in truth we never had, but which they say we had in Adam, though even Adam never had it; the wrath of God, or the justice of God, or the law of God, is satisfied by this substitute, and thus we are saved.

Now, my friends, a logical system most ingeniously put together, apparently finding foundation in the words of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, handed down to us from Augustine and the Fathers of the fourth century, repeated and re-modelled by Calvin and the Reformers of the sixteenth century, though utterly baseless in its origin, and false in all its details, still holds enthralled the largest part of the Christian world; and

it is the object and desire of an increasing number of independent thinkers to relieve Christianity not only of this great fiction but of this great disgrace; to restore and re-assert the actual facts of human nature; to vindicate the character and dealings of a wise Creator; to make the high moral and spiritual teachings of the Bible shine forth once again in their purity, their truth, their simplicity, their practicableness, their usefulness; and to bring back to the heart of man the divine image of that Master, of that real Saviour, who has been so long hung up before us as a brazen serpent or exalted as a severe last-day judge, but whom we want to see restored to us as our wise instructor, as our tender brother, (touched from his own experience with a sense of our infirmities,) as the sharer of our griefs and our comforter under them, as the best image upon earth of our Father's likeness, and the best guide upon earth to our Father's home.

That is what we want to see back again; and when we do see it back again, the lurid fires of a cruel and unjust hell will die away; the monstrous idol at present enthroned on the universe will be taken down; the utterly unreal views which have prevailed of human nature, and the nature and the cause and the cure and the punishment of what we call sin, will be dispersed. And we shall stand once again in the sweet daylight of this universe, in the dear love of God, in the bright hope of unceasing progress in knowledge and happiness and holiness through the countless ages and the successive worlds of an immortal being, stand enfranchised, joyous,

full of unperplexed faith and hope, no priest daring to make us afraid by the false terrors of an unreal future, and no metaphysician any more puzzling us with intricate and unreal representations of the nature of our present; this world and all worlds, this age and all ages, being made to be happy and made to be good, and we ourselves restored to our place as children in the home of our father, and brothers in the brotherhood of Christ.

The days in which the Church built up this theory of sin and of salvation which I am combatting, were the days, we must remember, of the reign of Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, over the intellectual world of the West. And we know that one of the main features of his logic was not so much the examination of premisses as the careful deduction of conclusions.

I am not saying a word against Aristotle. He was a great man, a great thinker, a careful investigator, and an anxious searcher after fact and truth, and he himself never did and never would have acquiesced in any theories such as those unhappily prevalent among us, because his knowledge was so wide and his discernment so acute that he would have seen how opposed they were to reality and truth. But it must, I think, be acknowledged that his system of reasoning, as taught and practised in the times we speak of, and still influencing the style of thought prevalent at this day, (in our own Oxford, for example,) was a system which led men to consider more carefully the processes of reasoning and their correctness, than the accuracy of the facts

and basis on which those processes rested; and thus, given certain premisses, granted certain conditions, we were to see that the conclusions from these were correctly drawn. Thus attention was rather drawn off from than fixed upon the foundations—that is to say, the question (whatever might be the logical correctness of the argument) whether the facts or the hypotheses on which the argument reposed were correct. And this practice vitiated at once our science and our theology. Instead of a careful collection and induction of the facts, we too often assumed the facts, and were careful only about the consistent results of those supposed facts. Thus Aristotle formulated a system of reasoning which is nearly faultless as a process, but the fact of the correctness of the process is no voucher in itself for a single one of the statements on which that process rests and from which it starts. These facts were many of them incorrect. I by no means say all, because Aristotle was a careful and usually a correct and acute observer, and a great student and thinker. But, as one might expect in the earlier ages of observation and experience, many of the supposed facts were incorrect, and the extent of the whole was not great; so that when we had had some eighteen hundred years of the sway of Aristotle, with his correct process, and his unsound or at least insufficient foundation, Bacon began a new arrangement under great disadvantages. For he had to begin correcting the received facts and augmenting the number of facts on which his process was to rest. The labour of generations was suddenly thrown upon him; and his "Sylva

Sylvarum" is of itself a proof of how he was lost in the wood, and perplexed among its often pathless and unexplored thickets. But he at least inaugurated a new practice, a nearly new scientific principle, and taught with irresistible power and lucidity that the correct ascertainment of preliminary facts was a greater for the time, and a more indispensable achievement, than any series of deductions that might be founded on them. These last might wait and be none the worse at last; but the first were absolutely essential to render the last of any intrinsic value whatever. And there can, I think, be no reasonable doubt that this turning of the direction of thought has been the immediate parent of almost all our modern advancement in knowledge and discoveries of facts.

Now in like manner to Aristotle in the scientific, Augustine in the theological world formulated the system of the Church, resting it principally upon the reasoning of St. Paul, or rather the received interpretations of his reasoning. But *he assumed his facts*, and the facts were almost without exception false. The system was wonderfully built up, with sometimes, indeed, what appears to us an incredible credulity and a puerile fancifulness, but for the most part with (given his premisses) a resistless logic and a most lively ingenuity.

But the great mistake in Augustine, which involves the overthrow and the ruin of his theological system, is this—that all his basal facts on which that system rests are wrong, that is to say are not facts. His acuteness, his earnestness, his piety, his logic, are faultless; but

then they all rest on a series of hypotheses which are mistaken and have no foundation in reality. His whole system rests on this assumption, that man was created perfect. In the "De Civitate Dei," in which his system is most carefully and proportionately worked out, he says, "Bona voluntas opus est Dei, cum eâ quippe ab illo factus est homo." He speaks of the "mala voluntas" as "non secundum, sed contra naturam."*

Now I do not here quote, but only remind you of the various inquiries that in all time, and not least in our own, have been made as to the origin and nature of man. And I think you will admit that we are not at present in a position to assert very dogmatically what these were.

But I will give Augustine every advantage, and concede to him as possible and admissible that our race began with one pair, the representative Adam and Eve. But I deny that they were created perfect. According to the account itself on which Augustine rests his argument, they fell on the first temptation. The "mala voluntas" must have been in them as well as the "bona voluntas," and appears very soon to have obtained the mastery. Then how does Augustine go on to describe the manner of this temptation? He says the devil chose the serpent as appropriate to his use because he was "lubricum et tortuosis amfractibus mobilem," and attacked in discourse the weaker part of the couple,

* The inclination of the will to good is the work of God, for he created man with it. The inclination of the will to evil is not according to nature but against it.

"ex parte scilicet inferiore illius humanæ copulæ incipiens," thinking the man would not be so credulous, but that he would prove like Aaron when at the wish of the people he made an idol, or like Solomon when at the wish of his wives he founded idolatrous worship, though not himself believing the deception any more than Aaron and Solomon believed in the idols, "sed sociali necessitudini paruisse;" so that the apostle says, "Adam non est seductus, mulier autem seducta est," and (continues Augustine), "ille ab unico noluit consortio dirimi, nec in communione peccati"*—a most ingenious and interesting theory, no doubt; and through a long life I have found that a falsehood cleverly maintained excites greater interest, if not more belief, in the majority of mankind, than a truth dully proclaimed.

I suppose I am not at liberty to say that I do not believe this statement, that I do not know that there is such a being as the devil, but rather believe there is not, or that the man only sinned because he wished to sympathize and to go shares with his wife even in her sins. But certainly, if Augustine is at liberty to assume these statements to be facts, I am at liberty to doubt them, and to refuse to be bound by the logical conclusions drawn from them, as I would by a proposition in mathematics, the axioms and postulates on which it rested not being necessarily admitted as true, and to say, at least of these supposed facts of Augustine, "*Not* proven." * * *

* Adam yielded to the pressure of affection, not wishing to be severed from his sole companionship even in sin.

BARTHOLOMEW.

A Lesson for the Day, Aug. 24, 1879.

He was one of the Twelve whom Jesus sent forth. Their commission was a wide one, though confined in the first place to the lost sheep of the house of Israel; for it was, "Go forth and proclaim that the kingdom of God draws near; heal the sick, cast out demons; freely ye have received, freely give."

Traditional history says that Bartholomew fulfilled this commission by preaching the religion of his great Master and of humanity in Arabia, Anatolia, Armenia and India. A little island in the Tiber preserved his memory by its church and hospital of St. Bartholomew, where, they said, they preserved his relics. Chatham, in our own country, gave its hospital in the eleventh century the patronage of the same name. The little Carribee island bearing it sends forth among its leading produce medicinal drugs and the lignum vitæ; and we have only to go a short distance from the church in which we are met [Effra Road, Brixton], to find in St. Bartholomew's Hospital another indication of the fact

that he still, as it were, bears his Master's commission in his spirit, and "heals the sick."

If, further, we are to believe, what theologians have asserted, and what special collocations of names and circumstances seem to render probable, that Bartholomæus was his patronymic only, and that this "son of Tolmai" was identical with Nathaniel, of whom the Lord said, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile," we have a set of associations with the character and the memory of this apostle of the most humane and pleasing description.

If you should now turn, too, to the celebration of the saints'-days in our own national Church, it is to be noticed that the Epistle of the day (Acts v. 12 sqq.) tells us how there came a multitude out of the cities round about Jerusalem, bringing sick folk and them which were vexed with unclean spirits; and the Gospel of the day speaks of the true benefactors being not those who exercise lordship over, but those who serve, their fellow-creatures; and it happens that the Collect of this 24th day of August begins thus: "O God, who declarest thy Almighty power most chiefly in showing mercy and pity."*

What an instance it is of the power of man to degrade the lofty, to fall from high estate and holy tradition, to bring into the realms of justice and mercy the reign of

* Eleventh Sunday after Trinity, this year 24th of August. There is also a special Collect for St. Bartholomew

his own bad passions and wickedness, that this very day has now to most of us lost all its tender, peaceful, loving associations, and is marked by one of the darkest events that has ever blackened the annals of our race, and was selected again some century after for perpetrating a great act of bigotry and persecution on sainted men in our own country!

For on the 24th day of August, St. Bartholomew's-day in 1572, just 307 years ago, this happened. In a still and early hour, just as the Sunday began to dawn on the city of Paris, the bell of St. Germain's rang the summons, not to worship but to wickedness—not to the service of God, but to the destruction of man. The covenanted signal was taken up by all the other churches, and the city was in the course of a very few minutes awakened up from absolute and confiding stillness to the peal of bells from every church, the discharge of fire-arms on every side, the shrieks of innocent and defenceless men and women and children, and the shouts of their invaders and pursuers. For that wretched young King, Charles IX., incited by his wicked mother, Catherine de Medici, had sent forth the order by which all those who were Roman Catholic Christians were to murder without remorse all those who were Huguenot or Protestant Christians; and for several days in that city, and soon after in many other parts of the kingdom, the work of unpitying slaughter went on. On pretence of a festival, most of the leaders and persons of consequence connected with the Huguenots had been collected

together in Paris, in order that Protestantism in France might have, as it were, but one neck, and be more easily and immediately destroyed.

Although our impression of the horror of any transaction never attains its full depth and darkness until we have had all the details accompanying it presented to our minds, yet nothing is wanted here and now to give to the sentiment of loathing for this treacherous, tyrannous, impious wickedness, its full intensity. The historian's page still conveys, to those who desire to read it, all the dread and thrilling impressions which that bloody Sabbath left on the memory of spectators, and all the suffering and sorrow it left on the victims and their survivors. The moment, the manner, the sound of the rush into each private house—the attitude, words, remonstrances or struggles of the victims—the overtaken or the successful flight, the vain resistance, the hair-breadth escapes—the ages, persons, characters, of many of the murdered—all these things are writ for those who wish to read. Suffice for us that this greatest, coldest, cruellest and basest of all iniquities that were ever perpetrated under the sun, this Massacre of St. Bartholomew, is matter of inerasable historic fact, the theme of amazement and horror to all following time.

I have, indeed, in my eye the attempts that have been made to argue that this blot upon human history was the result of sudden rage and fear, and not premeditated. I wish to God I could believe this; but the proved facts of the previous invitation of the Huguenots to Paris, the firing of the King himself from the windows

of the Louvre on the heretics, the despatches of the various Italian ambassadors, the letter of Catherine de Medici boasting of it, the Te Deum at Rome, and the medal struck in commemoration and description of it, (now in shame concealed,) remove from us the last shred of an apology.

It is indeed a question with our conscience, and with the desire to decide on what is best and right, in reference to some events of human history and incidents of human life, whether they had better be remembered or forgotten. In private life we feel that to be a very unpleasant kind of memory which is readiest and most active in recalling unpleasant things; and on the wider arena of historic life we do not like the tone of mind which seems to have an affinity to all the blots and stains and wickednesses of the generations that are passed, to mark its calendar with black days more willingly than with red, to keep in remembrance the wicked more readily than the good, and to celebrate, as it might be said, the festivals of sinners rather than the feast-days of the saints.

But then it must be considered that these great crimes of men are not only instructive as facts, as indications of what human nature in some of its aspects and characters can be and do, but they lead us to ascertain what are the causes and incentives to such wicked actions under the pretexts of piety and duty. They are warnings, beacons, leading us to a better knowledge of duty by means of its very violations, with their destructive consequences, and the abhorrent sense of mankind

expressed upon them. And they are, further, often a necessary part of the contrary tale which is to be told, of human courage and steadfastness and honour and truth. They are often only darkness to that light of heroism and virtue which gleams across it and in after ages penetrates and illuminates the whole black cloud of the crime by the brightness of its glory.

Thus, therefore, it may be worthy of the Christian moralist and the religious man—just as he at times will gaze with profit, were it only that he gazes with abhorrence, on the deeds and sufferings of vice—to call to remembrance those gigantic crimes which some portion of his race, in some paroxysm of untamed violence or some onslaught of rash and ignorant blindness, have committed, especially when, side by side with these things which stand for our detestation and lament, there stand also the forms of suffering righteousness, to receive from other ages that meed of honour and gratitude which their own, it may be, had in great measure denied.

Thus numbers that day were offered, on the one hand, death, the signal of their constancy to truth and conscience; and, on the other, the white cross, the acceptance of which would have been a sign of their return to the Roman Catholic form of faith; and numbers in the midst of those dreadful days and nights had the rectitude and heroism to say, "Give me the death." The leader of this devoted band lay on a bed of sickness. The murderers penetrated into his house; and his attendant, on being interrogated as to the cause of the dis-

turbance, announced it in these words, "My lord, God calls us to himself."

Time passed on; ninety years rolled by; the year 1662 arrived. It is now 217 years since.

The morning of the 24th day of August again dawned. The day of St. Bartholomew, that now about to be the twice-stained festival of the guileless and affectionate apostle, came forth with the unwearied sun; but it this time shone, or rather darkened, upon England.

Charles II., contrary to all the promises he had made to the English Presbyterians, who in fact restored him to his throne, required that on the 24th day of August every clergyman in the then English Church should be deprived of his living who would not give unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer. The Act called the Act of Uniformity, still unrepealed and still in force, required the use of certain vestments, the turning to the east in certain parts of the service, the using the sign of the cross in baptism, kneeling at the Lord's Supper, which was regarded by many of the clergy as connected with the adoration of the elements, and the doctrine of Transubstantiation and the Real Presence. It demanded of these men to submit to the old canons, to retract the oath they had taken to the Solemn League and Covenant, to renounce the ordination they had received from the hands of presbyters, and to declare their orders false and pretended, and consent to receive them anew at the

hands of bishops. Some of these things it might be innocent in those who approved of them to do; but none of these things could it be innocent to exact from those disapproving of them, on pain of expulsion from the Christian ministry of men devoted in all essential faith and works to its duties and its obligations.

But these impossible terms, imposed because they were known to be impossible, were remorselessly exacted; and rather than yield to them, two thousand ministers of religion—among them was my own direct ancestor Philip Henry—some of whom had been offered the thrones of bishops if they would comply, preferred deprivation and disgrace and penury to such a dereliction of principle and duty, and walked forth into their banishment with their homeless wives and families, their hearts laden with sorrow, but their heads erect like the heads of honest men, and their consciences their own. This was a great blow and a great loss to all England; for it was notorious that it deprived the Church of a vast number of its sincerest, devoutest and most learned servants, and brought about (by the necessity of filling up their places with inferior men) that degraded condition of the clergy which Lord Macaulay has so vividly portrayed in the celebrated third chapter of his History. And, in truth, this same Act of Uniformity is a disturbing element in our national and ecclesiastical life to this day, and there is an increasing feeling among most classes of English thinkers that it will have to be repealed—yes, repealed, after 200 years of mischief-doing.

I shall close this review with a notice of the lesson of the day, and of the three kinds of feeling that are or should be excited by it.

The first, of course, is one of horror—of horror not merely that such things as this massacre should be done by man at all, but of especial horror that they should be done in the sacred name of Religion. Dreadful as are those battles and sieges, those traitorous betrayals and midnight slaughters, which have place in the name of war, and arise from the lust of power and possession in man, these strike us not with the same indignation and regret which similar things done in the name of God, and for the supposed sake of religion and truth, excite in us. It is a dangerous thing when man begins to judge who are the enemies of God, and that not on the ground of the known and recognized laws of God, known and recognized by all Christian peoples in all times, but on the ground of a variety of sentiment on the things which we ought to believe concerning that God. Under the pretext of vindicating God's honour, he thus in reality only indulges his own ungodly passions; and under the pretence of serving the highest welfare of his fellow-creatures, exercises only his own love of tyrannous sway, and, with the words of heaven upon his lips, has the passions of hell within his heart. Religious bigotry, then, is a frightful thing. When the bad and tyrannical passions of the human heart are manifested at all, let us be able to see them as they are, and detest them as we should; but let us not blind ourselves, or suffer others to blind themselves, by calling persecution, zeal; human

vengeance, divine justice; and ignorance and ill-temper, piety and faith. The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.

The second lesson these recollections should teach us is that of reverence for those who, instead of inflicting any wrong in God's name for what they considered truth, contrariwise bore it. While all is smooth and fair around men, you never know them. They may be sincere, they may be equal to their professions, but they have no opportunity of showing it, or you of knowing it. Their own declarations, or your suppositions, as to what they would or would not bear for you, for their country, for their religion, may be well-founded or they may not. Neither you nor they can positively tell. The hour of trial has not yet arrived to them. For this reason, worldly and irreligious men are for ever saying of the apparently religious and unworldly, "Doth Job serve God for nought?" and hinting that if tribulation and persecution should arise because of the word, by and by they would be offended. Now, I say, such events as we are calling to mind to-day give the lie to this supposition as any such clear certainty. They prove that to many, to numbers, it is a fact that the spiritual has a far more real existence to them than anything material; the smile of God is an actually more prized reward than the favour of man; the rest in heaven at last, a more entrancing prospect to their souls than the peace and splendour of any abode on earth; the cause of truth, the liberty of man, the integrity of their own consciences, matters that, if compelled to make a choice, they actually do and will

prefer to any honours or gains or advantages that life can confer—nay, to life itself. We say, this fact is continually coming before us in individual cases, and from time to time, as it were, to startle and lift men up from their grovelling scepticism and unbelief in higher things, in the heroic conduct of large masses of men, stamping itself indelibly on the memory of ages. We say, in the two events we are contemplating to-day, men and women were asked by thousands, in the kingdom of France, would they deny the spiritual truths they had been declaring were more than life to them, and thus escape an instantaneous and frightful death, and they answered, "No; give us death." We say that on one day in our own country a body of men were asked whether they would deny the great importance of certain religious principles for which they had been earnestly contending, and accept a somewhat different form of the same faith, and save themselves and their wives and their children from threatened homelessness and ignominy and want, and two thousand of these men declared that they and their families would go forth from their homes and churches, and all their known means both of worldly support and social usefulness, and take God and their integrity with them, rather than stay in those abodes without God and a good conscience. And yet the very day before all this was done, any unbelieving and worldly man was at liberty to say of these actual persons that they never would act as they did, and their whole lives might have passed, under a different state of things, without their being able to show to others, or themselves be certain of,

the heroism that was in their hearts. Therefore, I say, we owe thanks to God, and we owe thanks and reverence to these men, who in the cause at least of conscience, and further, as most of us here will believe, of relative truth, proved that men can and do value spiritual, religious, eternal principles above all other things that are dear to our material life, nay, above life itself.

Lastly, these recollections, while they excite in us mingled horror and admiration of the past, show us many grounds of grateful joy, and some perhaps of wholesome fear, for the present. Of joy, because we have surely reason to believe that some progress has been made in the Christian world, at any rate from the earlier of these events, towards truer Christian principles. Surely we may at least believe that in no part of the Christian world, (whatever may still be its backwardness and bigotry) could the precise horror of the St. Bartholomew of 1572 be enacted over again; or that if it anywhere were, the whole of the rest of Christendom would rise at once to insist upon the extinction of the power that perpetrated it from the number of the governments of earth. Then, if this be the case, we may legitimately rejoice that some progress has been made towards a universal, though a still most practically incomplete, recognition of the truth, that while the civil power has a right to restrain by force and check by punishment all violations of the rights of property or the sacredness of human life, it has no right, by pain or penalty or restraint, to interfere with the mode in which

a man shall worship or not worship his Maker; that these are things solely of argument and representation, of persuasion and choice.

Those of us who can carry out these principles cordially into actual life may rejoice that we are freed from those narrow views of the Almighty and of Truth which suspend the scales of human opinion between heaven and hell, and make a supposed error in belief, which often is in fact a real truth, the sure entailer of eternal sorrow. We have cause to be grateful that, while possessing ourselves, it may be, an earnest and decided faith and preference, we are privileged to look with hope and charity at least on all who from sincere and serious motives differ from us, not feeling ourselves called upon to interrupt the genial flow of our kindly affections by avoidance, reproach, bitterness of spirit, or any other uncharitableness. In all this we have a great gain.

But some fear mingles with this our joy; for a question rises before us whether with our increased liberality there may not have grown up a decreased earnestness; whether we, too, value our religious principles above all considerations of time, and could die for them; whether, on the contrary, we do not sometimes shrink with an unworthy and, in comparison with the examples set before us, an ignoble fear, from the petty difficulties with which our own times and our own country still surround sometimes the honest and open avowal of our convictions; and by the question, too, whether we do not too often allow ourselves to be consumed by little things,

little sorrows and vexations of spirit, and allow all our magnanimity, all our reserve of high thoughts and preparation for strong trials, to ooze away.

Let us remember there is a greatness in great sorrows. They swallow up all little private griefs. The men we have been thinking of to-day had great sorrows, great trials, and great minds to face them with.

In the remembrance of their noble conflicts, in the hearing of the dropping of their pure tears, in the sight of their bosoms heaving with cares for the cause of God, of truth and the freedom of man, let us hide our own light afflictions which are but for a moment, be lifted out of the memory or at least the acuter consciousness of them, and remember that home in heaven which heroic souls have been preparing for us, that after our easier steep of life is climbed, we may at last be not all-unworthy of sitting on that Mount of God which they ascended by the harsher paths of cruel wrong and suffering, and, after our day of labour is past, be seated with these just made perfect, where our souls shall be stayed in everlasting peace.

ON THE NATIONAL USE OF CATHEDRALS AND PARISH CHURCHES.

A Paper read in Liverpool.*

Every great institution, made visible by buildings, originated in a life, a man or an idea. The emanation from the spirit and the life of Jesus Christ animated the souls of many other sons of God and brothers of man, and assumed a concrete form in a society called his Church.

Men of heart and nerve, inspired with the desire to carry this great salvation to their fellow-creatures, and redeem their tainted lives from sin and passion, their terrified and clouded minds from base idolatry, to uplift their hearts, heavy with uninterpreted and unintelligible ills and sorrows of earth, and to fill the aching void with hope and faith and love, left their homes and faced on little more than planks the unmitigated horrors of wintry seas, landed on foreign and sometimes barbarous coasts, and scarcely got a shelter for their heads.

But there they were,—a power: a power of knowledge in the midst of ignorance, of love in the midst of hates,

* Before the recent reform in the Burial Laws.

and of a faith in a God above and a life to come in the midst of an almost unredeemed materialism and exclusive belief in the present hour.

I am not here, from the advantage of a standpoint in a comparatively enlightened and purified age, on the one hand to justify, or on the other hand too severely to censure, the ways and means some of these men employed to secure a footing for their missions amidst the ignorant and semi-barbarous objects of their interest. Appeals to fears and to superstitions as the existing materials on which almost alone they could rest the fulcrum of their leverage, no doubt mixed to a mortifying extent with the nobler means they also employed, and desecrated in so far the pure purpose they had before them.

But I still look with reverence on these missionaries, by whatever name each was called, whether it were the determined and heroic Augustine in Thanet or in Canterbury, the venerable Cuthbert at Lindisfarne or (afterwards) Durham, Willebrod in Friesland, or Aidan in Scotland.

Around the chair, or cathedra, in which each Christian shepherd sat for counsel or for rule, (the music of the man's soul bringing the stones together,) there grew up the stately buildings hence called cathedrals. And to this day we preserve more familiarly in our own language the idea of the original "kathedra," or chair, in the accustomed phrases, the see (or sedes) and the "seat" of the Bishopric. And although, with a natural modesty and reverence, they often called these solemn piles after

some apostle, as after St. Paul in London and St. Peter in Westminster, yet the traces of the fact that it was the man and the "seat" of his influence that caused the buildings to spring into life, are still to be observed in such names as St. Asaph's, St. Patrick's and St. David's.

Here, however, these lovely, stately buildings are, the growth of the centuries and the product of the reverence of the past. Are they fulfilling their destiny among us, or is there at present a pause, as it were, in their history? Do they not appear, in a measure, standing still and waiting to be assigned their full uses?

Strong in the best joinery and masonry of the age, (or perhaps of any age that has succeeded,) strong in the homage and reverence of the whole people, the cathedral rose, large and stately, sturdy in its resistance to winds and storms and wintry weather, full of comfort and protection, not only the centre of the religious life and associations of the people and their spiritual home, but a place of refuge and a sanctuary, a place of resort, too, not only for the services of religion, but for the administration of justice and the security of person and property.

The ecclesiastical courts and councils, still held in some part of the building or its precincts, the still surviving cathedral libraries, the still surviving cathedral schools and alms and charities, the still surviving cathedral services and occasional oratorios, the markets and meetings and assizes still held at so many cathedral towns, clearly point out the many important civic and social purposes of which the cathedral formed the nucleus and the attraction.

Now that many of these purposes are served, and better served perhaps, by other buildings and other modes of administration, now that, among us at least, the great procession no longer fills the aisle and nave, or the thousand lights make the altar the centre of regard amid surrounding dimness, or the air laden with the heavy incense slowly ascends the roof; is the daily service of common prayer (when, too often and too truly it may be said, two or three are gathered together in the name of religion) to be regarded as a sufficient or satisfactory employment of these great foundations and noble structures?

Already an answer is beginning to rise to this question within the Church; and to ensure a just, equitable and truly national solution of it, a contemporaneous answer ought to be arising from those also who are outside the Church.

It was, I believe, the [late] Archbishop of Canterbury, when Bishop of London, who, on being told of the immense audiences that gathered on Sunday evenings in the tabernacle of Mr. Spurgeon, asked what use, in a similar manner, the Church of the country, the endowed and pledged preacher of the nation, was making of its splendid means of accommodation and attraction; and the result has been the animated, interested and crowded attendances under the dome of St. Paul's and in the nave of Westminster, at York also, at Norwich and at Chester, and no doubt many other places.

But such results are felt by all to be a very moderate outcome of such antecedents and such opportunities.

An influential class of Church reformers maintain that though we may owe a beautiful and sometimes a splendid worship to the cathedrals, and trace to them and to their services the productions of such composers as Purcell and Croft and Tallis and Boyce, and such preachers and divines as Hooker and South and Butler, yet "with such large means at their disposal, with the most splendid edifices in the world, and with such congregations often attached to them, it is felt that the cathedrals should hold a higher place as the great centre of church life, as affording the best models of church services and preaching, and as the great inspirers of spiritual thought and life in every diocese."* They maintain that the present laws and constitution of the bodies (even though often in advance of the actual practice) need great alteration, that "they have a strong tendency to impede motion of any kind, and that many a zealous dean or canon, who before his election was perhaps convinced that nothing would be easier than to reform this point or improve that, finds himself, without exactly knowing how, tied down by a thousand little strings, as tightly as Gulliver was by the Lilliputians."† They say that the schools ought to be revived and extended, that training in theological science for those about to enter into the service of the Church ought to be added, that the cathedral should afford some resting-place for students, and become the radiating centre of a large staff of missionary lecturers and preachers.

* Dean of Durham's (Dr. Lake) paper at the Leeds Conference, 1872. See Report, p. 218.

† Ibid.

This is what is heard from the inside of the Church. What is heard from the outside? I regret to say, little but murmurs of contempt and indifference, of hostility and hopelessness. As if England had not yet learnt how much can be done with its institutions by reform and re-construction and re-animation; as if we had not already done something towards reforming our schools, our Universities and our Parliament; and as if the only property and the only means of usefulness in the nation we were to leave untouched by the finger of adaptation and reform, were the property and the instrumentalities designed for the very most important of all national objects, the moral and spiritual life of the people.

In the changed condition of the national life and conscience, there is no reason upon earth, except our own apathy and indifference, why we should not extend the uses and the services of these great foundations beyond those suggested, or why we should leave them under the sole control of a sectional portion of our religion.

And though the first broaching of such an idea may excite little but amusement outside the Church, and little but a contemptuous and frightened horror inside, the idea itself will bear examination; and the more familiar it becomes, the more just and rational and sensible it will appear, that as a first step to the nationalization of these great buildings and to the further and completer utilization of their vast capabilities and resources, the other great sections of the religious life of England should enjoy their privileges and opportunities

in common with those now exclusively possessing them, and that, under the due restrictions of order and convenience, these cathedrals should be open for the higher objects of our humanity to all the leading religious bodies of the country, as our great town-halls are now for political and social purposes to all the larger divisions of the political and social world; and (though of course I am prepared for a laugh at the mere enunciation of such a proposition) there is no just or sensible reason whatever that, if desired by them and proved to be particularly convenient to them, the cathedral of their neighbourhood should not be at the service of the Congregational Union, of the Methodist Conference, of the annual meeting of the Friends or the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. With the sense of horror, and the grounds of it, with which our Church friends would greet such a proposition, I shall deal presently, when I have vindicated the same principle of common use in the case of the parish churches which I maintain to be defensible in the case of the cathedrals.

The parish or parochial church is nothing more than the church built for the religious use of the παροικία, or neighbourhood, that is (literally), the people who have their homes or houses near it. It is, of its own meaning, for "dwellers." It takes no more cognizance of varieties of opinion than it does of differences of sex, of age, of condition or circumstances. It does not necessarily ask what a man's private religious convictions are, any more

than it asks what his age or condition is. It asks simply if he is a dweller near at hand. And if so, he has a right to the use of his parish church.

It is in vain to say that if people will conform they will enjoy these advantages. Why should they not enjoy them if they do not conform? Their non-conformity is an act allowed and sanctioned by the law; and there is no valid reason that, not violating the law, they should lose their hereditary and civic rights as if they had. The law, having recognized my variety of religious faith and my specialty of religious observance, I have a good ground for saying, "Deprive me not of a right (which I have never resigned or forfeited) in consequence of an act which you permit and protect, and for which you must not now treat me as an outlaw."

What valid reason is there that the law, which now allows me to build *in the parish* a church for the observance of religion according to my faith, should not allow me the use of the church already built for the same purpose, the church in which I have, in common with the rest of my fellow-parishioners, a share?

This is not in accordance with the large and generous interpretation of the uses of the parish church in the early times of its existence, nor is it in accordance with the changed conditions and the altered demands of later times. For formerly, and before other more convenient arrangements were made, the parish church opened its doors not only for weekly or for daily worship, but also for many other purposes. Not only the consistorial or ecclesiastical tribunals, but the lords of the manors held

their courts and the justices their sessions in the churches. As the only secure building in the neighbourhood, affording protection at once against damage and pillage, the church was often the place where people, coming for the purposes of exchange and traffic, stored their goods. It was the scene at other times of the miracle-plays and the dramatic representation of the scenes and events of sacred story. The great festivals of the Christian year, and especially the day of the saint to which each particular church was dedicated, bringing large concourses of people together, for whom there was no other place of shelter and rest, a generous latitude of accommodation was allowed in the parish church for the repose and refreshment of the people. Sometimes feasts were held within its sacred precincts, with the object of raising funds for the maintenance of its fabric, and for the more sacred purpose still of effecting the reconciliation of those who had been at enmity. And when you add to all this the fact that the religious services were in accordance with the religious convictions and requirements of the whole people, how broad and generous and satisfying and uniting stands out the function of the parish church!

But to what is the parish church of the present day restricted? To the worship of God and religious instruction. This, with all our modern facilities for the supply of other social and civic requirements, if not carried out in too narrow a spirit of interpretation, we may consider a becoming and a legitimate restriction. But what follows? It must be the worship of Almighty God exclusively according to a fixed formulary, sub-

stantially arranged three hundred years ago, from which there cannot be legally a deviation in one single word; and further still, these words must be pronounced, as far as the officiating minister is concerned, by a special class of clergy, specially ordained and set apart for this purpose, and so ordained and set apart by one religious body alone, excluding Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Independents, Jews, Unitarians, and everybody in this land except an episcopally ordained clergyman; so that Lardner, Priestley, Newman Hall or Channing among divines, and Milton, Sir Isaac Newton, Faraday and Herschel among laymen, should any one of them have attempted to conduct a service of any kind in any one of the parish churches or parish burial-grounds, even if requested by the incumbent to do so, would have been guilty of, and been liable to be prosecuted for, a misdemeanour.

Now, considering the breadth and variety of the purposes to which the parish church was once devoted, and how the whole existing religious community was provided for in its worship and instruction according to its known wants, the present restrictions, in view of the changed conditions of the national convictions and requirements, result in an anomalous, an unjust and intolerable state of things.

It is very easy for people in large towns and populous neighbourhoods to say, "We can provide for ourselves. If you will not have us or our ministers in your churches or your burial-grounds, it is no matter to us; we can provide others for ourselves." But we have in England

some ten or eleven thousand parish churches, and I will venture to say that in the larger part of these the greatest practical inconvenience is sustained by, and the greatest practical injustice done to, the parishioners, and a serious violation of their rights and withholding of their privileges is perpetrated by these restrictions. Not a service can be held by any one of the denominations in their own parish church. Not a prayer can be offered, not a sermon preached, not a lecture delivered, not a meeting held, not a baptism celebrated, not a marriage solemnized, not a word uttered over the dead at their burial.

Such, then, is the restricted use of the parish church as it is. With a variety of religious denominations existing as legally as the Established Church itself, with a large part of the wealth and energy of the nation, one-half of its people, one-half (I think I may venture to say) of its moral respectability, piety and philanthropy, and if not one-half of its highest learning and culture, yet at least one-half of its sap, vigour and intelligence, are excluded by merely artificial and superstitious arrangements from any use whatever, according to their own forms and requirements, of the church and burying-ground which by the general law of the land belong to them as much as to any other inhabitants of the country.

There is no reason at all that, on application to the appointed officer of the district, the parish church and burial-ground should not be open, under conditions providing for order, cleanliness and non-injury, for the use at suitable times of all the inhabitants of the parish, for their baptisms, their marriages, their burials and their

occasional services, on Sundays as well as other days, according to the rites of their respective worships. The friends of a national Church, still more the friends of a united people, are unwise in not encouraging all arrangements which would tend to this kind of charity and union.

I have read several theories of Church comprehension, (I never issued one,) and surrounded as all of them are with numerous difficulties, if not impossibilities, I fall back on the old historic English plan, of reform of specific wrongs or abuses as they are discerned. With the rare exception of one or perhaps two Revolutions, all our progress has been, not by the destruction but by the re-construction of our institutions. The sober English mind is not fond of "leaps in the dark"; and even the stable country-gentleman element in our legislation is willing to move one step more forward, when it finds by experience that the step already taken has preserved its taker on terra-firma, and has not been productive of the evils that had been prognosticated from it.

Thus has all our progress been effected. Step by step we have achieved all our religious and civil liberties, all our social and political reforms. The opening of the English Universities is a signal instance of this safe and gradual and successful progress. And to take one exemplification of the possibilities of future improvement in Church affairs, there can, I think, be little reasonable doubt that if those outside the Church would have heartily united with their friends inside, such a step as the opening of the parish burial-grounds would

by this time have been on the point of becoming part of the reformed law of the land; and when it was seen that no violation of order or propriety or peace or property accompanied it, it would itself have instantly become the safe fulcrum for the lever of other desirable and inevitable improvements. All theoretic questions would afterwards be in a better, not a worse condition for solution, by the increase of the practical acquaintance among people with the subject with which they were dealing; and if any contemplate as hereafter desirable a local administration of these rights and properties instead of an imperial one, the conditions for all such arrangements would only be facilitated by these antecedent experiences and approaches.

There would be no doubt many difficulties in the way of such changes. But if difficulties had stopped our ancestors in the way of reforms, we should have had no reforms at all. The only question is: Is the proposed change in itself just and in itself desirable? And if so, he is a coward, and not a reformer, who is stopped by difficulties.

What are these difficulties? First of all there is the novelty of such plans; and if they are good ones, the charge of novelty must be effectually dismissed by making the public mind familiar with them. Then there is prejudice. And this must be dealt with in the same way in which we dealt with the prejudices of the old corporate bodies when we opened the Corporations; the prejudices of the magistrates at county sessions when we opened the Bench; the prejudices of landlords and farmers

when we repealed the Corn Laws; the prejudices of the clergy when we passed the Birth, Registration, Marriages and Burial Laws; the prejudices of the Universities when we opened them to the people.

Then there is the property question. But that was settled in the 16th century when the Crown and Parliament transferred this very property in the most sweeping manner to its present holders and tenants, lay and clerical, and has been settled again in the 19th century by the action again of the Crown and Parliament by means of the Ecclesiastical Commission annually re-distributing that property. In the early part of this century, public money has been granted and public money withheld for the building of churches in the country at large out of the imperial rates and taxes, and your St. Luke's in Liverpool was built out of your local rates. The question of the property is settled. It belongs to the nation.

Lastly, there is the objection of desecration. I know there has been and there is still such a thing as church desecration, and it is a very objectionable thing. I think in a sense the churches were desecrated, at least treated in a very unworthy and improper manner, when the soldiers of Cromwell and their followers tore down their carved work and ornament, broke their stained windows and pillaged them, a work in which our ancestors the English Presbyterians took no part; and I hope their descendants, inheriting their good taste and their common-sense, will take care to keep in good company in the parallel circumstances of the present generation. But

I think the churches have been still more desecrated by their own holders and members when bishops stripped the lead off them to endow their families, when naves were turned into stables and taverns, and the rope of the acrobat, risking his life and tempting God, was stretched from battlement to battlement. I think churches have been still more desecrated by unbelieving men preaching in them for gain, and priests offering up to God prayers in which they did not believe. And it is not only an impertinence for men to talk of the quiet, orderly use of these buildings by their fellow-citizens and fellow-owners as a desecration, but it is a piece of gross Pharisaism for them to stand by and call the prayers and exhortations and hymns raised in the worship of Almighty God, and in furtherance of human happiness and goodness, by their fellow-christians according to their best conscience, a profanation of the national temples of religion.

And yet if there were, as very likely at first there would be, men (and in their way worthy men too) who would declare that they really could not conduct their own worship at one time in a parish church, where some of their fellow-parishioners conducted theirs at another, then certainly, as long as these feelings lasted, I would leave them to that freedom which we ourselves have enjoyed for some centuries, of erecting their own churches for the exclusive performance of their own worship. But I should feel perfectly sure that, under the influence of good example and the growth of broader and better feelings, this fanatical prejudice would die away, and the whole community would feel, amidst our sorrowful sec-

tarian divisions, (the making at once and the marring of our national life,) the harmonizing, uniting, softening influence of this peace in division, this equality in difference, helping us to feel truly that we had one law, one country and one God.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

A LIST OF SOME OF THE PUBLISHED WRITINGS OF THE REV. CHARLES WICKSTEED, B.A.

1836. "Talia Per Latia," a series of papers on Italian subjects in the Christian Teacher for January, March, May, July and December, 1836. The first of these papers is reprinted in the present volume, pp. 101—112.

1839. Ancient Prophets and Modern Ministers. Christian Teacher, New Series, No. I.

Lucubrations in Travel, i. Christian Teacher, No. II.

On the Poetry of Keats and Shelley, i. Christian Teacher, No. III.

Lucubrations in Travel, ii. Christian Teacher, No. IV.

On the Poetry of Keats and Shelley, ii. Christian Teacher, No. V.

1840. Heresies of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Christian Teacher, No. VII.

1841. A Broad Foundation the only Safe One. A Sermon.

1842. The Law of Conscience in its Action on Nations and Individuals. A Sermon preached at the Seventeenth Anniversary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, in Essex Street Chapel.

1842. The Death of the Duke of Orleans. A Sermon.

1843. Article on the Introduction of Christianity into Great Britain. Christian Teacher, No. XX.

1844. Article on Recent Works on the Atonement. Christian Teacher, No. XXIII.

On the Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of Theodore Parker. Christian Teacher, No. XXIV.

On Madge's "Puseyism." Christian Teacher, No. XXV.

On Joseph Barker's Tracts. Christian Teacher, No. XXVI.

1845. Religion in the Age of Great Cities. Prospective Review, No. I.

Article on Emerson's Essays. Prospective Review, No. II.

On Elizabeth Barrett Barrett's Poems. Prospective Review, No. III.

On the New German-Catholic Church. Prospective Review, No. IV.

1846. Article on Kenrick's Primæval History. Prospective Review, No. VI.

Article on Tait's Discourses. Prospective Review, No. VII.

Article on [George Eliot's translation of] Strauss's Life of Jesus, and Dr. Beard's Reply. Prospective Review, No. VIII.

1847. Article on Acton's Life and Sermons. Prospective Review, No. IX.

On Aspland's Sermons. Prospective Review, No. X.

On Schmidt's "Geschichte der Denk-und-Glaubensfreiheit im ersten Jahrhundert u. s. w." Prospective Review, No. XII.

1847. Lectures on the Memory of the Just, being a Series of Discourses on the Lives and Times of the Ministers of Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds, from its Foundation in 1672 to the Commencement of the Nineteenth Century, &c. [Second Edition in 1849.]

1848. Article on Barling's Review of Trinitarianism. Prospective Review, No. XIII.

Reformation from Within or from Without? D'Aubigné, Ranke and Cesare Cantù. Prospective Review, No. XIV.

On Eton College. Prospective Review, No. XV.

On Milnes's Life of Keats. Prospective Review, No. XVI.

The Common-weal. A Sermon preached at the Annual Meeting of the London Domestic Mission.

The Doctrine of Jesus inseparable from the History of Jesus. A Sermon preached before the West-Riding Unitarian Tract Society in the St. Saviourgate Chapel, York.

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